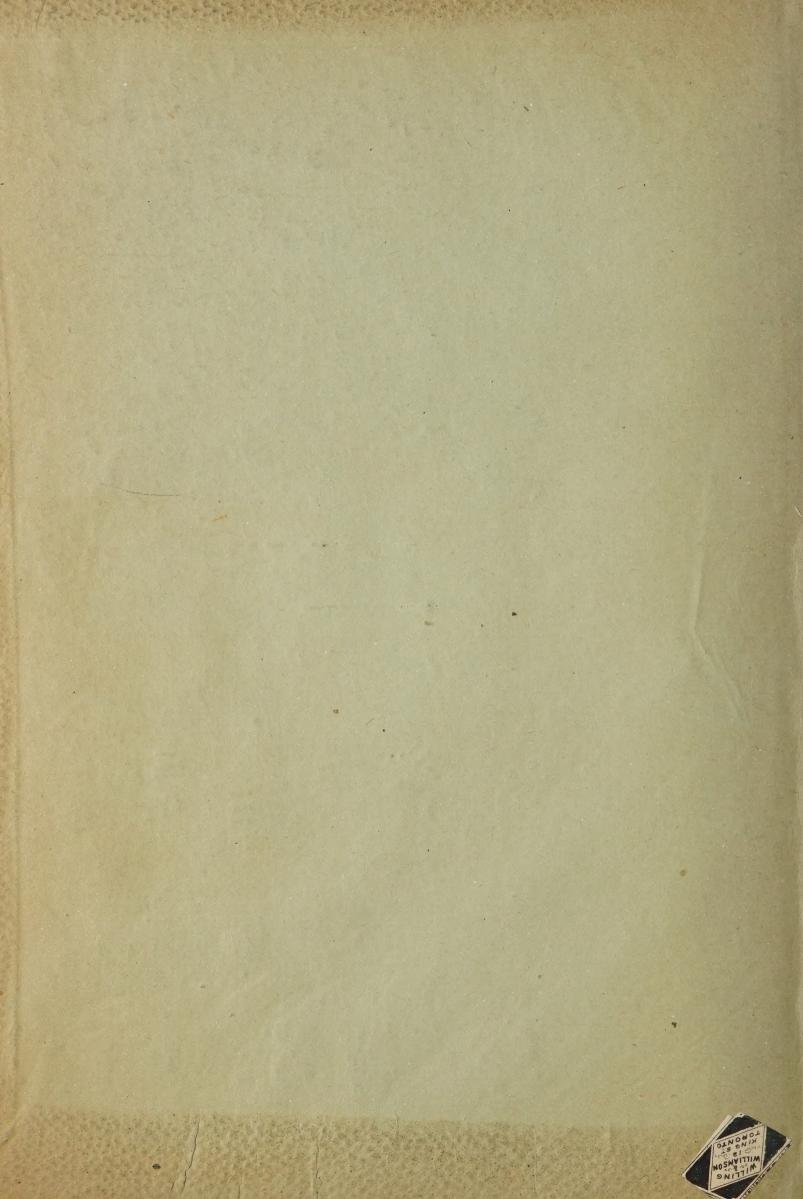


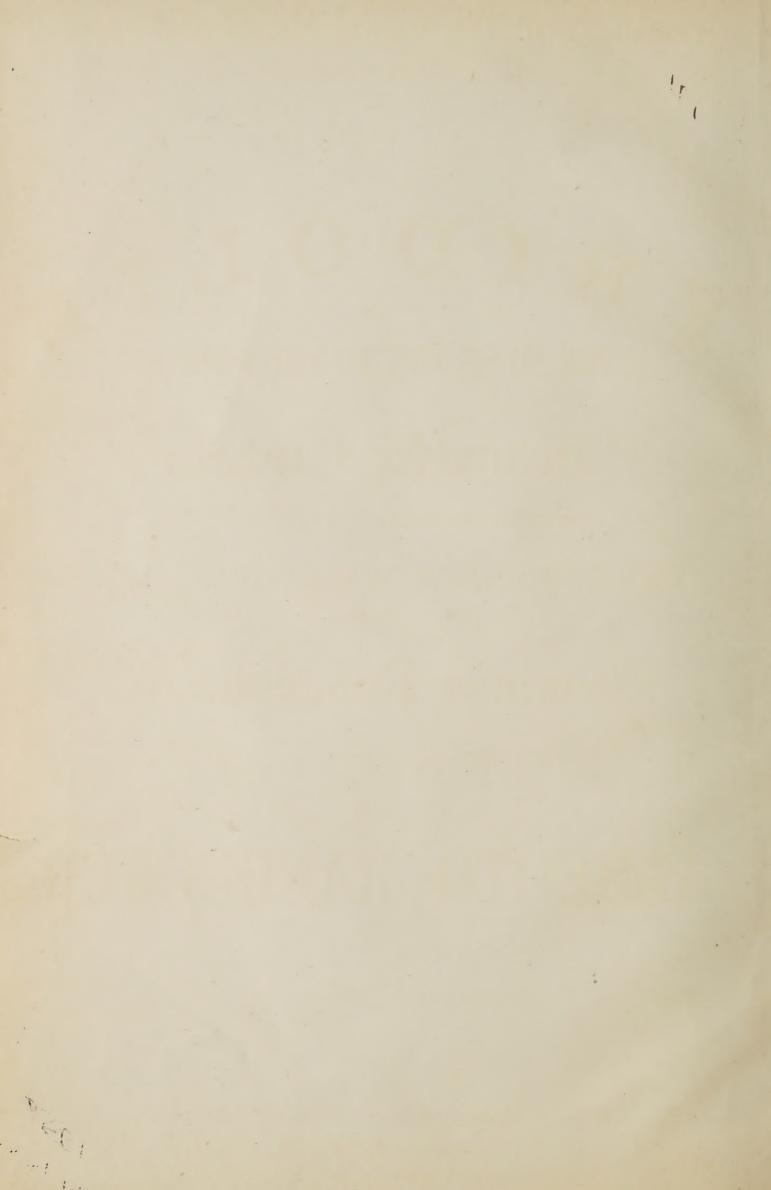
FRIDOLIN.







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EXPRESSLY COMPOSED FOR THE

Bigmingham Triennial Musical Festival.

TOOLATAN

ESSAGE TO THE FORGE

Dramatic Cantata.

THE WORDS FOUNDED ON SCHILLER'S BALLAD

DER GANG NACH DEM EISENHAMMER!

Erminia Rudersdorff,

The Music Composed

BY

BIERTO RANDEGER.

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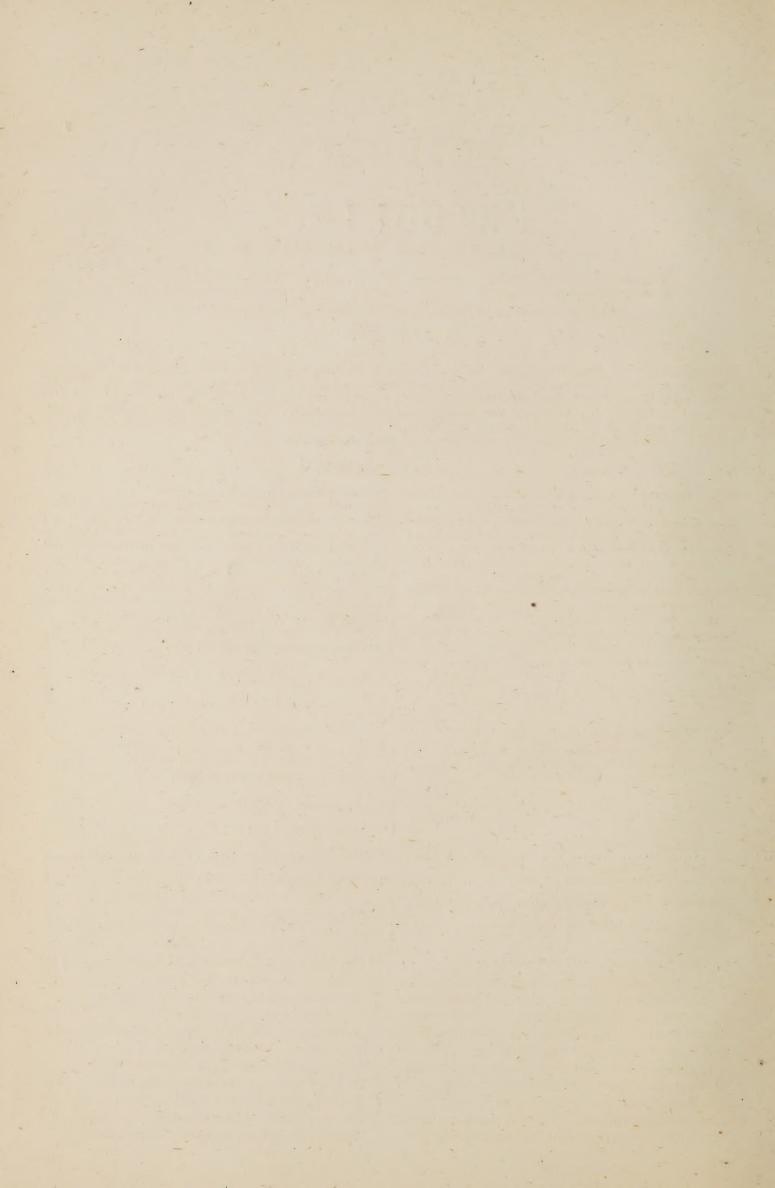
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FRIDOLIN.

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FRIDOLIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Waldemar, Count of Saverne. Eglantine, Countess of Saverne. FRIDOLIN, Page to the Countess. Hubert, Squire to the Count.

Chorus of Huntsmen, Handmaidens to the Countess, Peasants and Smiths. Period, 1400.

In the preface to his admirable English version of Schiller's *Poems and Ballads*, the late Lord Lytton observed:—
"Schiller, speaking of this ballad, which he had then nearly concluded, says that 'accident had suggested to him a very pretty theme for a ballad,' and that 'after having travelled through Air and Water,' alluding to *The Cranes of Ibycus* and *The Diver*, 'he should now claim to himself the element of Fire.' Hoffmeister supposes, from the name of Saverne—the French orthography for Sabern, a town in Alsatia—that Schiller took the material for his tale from a French source, though there are German legends analogous to it." The

ARGUMENT

of the story, as set forth in this Cantata, which closely follows Schiller, may be stated thus:—
Fridolin and Hubert are in the service of the Count of Saverne. Hubert, aspiring to win the affections of the beautiful Countess, conceives a violent hatred of Fridolin, whom he regards as an obstacle in his path. Taking advantage of Fridolin's loyal devotion to the Countess, Hubert excites the jealousy of the Count, and prompts a stern revenge. The Count forthwith writes to some mechanic serfs, ordering that whoever comes asking a certain question shall be at once thrown into their furnace. Fridolin, innocent of wrong and unconscious of danger, receives the "message to the forge;" but, ere setting out, he waits upon his mistress for such commands as she might have to give. The Countess desires him to enter the chapel he would pass on his way, and offer up a prayer for her. Fridolin obeys, and thus saves his life; but vengeance overtakes the traitor, Hubert, who, going to the Forge to learn whether the plot has succeeded, himself asks the fatal question, "Is obeyed your lord's command?" and himself becomes the victim. Fridolin subsequently appears, and is about to perish likewise, when the Count and Countess, between whom explanations have taken place, arrive on the scene, to preserve the innocent, and to learn the fate of the guilty.

PROLOGUE.

A pious youth was Fridolin, Who served the Lord with zeal; And did his duty faithfully, Come thereby woe or weal. For this, when subtle foe conspired, And sought o'er him to boast, About his path, in direct need, Kept guard the angel host.

SCENE I.—Park in front of Count Saverne's Castle. Dawn of day.

Fridolin, placing flowers upon the balcony of the Countess's apartments.

Fridolin.

Recit.—Arising from the lap of star-clad night, Where erst he lay in dreams of sweetest light, Up soars the day, and, shaking free his wings, On ferns and grass and blossoms dewdrops flings; His kiss receives with rosy blush the earth, His glance incites the birds to songs of mirth. In these first hours of new-awakened day, The soul yields gladly to his gentle sway, And, rend'ring up each sense to soothing calm, Enraptured tastes of Hope's delicious balm.

Air.—None but holy, lofty thoughts Fill my soul and form themselves to prayer— Prayer for her whose boundless worth, Like her beauty, passes all compare. When an orphan, and alone In the cold and heartless world I stood, Tend'rest love on me she shed Like an angel, bountiful and good. As the beacon shows his path To the doubting wand'rer from afar, So her peerless virtue proved, Through life's devious ways, my guiding star. Fragrant blossoms bright with dew, Of my grateful heart the thanks convey, Tell her that her slightest wish, E'en till death, I will with pride obey. Life or death—whate'er betide, I'm thine, Bounteous, noble, beauteous Eglantine.

Enter Hubert.

Hubert.

Recit.—Proceed, thou hateful minion, on thy path, Unconscious of my jealousy and wrath. So well in artful speech thy tongue is trained That, spoilt and pamper'd, thou hast favour gained

Where I am scorned, and spurned, and overthrown, Because my heart's deep love I dared to own.

Andante.—For one kind glance from out those eyes divine

My life-blood I would gladly, freely, give;
To press one only kiss upon those lips
Would be to die with bliss, yet, dying, live.
Her matchless beauty words cannot pourtray,
Nor tell her softest look's all-potent sway.
From her sweet presence flows ethereal light,
Deprived of her, I wander lone in night;
Her charms, her graces so my being thrall
That I must gain her love, or, failing, fall.

Recit.—Dispelled by jealous rage is hope's fond dream.

And hatred rules where love has reign'd supreme.
My rival to destroy, revenge to gratify,
I'd move or heaven or hell, remorse and death
defy.

Allegro.—A thousand hideous deaths I'd make him die,

And, gloating o'er his pain, stand scoffing by; I'll drain the brimming cup of sternest hate, And with unfaltering hand prepare his fate.

(Horns are heard on all sides calling to the chase.)

CHORUS OF HUNTERS.

I.

Hark! the horn
Awakes the morn!
Sleep, away,
'Tis break of day!
Saddle the horses,
Unkennel the hounds,
Mount quick, and follow
Their free joyous bounds;
Waken the echoes far and near,
We go, we go to hunt the deer!
Tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!

TT.

See the chase,
With eager face,
Leaves his lair,
And snuffs the air;
Wildly then dashing
Through forest and field
Breasts he the river,
Disdaining to yield.

Quicker ride on—he stands at bay! Hurrah! a stag is ours to-day! Tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!

Enter COUNT WALDEMAR.

Count.

And wherefore, Hubert, tarriest thou behind?

Hubert.

My lord, unfit for sport is heart and mind; Reflections grave I have, and anxious thought.

Count.

Say, what the cares with which thy soul is fraught?

Hubert.

How happy, noble master, should'st thou be With all the blessings Heav'n has given thee: Rank, riches, and a virtuous lady's love, Which stands the flatterer's wiles and snares above.

Count.

Weak, erring, frail are women, one and all, And in temptation's trial prone to fall; To safer care mine honour I confide— Who dares to lift his eyes on Saverne's bride?

Hubert.

Thou sayest well; the knave, howe'er high born, Who thus could sin, deserves contempt and scorn.

Count.

By Heaven! thou speakest not of one who lives!

Hubert.

(Had I but silence kept—my mind misgives) I held what's known to all as known to thee.

Count.

The truth I cannot deem such infamy.

Hubert.

So blind thy trust that thou hast never seen Where Fridolin's affection long hath been; How on your lady's smiles he feasts his eyes, And to his lute enamoured ditties sighs.

Count.

Ah! is it so? then let the traitor seek Mercy of Heaven, ere I my vengeance wreak!

Count.

Hubert.

Death and destruction Fall upon his head; Just retribution Let the traitor dread.

Death and destruction Fall upon his head; Grim retribution Shall my rival dread.

Hubert.

My lord, thy trusty Hubert knows full well A stern, but righteous doom—list, while I tell.

'Mid yon gloomy mountains,
In darkest ravine,
Where sunbeams ne'er enter,
The moon is ne'er seen,
Hid by rocks o'erhanging,
With fir trees o'ergrown,
Remote from all dwellings,
A forge stands alone.
Wide furnaces roaring,
The glare of fierce brands,
Anvils clanging, resounding,
Reveal where it stands.

There, toiling like demons,
'Mid encompassing fire,
Are men fit and ready
To work thy desire.
Wild, reckless, and daring,
Dark deeds their delight;
Let them wreak thy vengeance,
And his guilt requite.

Count

Thou speakest well, this wretched knave
Shall find in yonder depths his grave.
Thy tablets, quick, and I will pen
A message to those daring men. (Writes.)

"Mark, ye serfs, your lord's command Written by his own stern hand. My fair honour, my good name, Foulest traitor would defame. To your forge if one should speed, Asking—of these words take heed—'Is fulfilled your lord's decree?' Grasp with iron hand—'tis he. Have no pity, thrust him stern Where the fiercest fires do burn; Great the traitor's vile offence, Great shall be his recompense.'

Despatch with speed the fatal message, haste, My heart, impatient, yearns revenge to taste.

Count.

Hubert.

FRIDOLIN.

Death and destruction Fall upon his head; Just retribution Let the traitor dread. Death and destruction Fall upon his head; Grim retribution Shall my rival dread.

SCENE II.—The Lady Waldeman's Chamber.

The LADY WALDEMAR and her handmaidens.

Chorus.

Calmly flow the equal hours, As we sit around the loom, Weaving with a skilful hand Many-colour'd flowers' bloom. All around is hush'd and still, Save the pensive nightingale Who to Zephyrs tells his love As they sport o'er hill and dale. Passed 'mid labour, love, and song, Full of tranquil joy's our life: But from minstrel's chanted tale Know we of the world's rude strife; Happy days were those we've spent, Happier days are yet in store. Thus, o'er placid waves life's bark Glides unto the happiest shore.

Countess.

Recit.—Repose and peace, within, without,
A dreamland this of rest,
Wherein I dwell, its happy queen,
By love enthron'd and blest.

Air.—No bliss can be so great As that the loving soul o'erflows, When one dear cherish'd heart With kindred love responsive glows, To feel there is no thought, No joy, no hope, nor fond desire, Which does not answering thought, And joy, and hope, and wish inspire. Thus blest by holy love, A glorious and effulgent light, The earth, the sky, all things, Bathes in its heavenly radiance bright. So love me well, sweetheart, As I love thee, my dearest, best; Yea, love me well, sweetheart, And in thy love for aye I'll rest.

Enter FRIDOLIN.

Fridolin.

With urgent message hence I'm sent, Towards the forge my steps are bent; Say, dearest lady, ere I go, What loving duty best to show?

Countess.

No squire has e'er so faithful been As thou, my gentle Fridolin; And though my fancy nought demands Thy zeal my gratitude commands.

Fridolin.

Thy gratitude! the grace is thine, If there be debt, the debt is mine; I owe thee, lady, more to-day Than life's devotion e'er can pay; My thankful heart no rest can feel But serving thee in duty leal.

Countess.

Then listen, gentle cavalier, If to a chapel thou draw near Turn thee aside, bend low the knee, And offer up a prayer for me.

Fridolin.

Such fervent prayer my gratitude inspires, That thy behest but meets my own desires.

Ensemble.

Above yon sun,
The stars above,
Eternal reigns
A God of love.
His pity mild,
His mercy, grace,
With loving arms
All worlds embrace.
A faithful heart's
Devoted prayer,
Attaining heav'n,
Finds audience there.

FRIDOLIN, on the point of leaving, kisses the hand of the Countess, at the same moment enter Count Waldeman and Hubert.

Count (aside).

Now know I, Hubert, thou speak'st true, Audacious knave! he this shall rue.

(Harshly to the Countess.)

My lady, pray, why now alone?
And where are all your women gone?

Countess.

Oh Waldemar! that look of rage Some dire event must sure presage!

Count (ironically).

Sweet lady mine, men's humours change; From smiles to frowns they easy range.

(Sharply to Fridolin.)

Fair Squire of Dames, why such delay? Haste, and my orders prompt obey.

QUARTETT .- Countess.

With anxious foreboding
My soul is oppress'd;
Wherein, O my husband,
Have I now transgress'd?
What darkness hangs o'er me?
What fate is before me?
Thy aid, Heaven, lend
And peace to us send.

Count.

With rage overwhelming
My soul is oppress'd;
Those eyes seeming guileless
His love saw confess'd.
Wild passion comes o'er me,
Revenge lies before me,
My wrath shall descend
His false heart to rend.

Fridolin.

With gloomy foreboding
My soul is oppress'd;
Why frowns my dear master?
How have I transgress'd?
What darkness hangs o'er me?
What fate is before me?
Thy aid, Heaven, lend
And peace to us send.

Hubert.

With hatred o'erwhelming
My soul is oppress'd;
But death's my avenger,
On him I detest.
Love's passion comes o'er me;
Success lies before me.
Thy aid, Fortune, lend,
No power him defend.

SCENE III.—A glade in the forest, on one side a chapel. Villagers dancing.

Chorus.

Song is resounding,
Dancers are bounding,
Whirling and swinging,
Laughing and singing,
Filled they with pleasure,
Keeping the measure.
Sporting, wooing,
Now pursuing,
Clasping, gliding,
Now dividing,
Faster, faster,
Mirth is master.

Music and mirth are the gods of the hour, Dancing and laughing, own we their power.

(The organ is heard from the chapel.)
But hark! the organ's solemn sound
In strains celestial floats around.
Let us, with gratitude and praise,
In holy hymn our voices raise.

Choral Prayer.

Guardian angels, sweet and fair, Deign to hear our lowly prayer; Guide our steps through toil of day With your wise and gentle sway. When our eyes are closed in sleep Watch beside our pillow keep; Guardian angels, sweet and fair, Answer send to this our prayer. Enter Fridolin during the prayer.

Fridolin.

Oh holy sounds! oh blessed hymn of praise! What peace is theirs who trustful voices raise In Heaven's high courts to Heaven's Great King! Earth's cares and sorrows vanish from this place, The weeping mourner dries his tearful face, Again in gladsome strains to sing.

Chorus.

Sancta Maria, enthronèd above, Hear us, and bless us, dear Mother of love

Fridolin.

In darkness wand'ring, and by fear oppress'd,
No light to cheer his path, no place of rest,
For help the weary pilgrim cries.
The prayer is heard, and on his gloomy way
Is shed the glory of celestial day;
He sees the Sun of Heaven arise.

Chorus.

Sancta Maria, enthronèd above, Hear us, and bless us, dear Mother of love.

Fridolin.

My noble lady, gentle mistress mine, Full lowly bending at yon sacred shrine, For thy sweet welfare I will humbly pray, And so thy wish, as my desire, obey.

Chorus.

Sancta Maria, &c.

SCENE IV.—Chamber in the Castle.

Count Waldemar.

Recit.—The wildest conflicts rage within my fever'd soul;

Revenge, regret, tear at my heartstrings each in turn.

I hate myself, since honour bids to love no more.

And watch, with anguish keen, my hopes to ashes burn.

Air.—O woman, with the pure and guileless face, What boundless faith I once in thee did place! Attun'd to truth, thy low, melodious voice Brought calm content, and bade my heart rejoice.

No care disturb'd, but at thy presence fled, On all around by thee was blessing shed.

Distrust and doubt were strangers to my breast, When, in thy love, my life found peace and rest.

I knew thee fair; I fondly deem'd thee true, And loved thee well with love that ever grew. Now all is o'er, and on my coming years A grief has fallen, too keen, alas, for tears.

Enter Countess.

Countess.

My Waldemar, how erred thine Eglantine
That thou couldst doom her thus in grief to
pine?

Count.

How erred she? ask thy conscience if thou dare,

To thine own heart lay all its frailty bare. Didst not to traitor's suit incline thine ear, Conceal his guilt, keep him thy presence near?

Countess.

That I did wrong, repenting I confess,
But shame and fear were cause of dire distress.
My tender heart would e'en a traitor screen,
And stand his guilt and thy fierce wrath
between.

Count.

Ah! then 'tis true, and I was not deceiv'd!

I clung to doubt, would fain have not believ'd!

Ensemble.

Countess.

Why did I not my heart obey?
Before him every action lay?
Oh! nought were left me but to die,
If love should from his bosom fly.

Count.

Though scarce confess'd, hope's feeble light Reliev'd the gloom of my dark night.
As she is false, that hope must die,
And peace for ever from me fly.

Countess.

Oh Waldemar! canst thou not pardon me, For that I Hubert's guilt conceal'd from thee?

Count.

What say'st thou? Hubert! do I hear aright? Or doth a hideous dream my soul affright?

Countess.

'Twas even so—he basely has transgress'd, And in mine ear unholy love confess'd.

Count.

I see it all! the scales fall from my eyes,—
But Fridolin!—the forge once gain'd, he dies.
For know, the traitor's false and lying tongue
Charg'd him with guilt, and I have done foul
wrong.

Countess.

Oh frightful fate! yet Heaven's protecting hand Will keep him safe, despite thy rash command. Come, let us hasten to the place of dread Ere justice hurl its thunders on thy head.

Ensemble.

On swift-moving pinions of terror

Let us fly,

To rescue the victim of error

Ere he die.

SCENE V .- The Forge.

The Smiths working at the anvils and drinking.

Chorus.

Gift of demons, raging fire,
Fiercely blazing in grim ire,
Hissing, spitting, sparks emit,
Rushing, roaring, flare and flit!
Now we stir thee, plunging deep,
Till our pulses madly leap.
Wield the hammer, swing it round,
Strike the anvil, make it sound;
Quaff the goblet's ardent tide,
Laugh at scruples, fear deride,
Dashing, crushing, aught we dare,
Smiting, shatt'ring, nought we spare.

Hubert enters hastily.

Hubert.

Its fierce impatience to control No longer strives my jealous soul. Cease, noisy knaves, and answer me, Have ye obeyed your Lord's decree?

Chorus.

Seize the traitor, smite and slay, Learn thyself how we obey.

(They seize and drag him towards the furnace.)

Hubert.

Back! O horror! ye mistake.

Loose me, fiends, for mercy's sake!

(They hurl him into the furnace.)

Chorus.

Quaff the goblet's madd'ning tide, Laugh at scruples, fear deride, All who come our path across, Men or iron, are but dross.

Enter Fridolin.

Fridolin.

Good smiths, your lord demands through me, Have ye obey'd his high decree?

Chorus.

Laugh at scruples, fear deride, Seize all traitors—

The Count and Countess enter in great haste.

Count.

Hold! at your peril, touch him not, Poor victim of a fiendish plot.

Chorus.

Dread lord, we own thy sovereign sway, In life or death we thee obey. Ask yonder furnace it can tell Whether we do thy bidding well. Count.

What mean ye knaves? beware my ire— Whom have ye killed?

Chorus.

Hubert, thy squire.

Count and Countess.

Oh! awful and mysterious Providence, Who judgest crime and guardest innocence

(Organ, with chorus of women's voices, is heard in the distance.)

Chorus.

Let your voices anthems raise, In heartfelt songs of grateful praise; Laud the justice, mercy, love, Of Him who reigns all worlds above.

EPILOGUE.

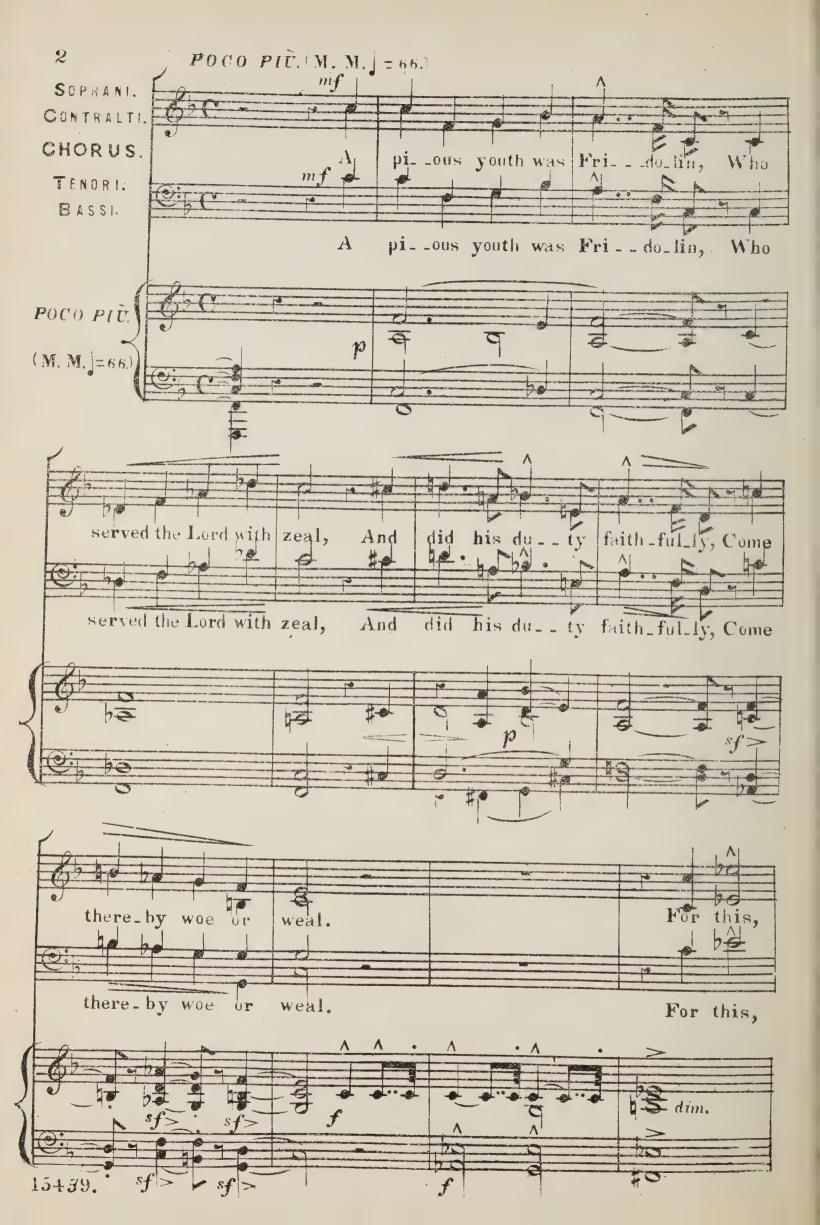
Join we all the glorious song,
Lift our voices clear and strong;
He, our Lord and God is just,
In Him ever will we trust.
All on earth that's true and right
Precious is in Heaven's sight;
And a wall of guardian fires
Virtue shields when vice conspires.
Join we, then, the glorious song,
Lift our voices clear and strong,
He, our Lord and God is just,
In Him ever will we trust.

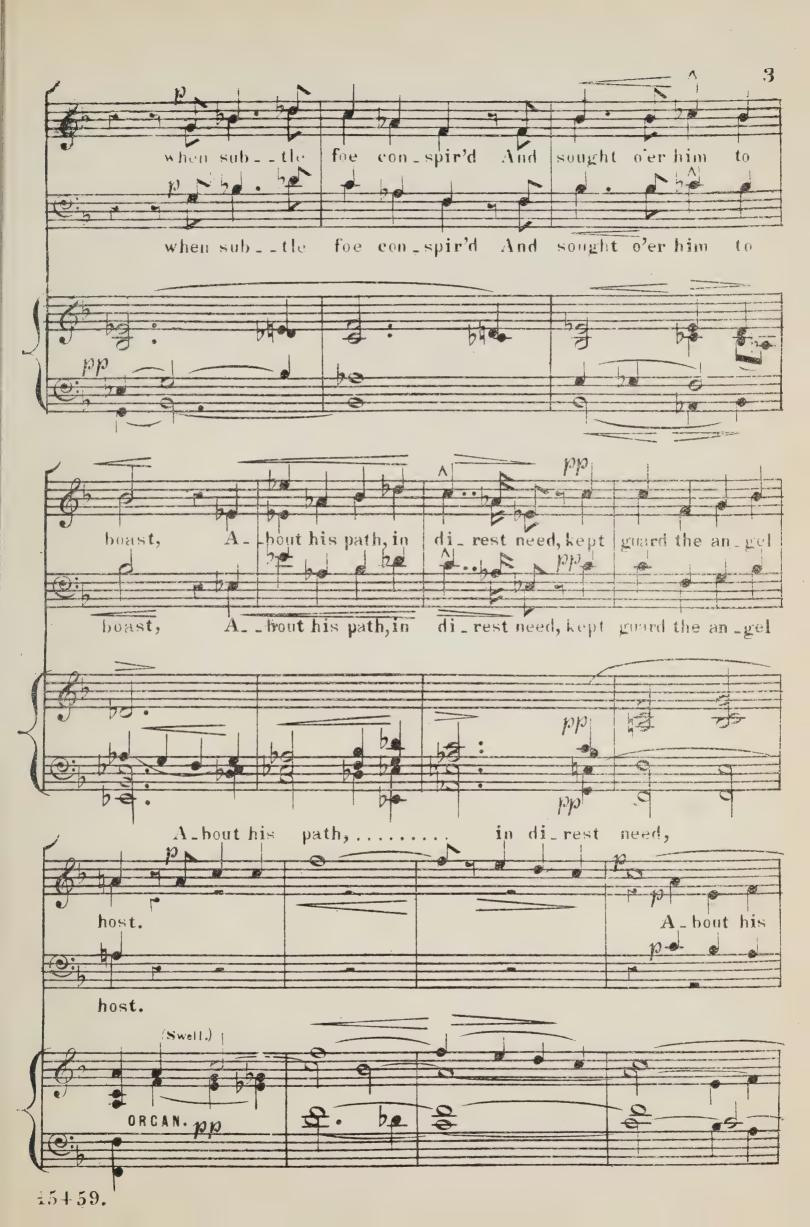
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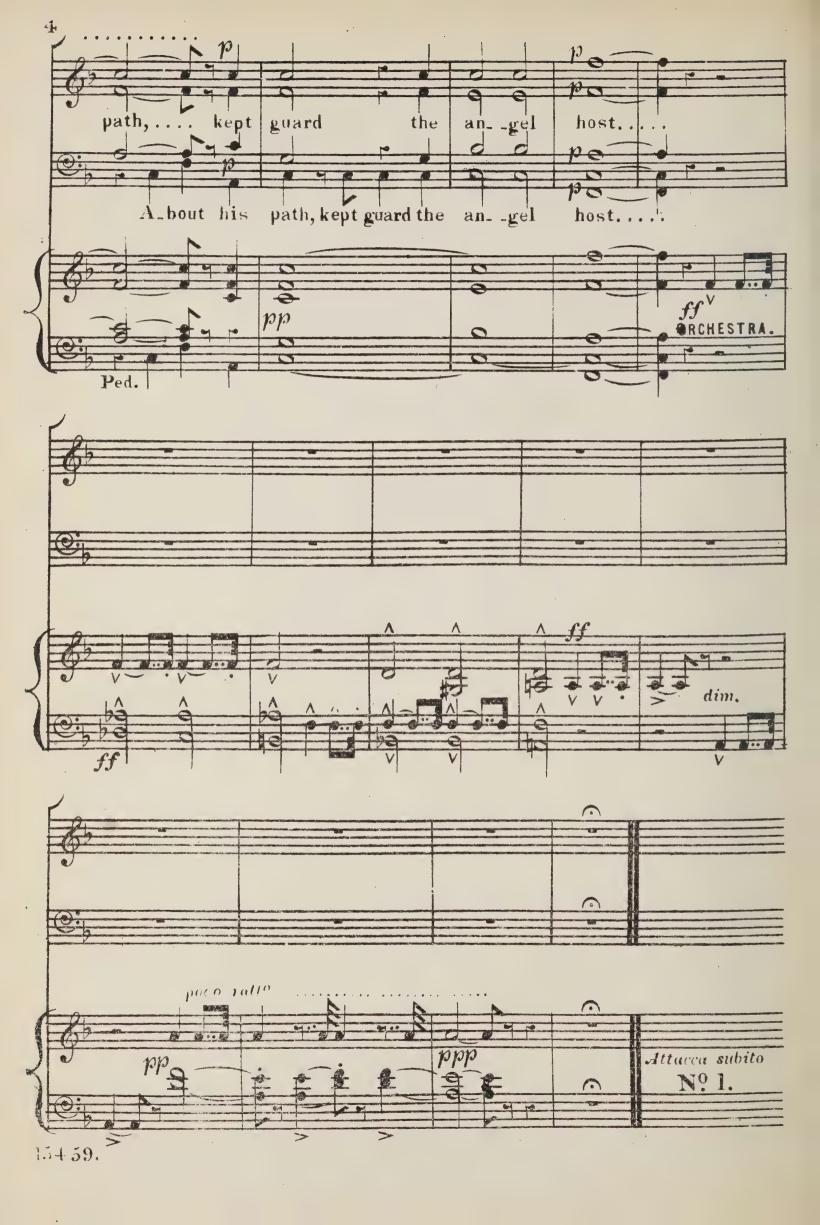
ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

PROLOGUE.









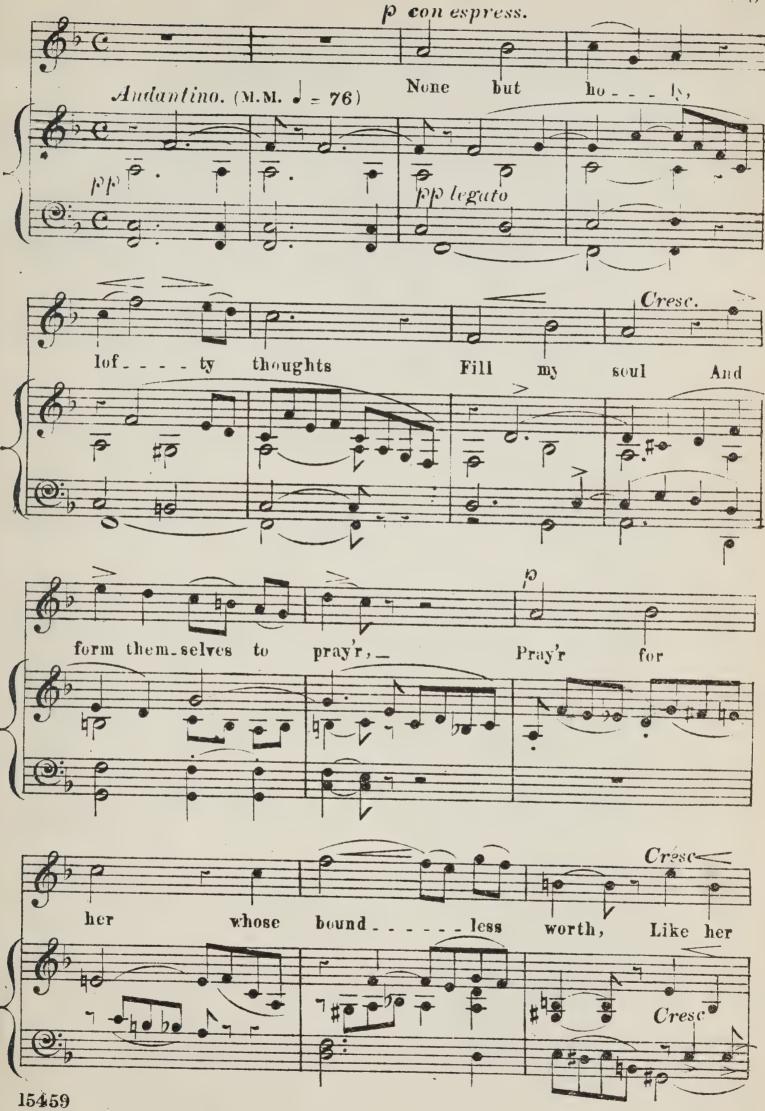


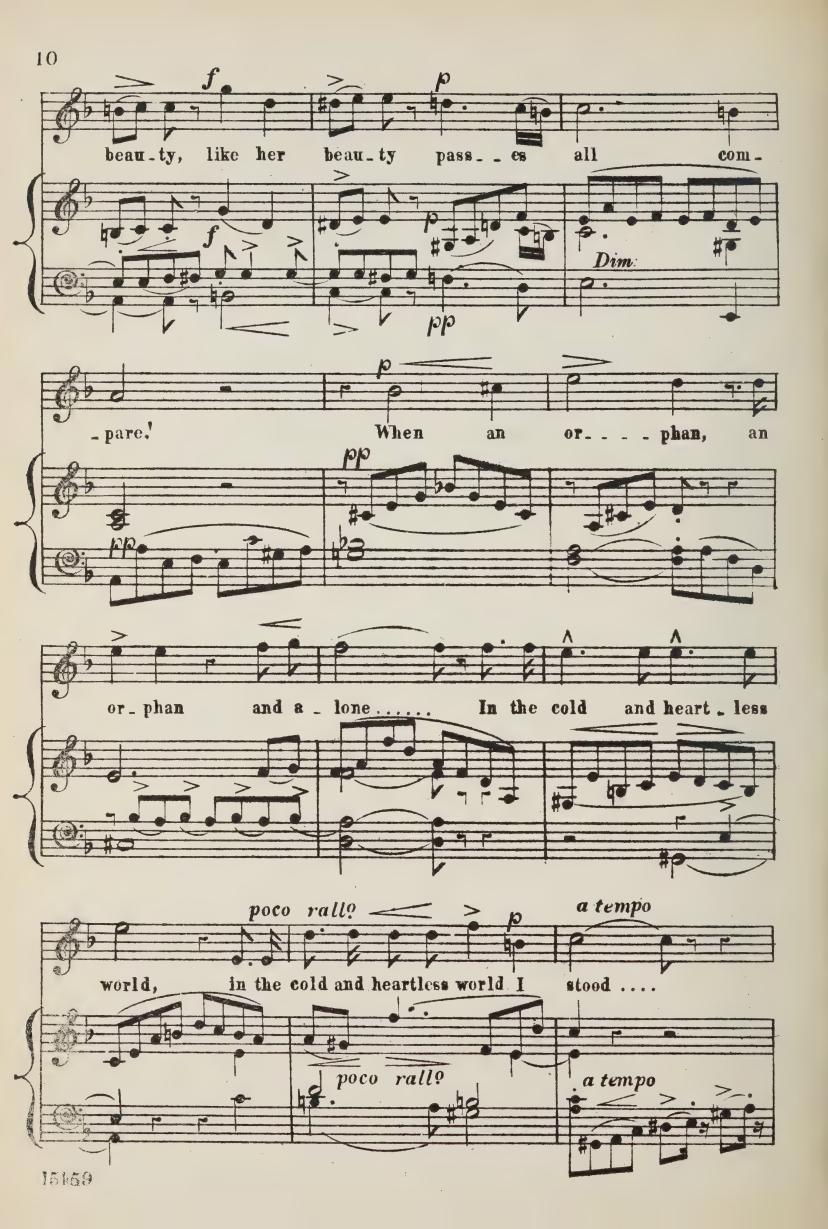




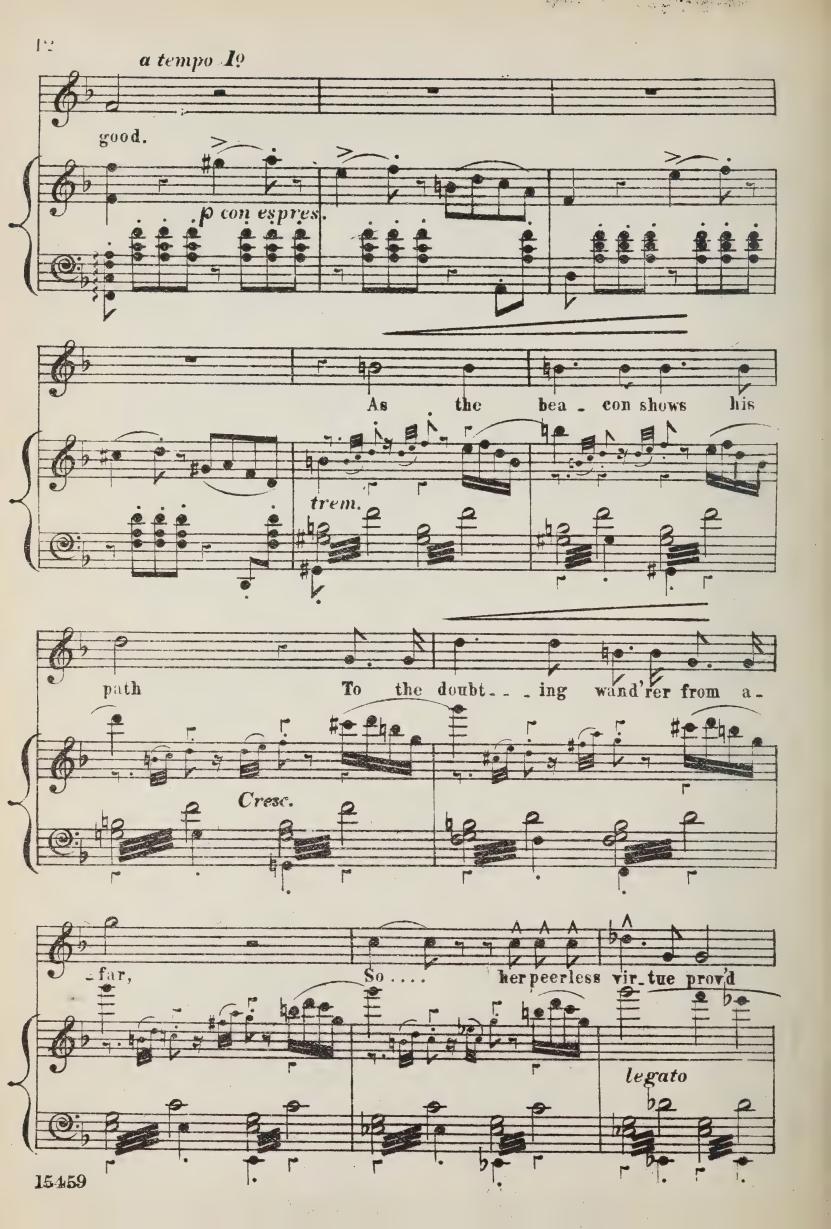


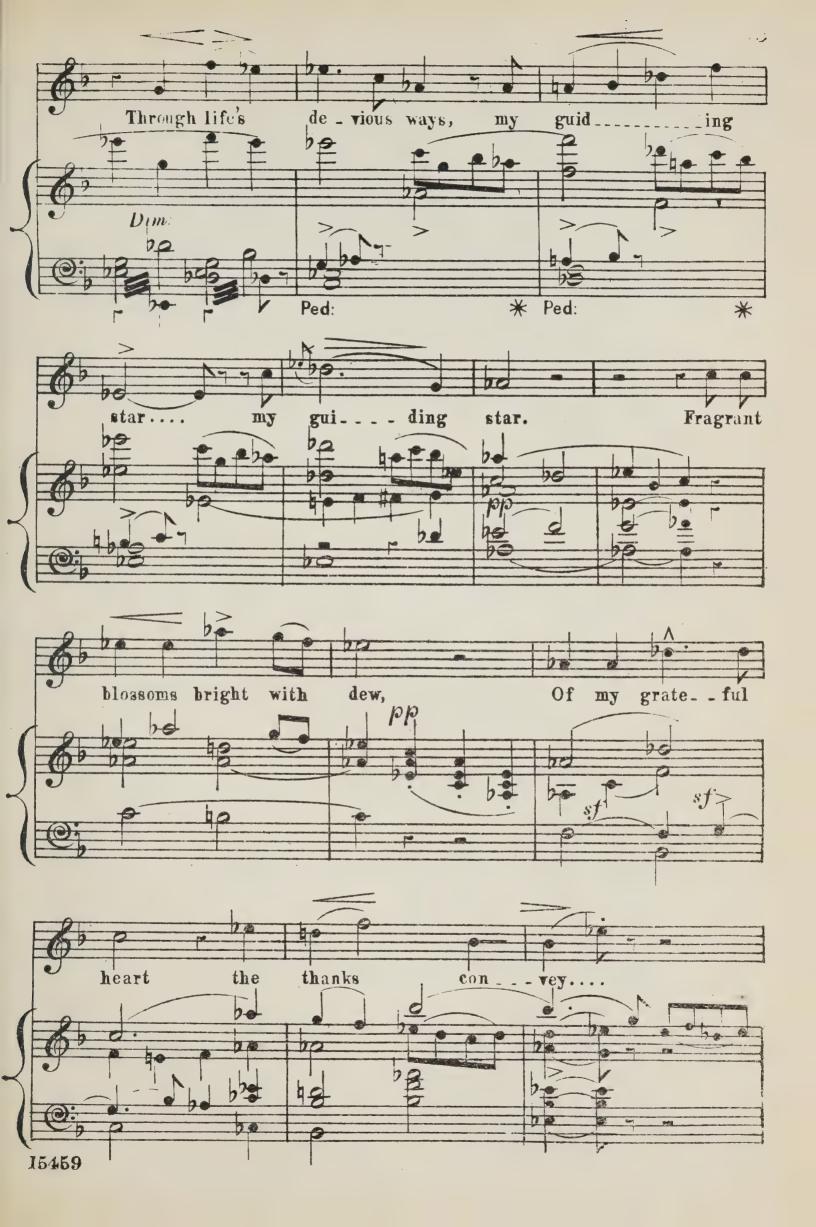


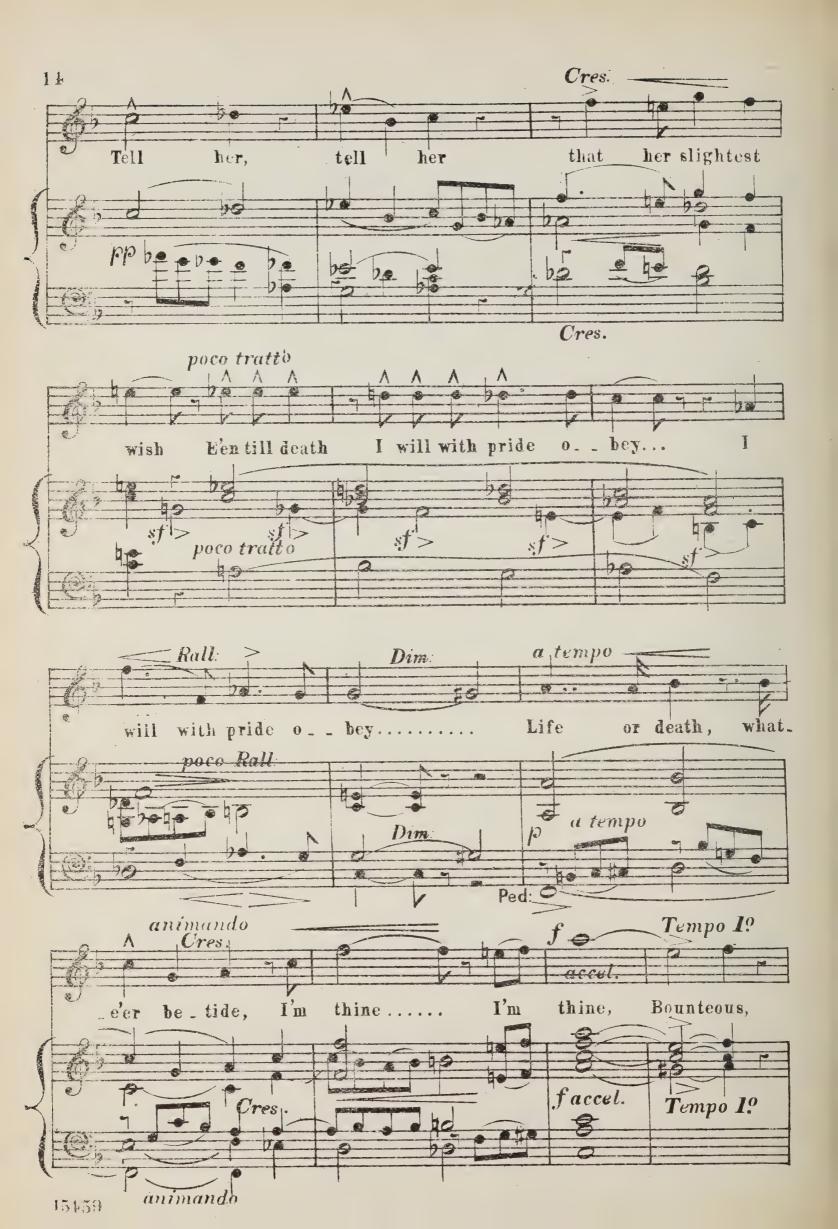


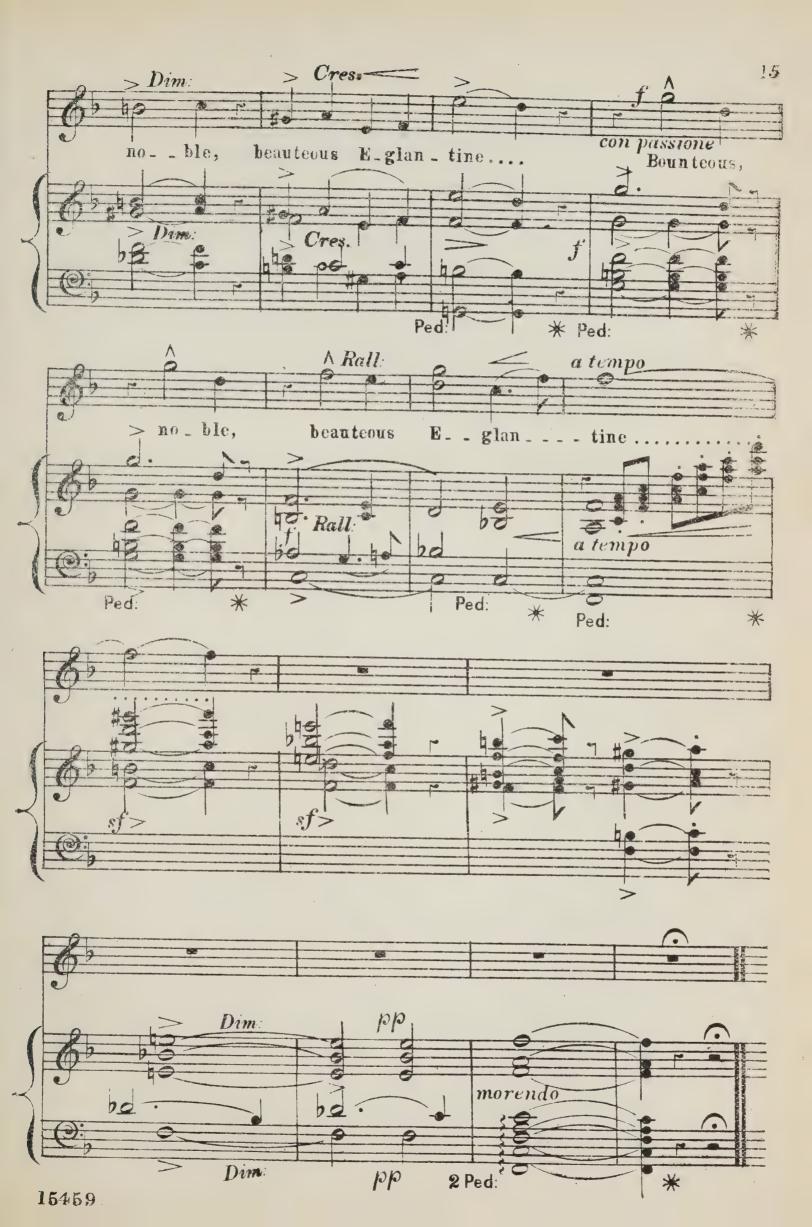






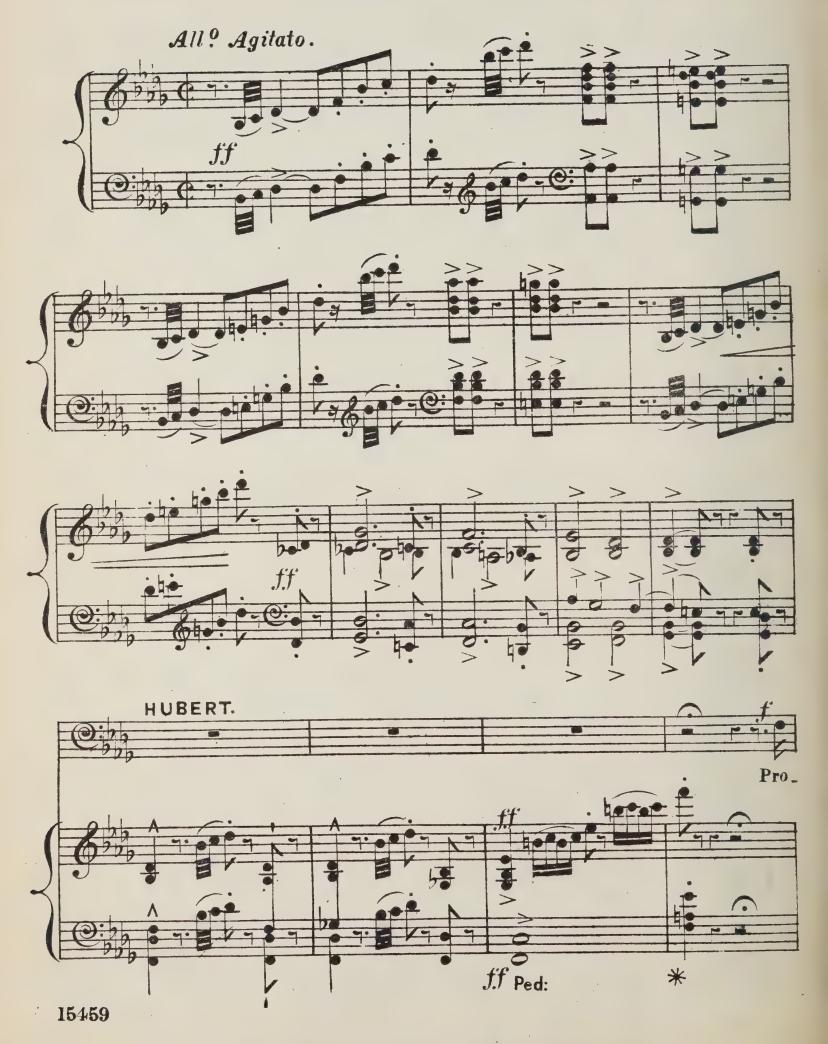


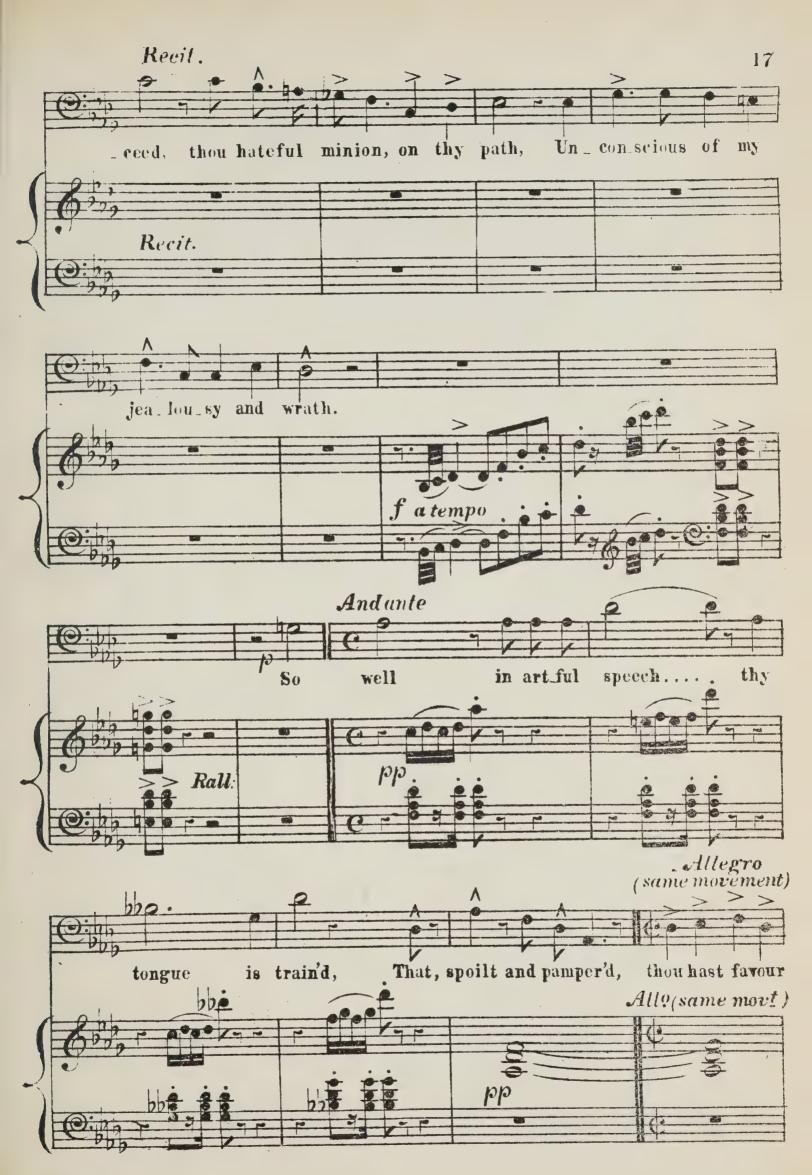


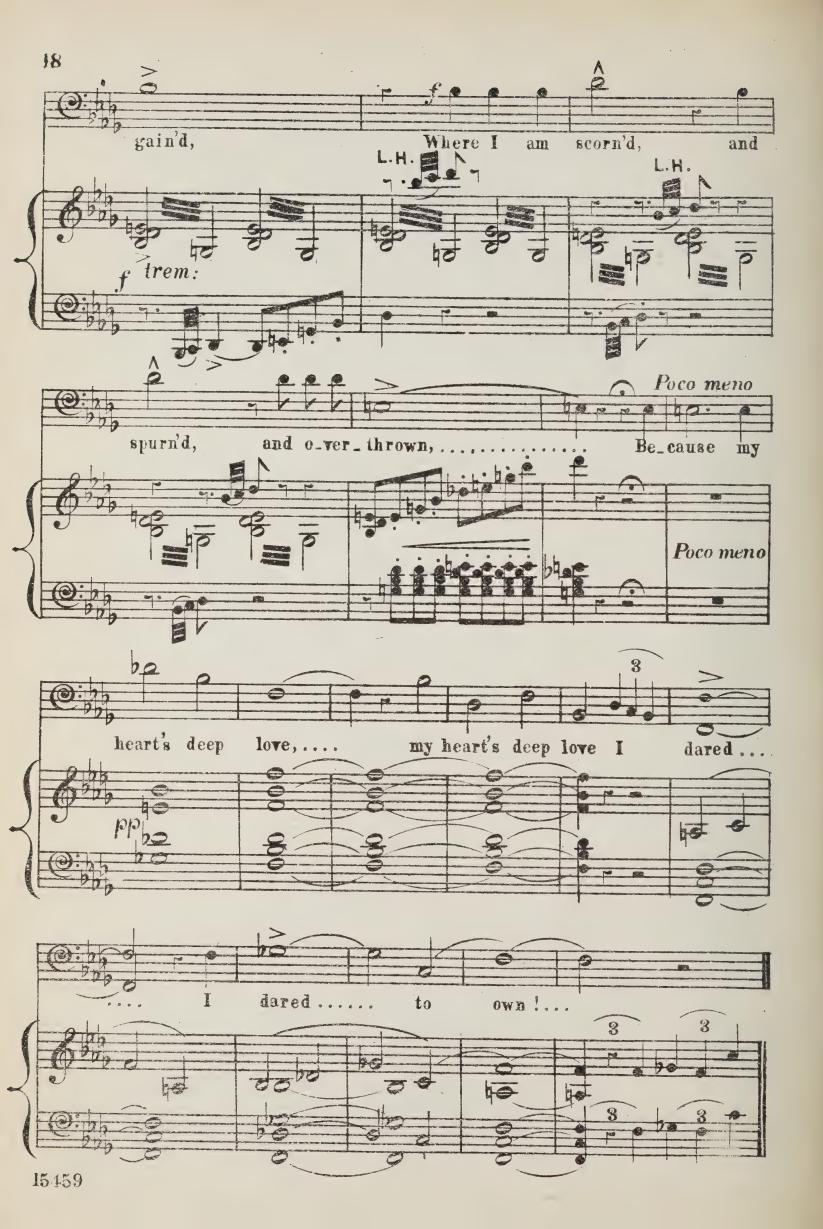


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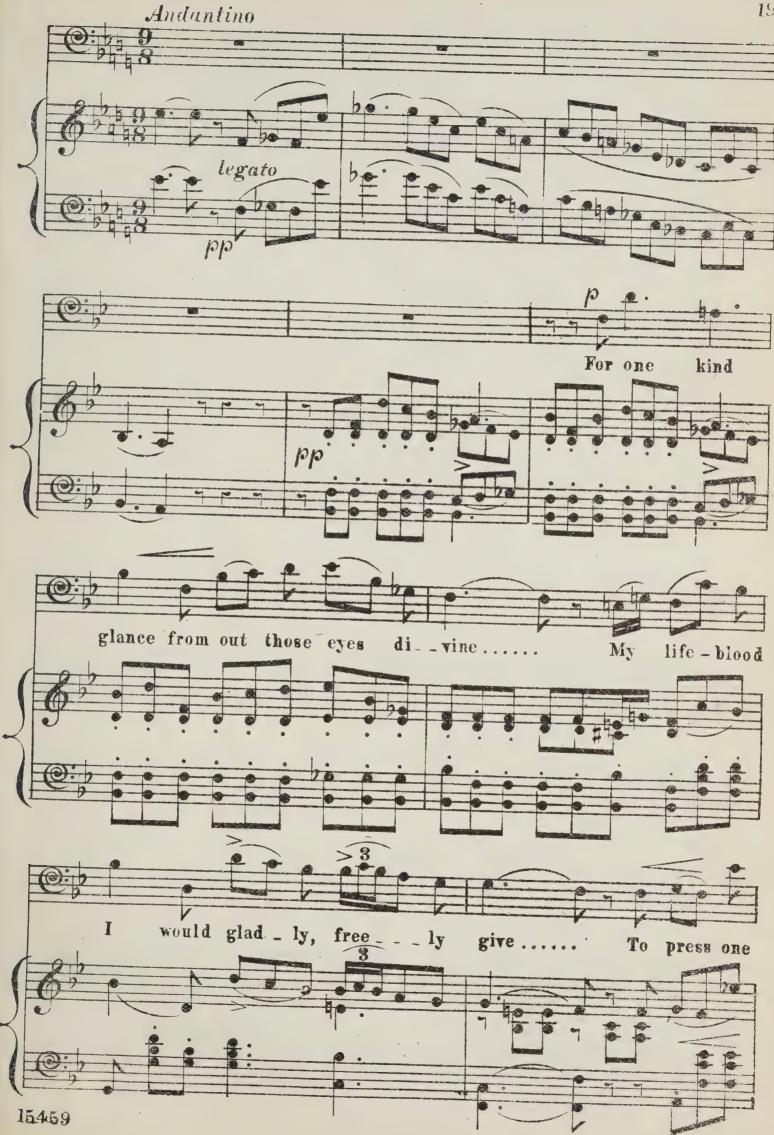
SCENA_ HUBERT.









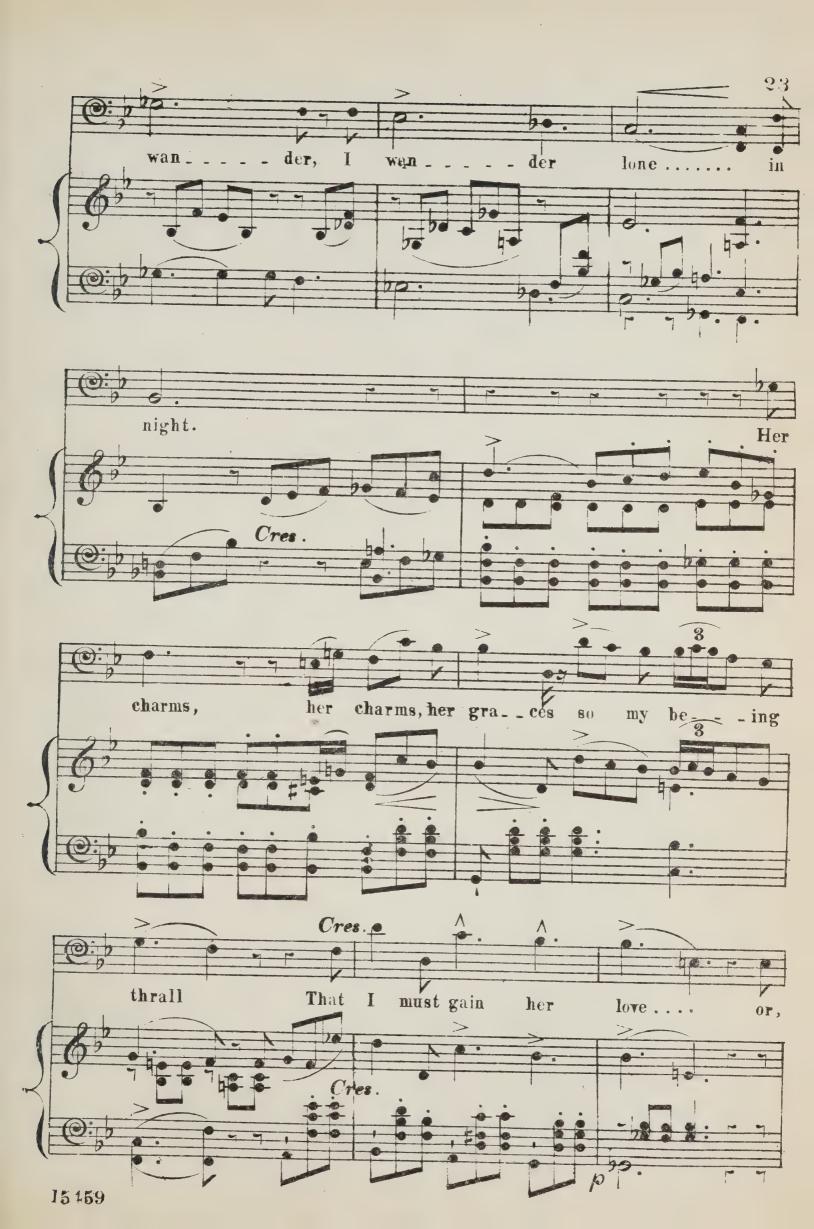


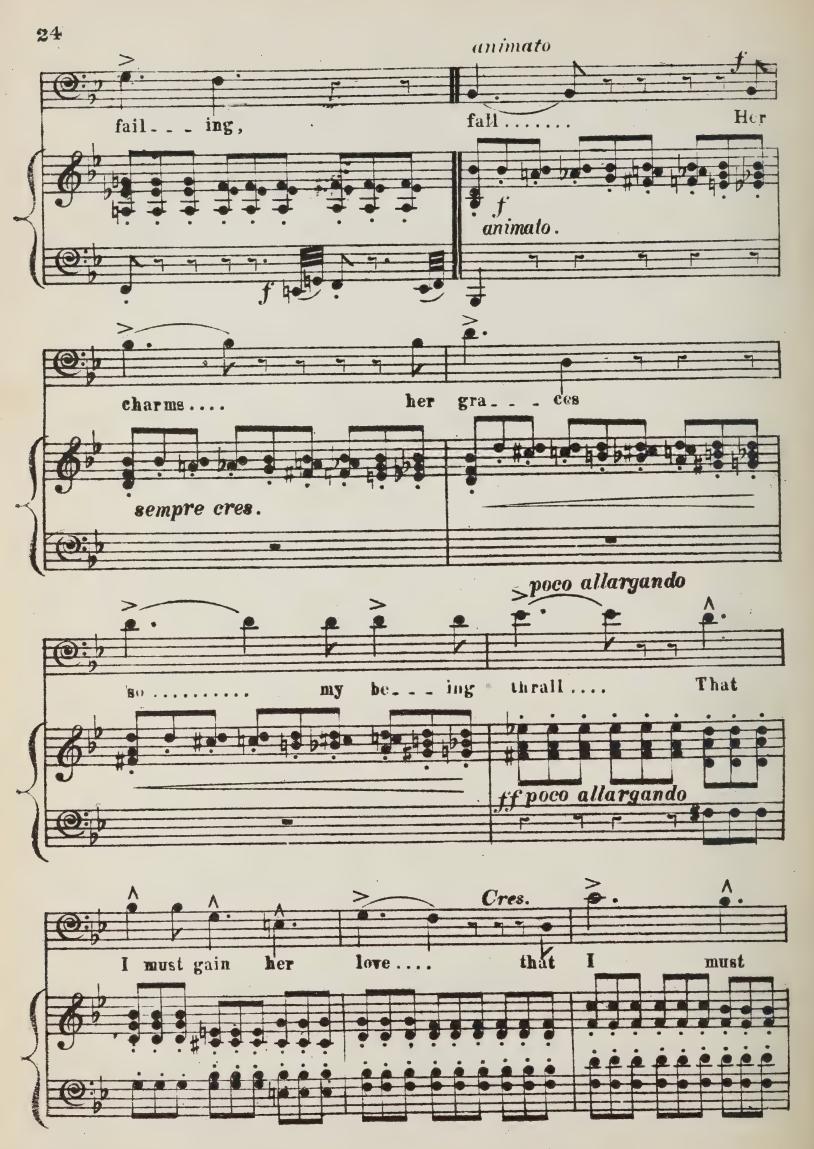
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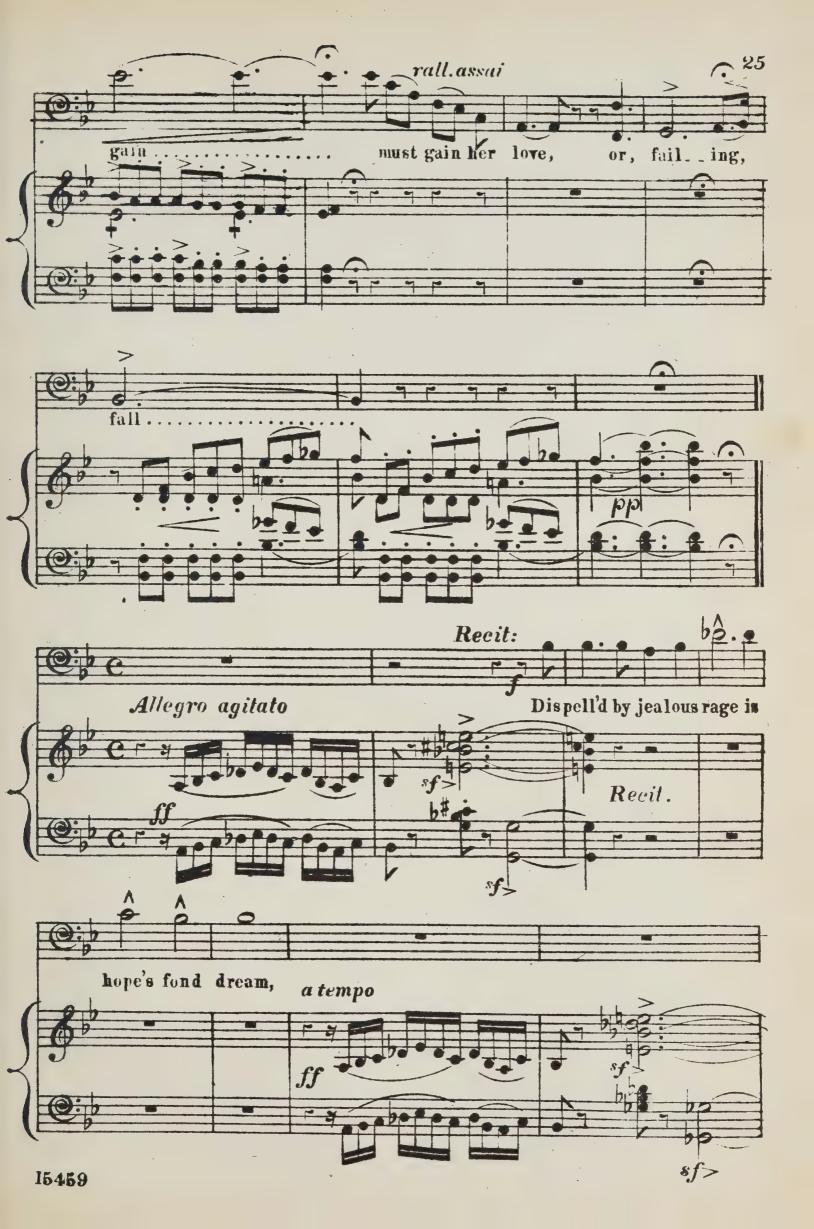
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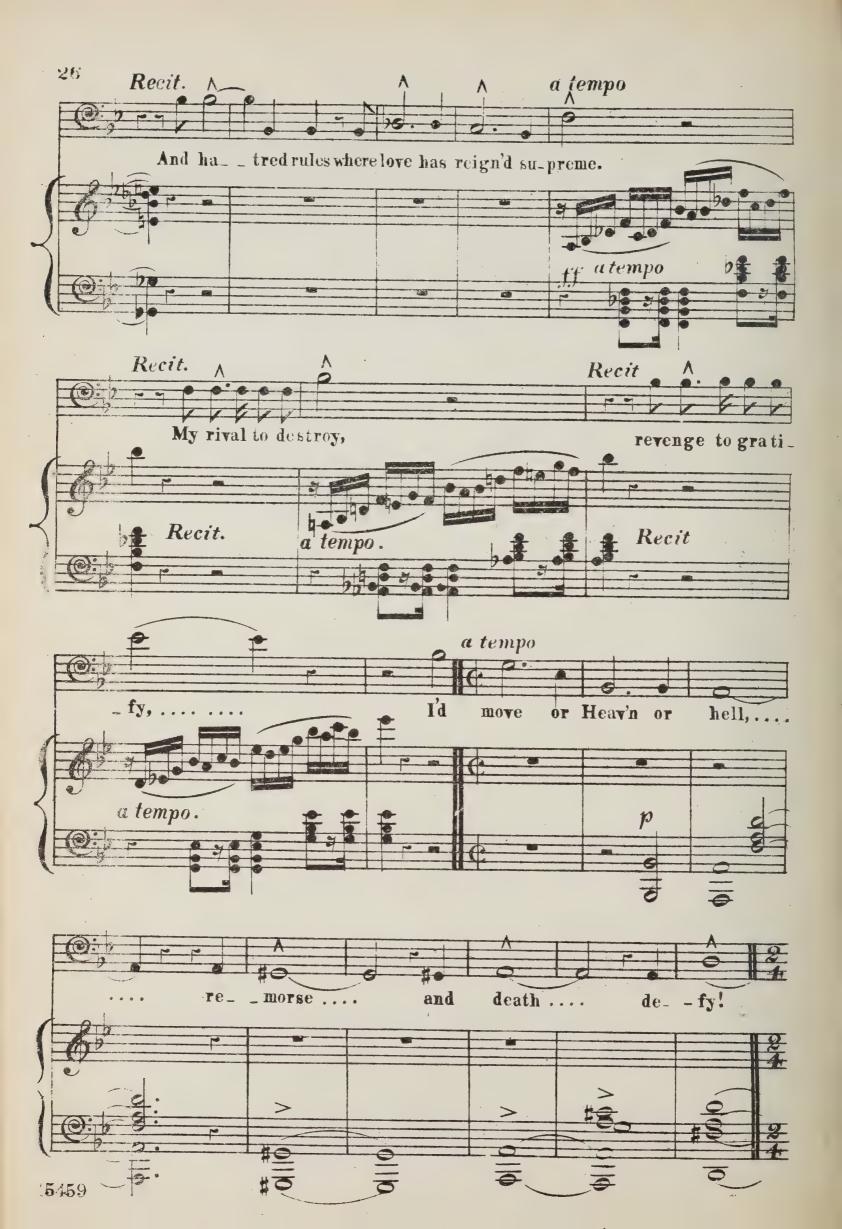


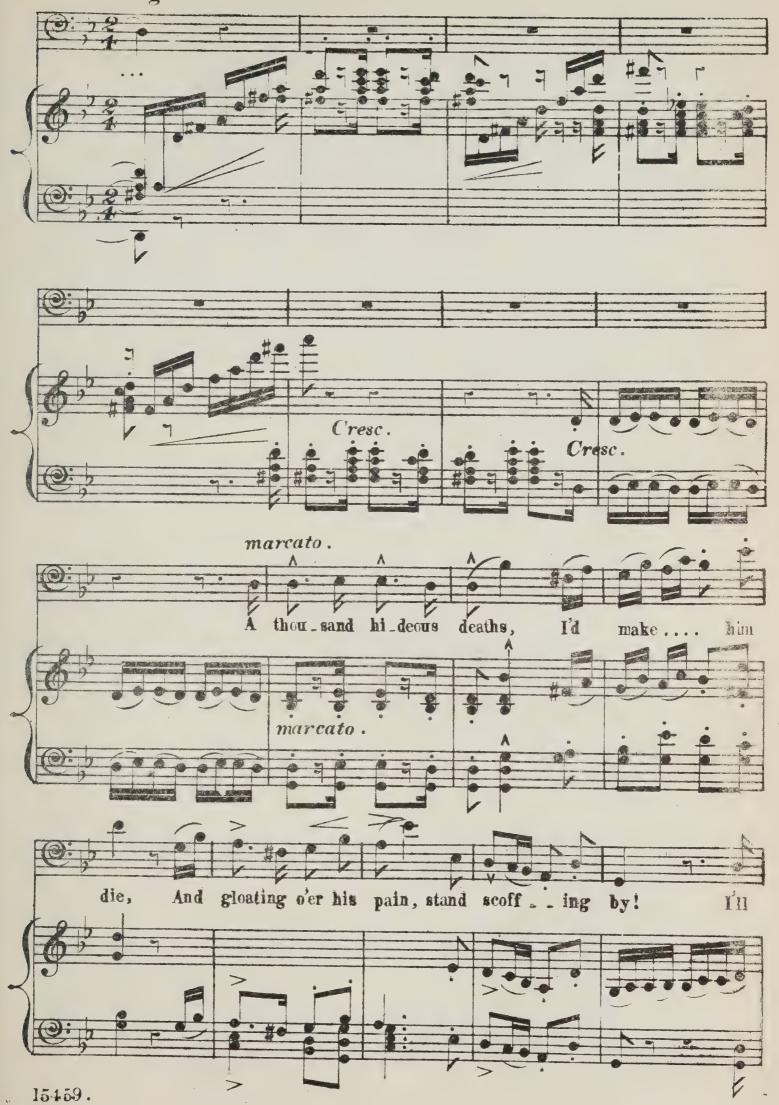


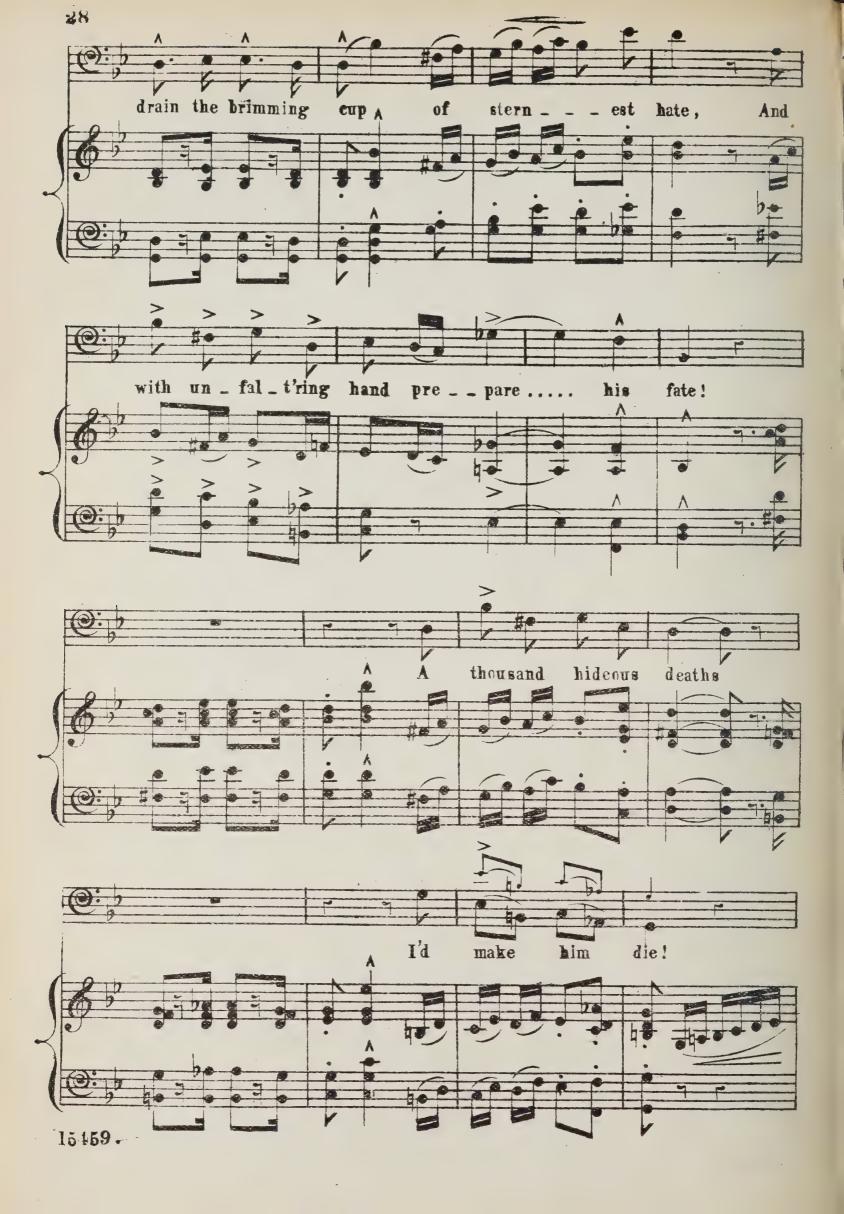




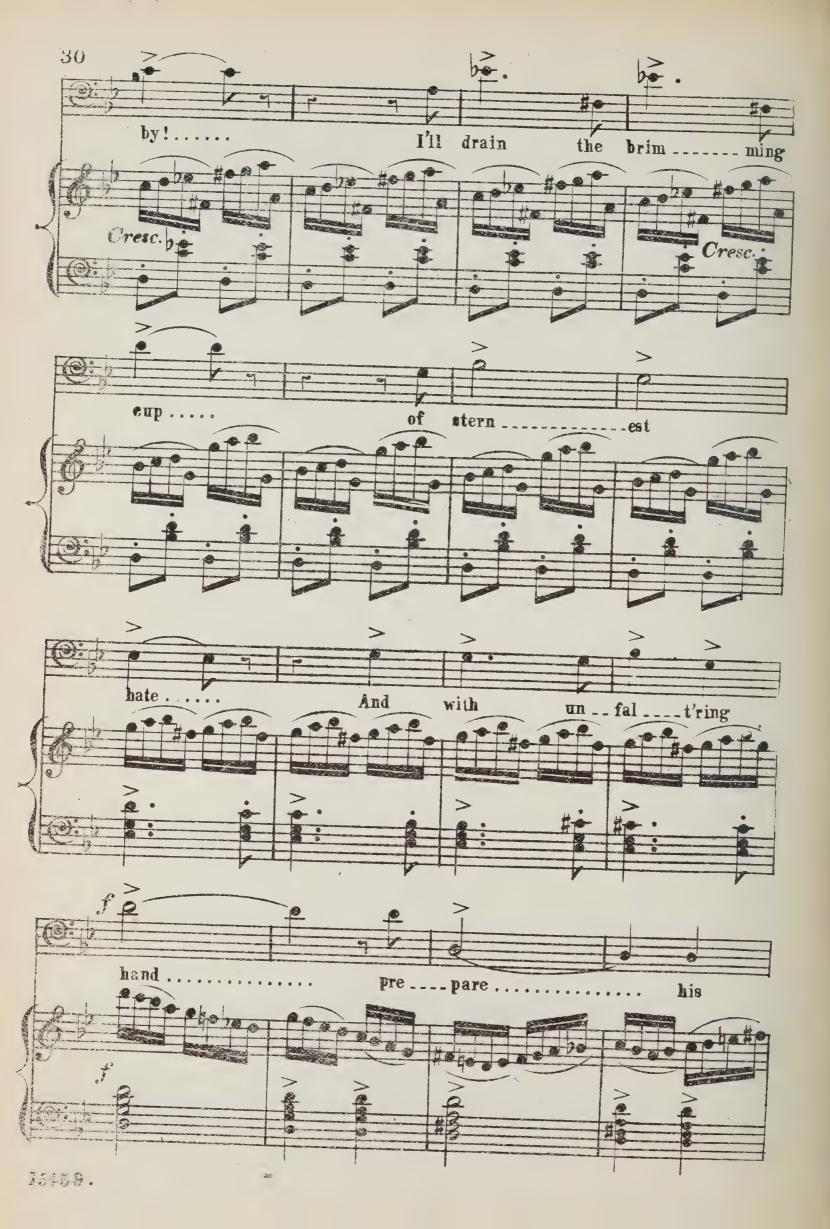


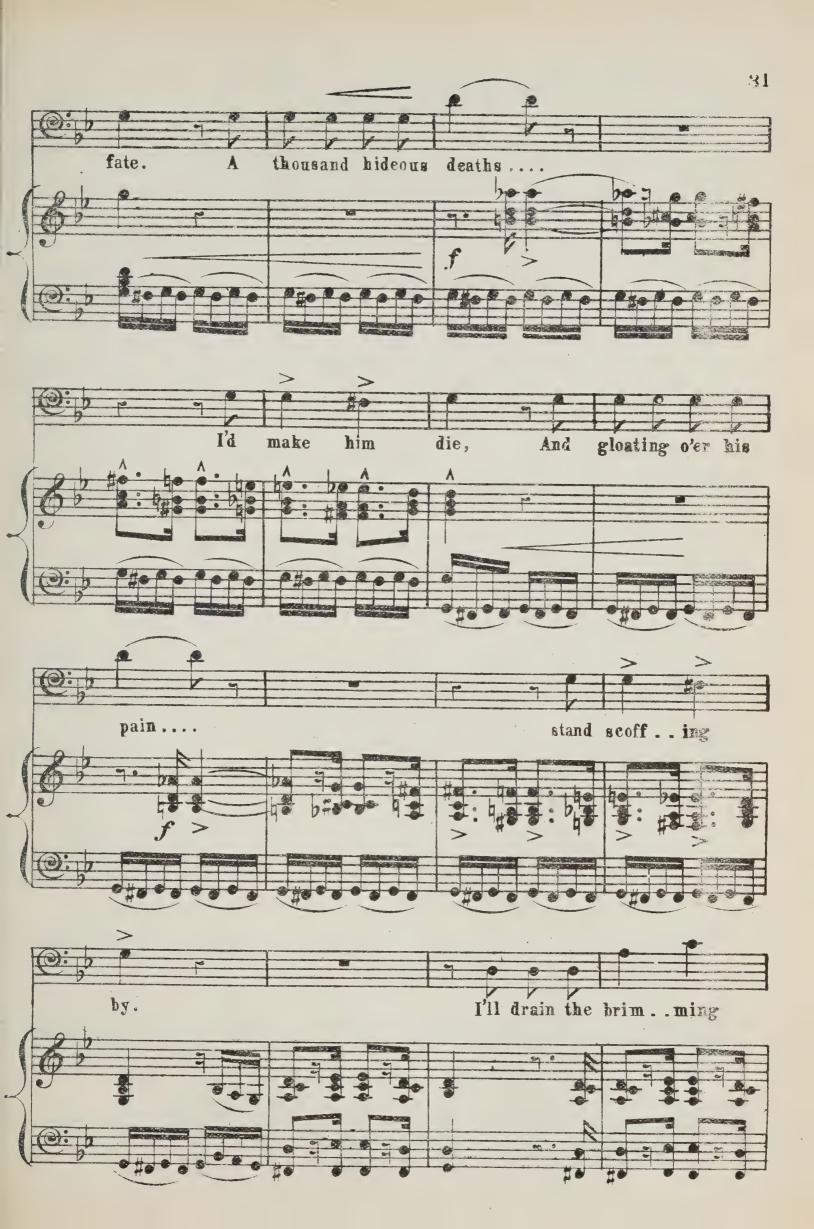


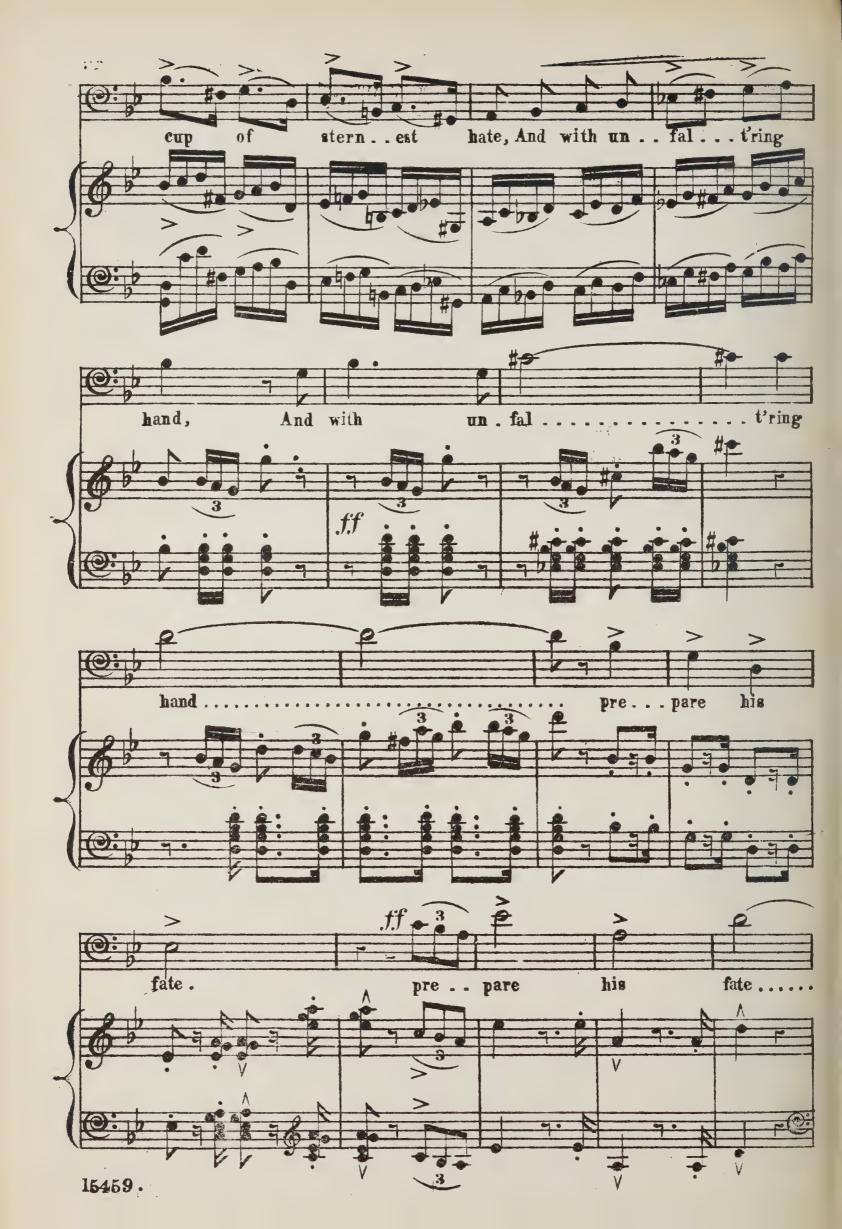


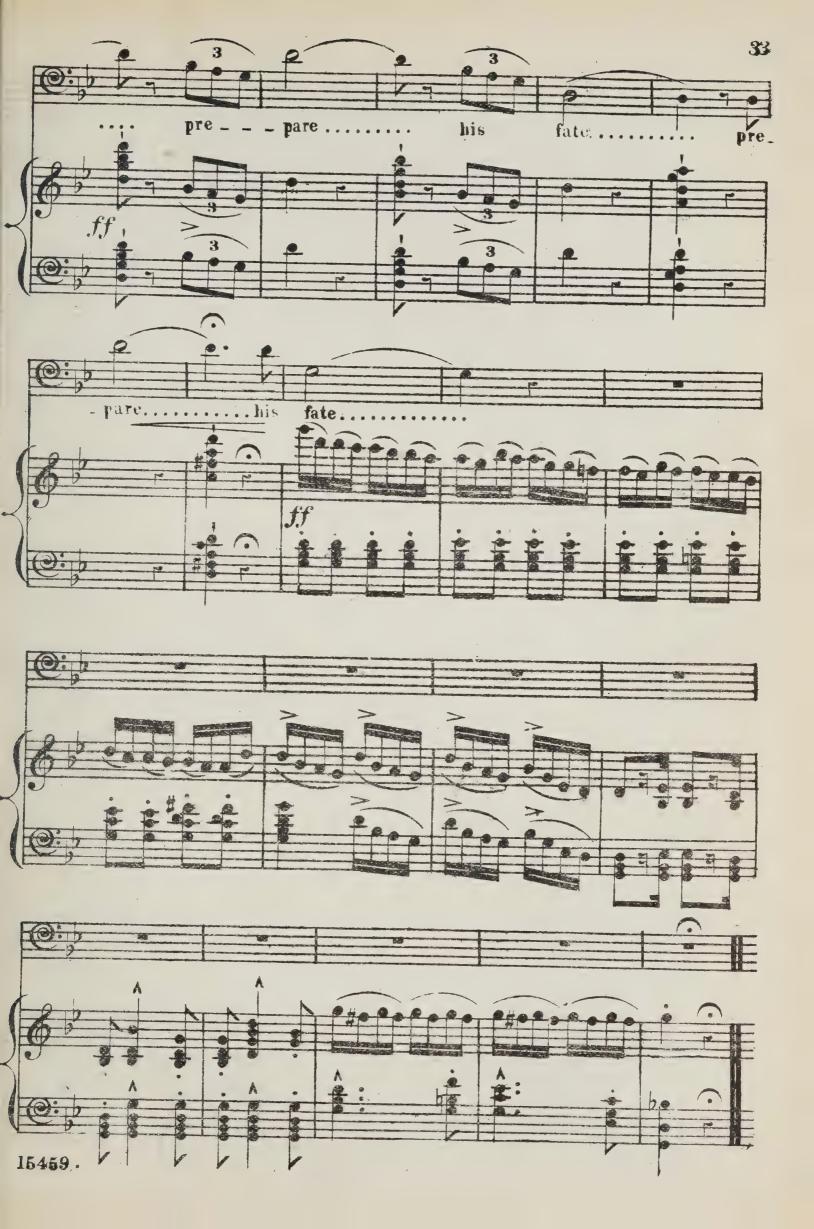


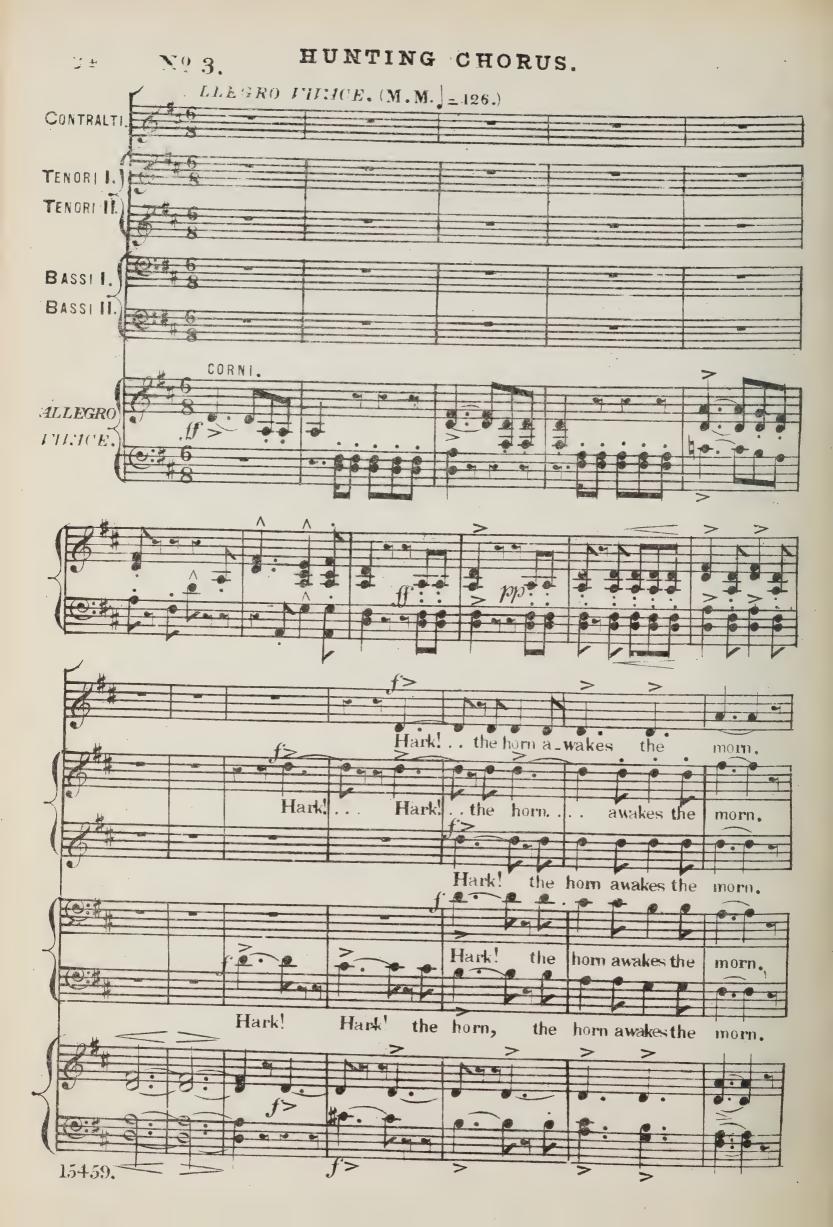


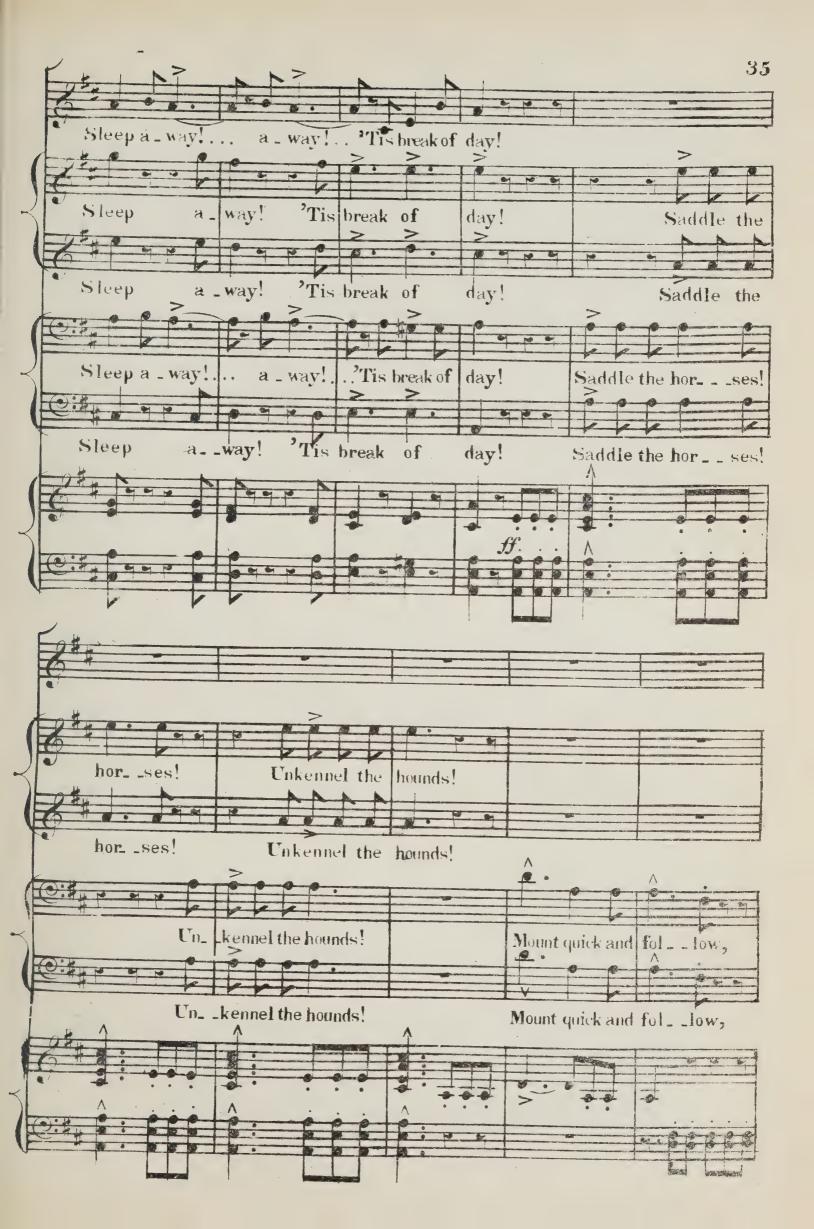


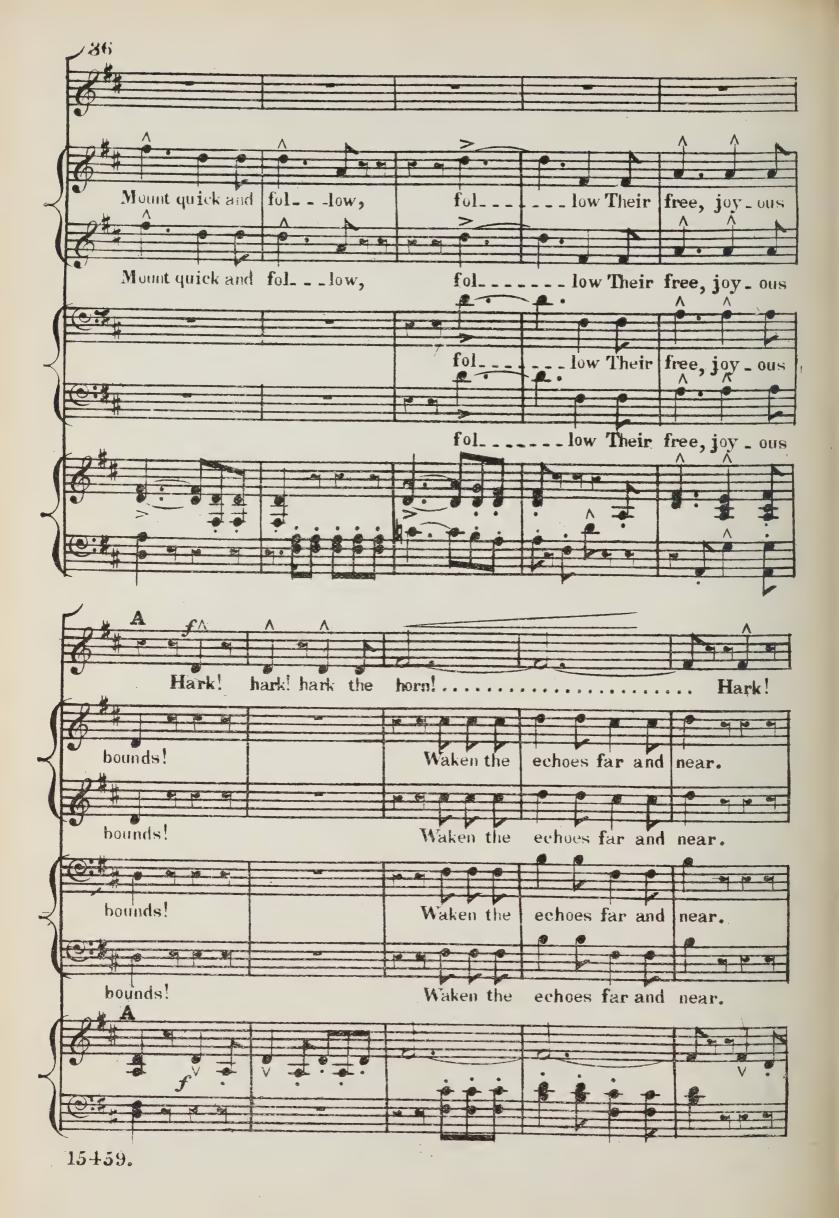


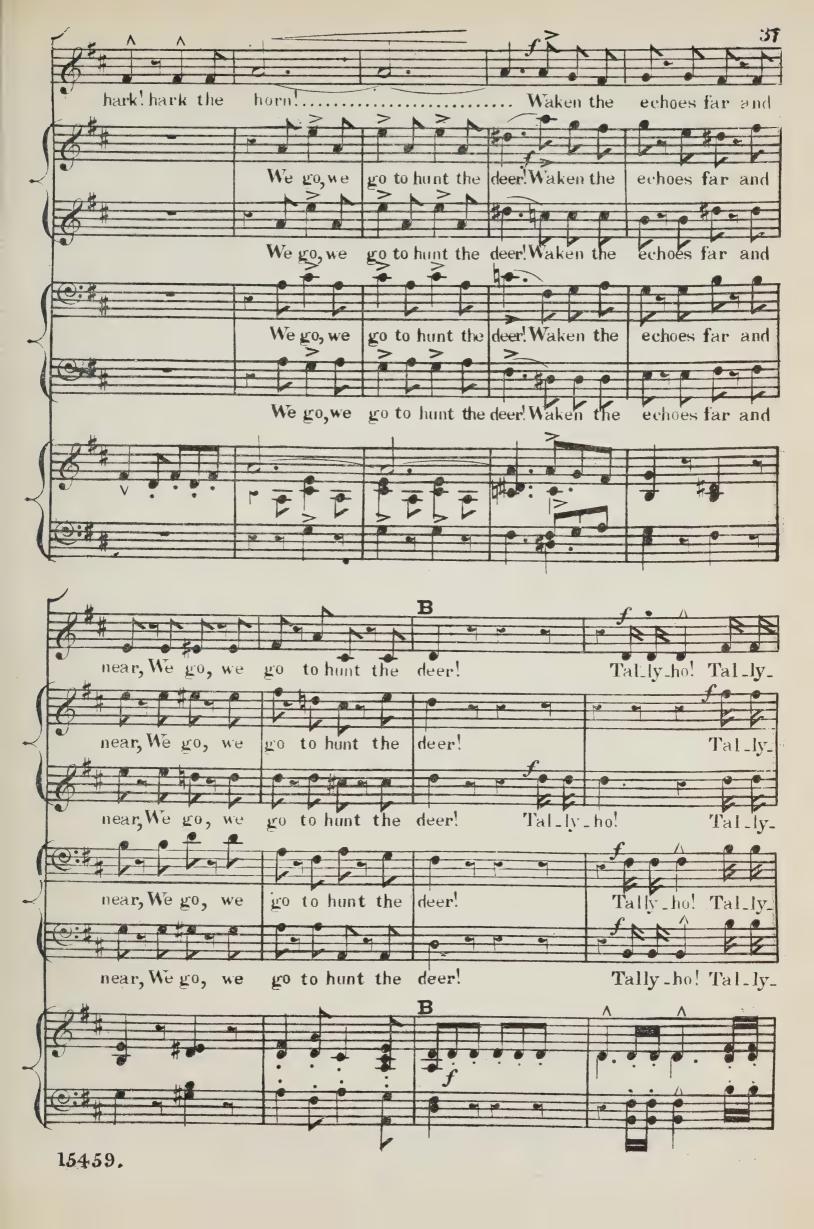


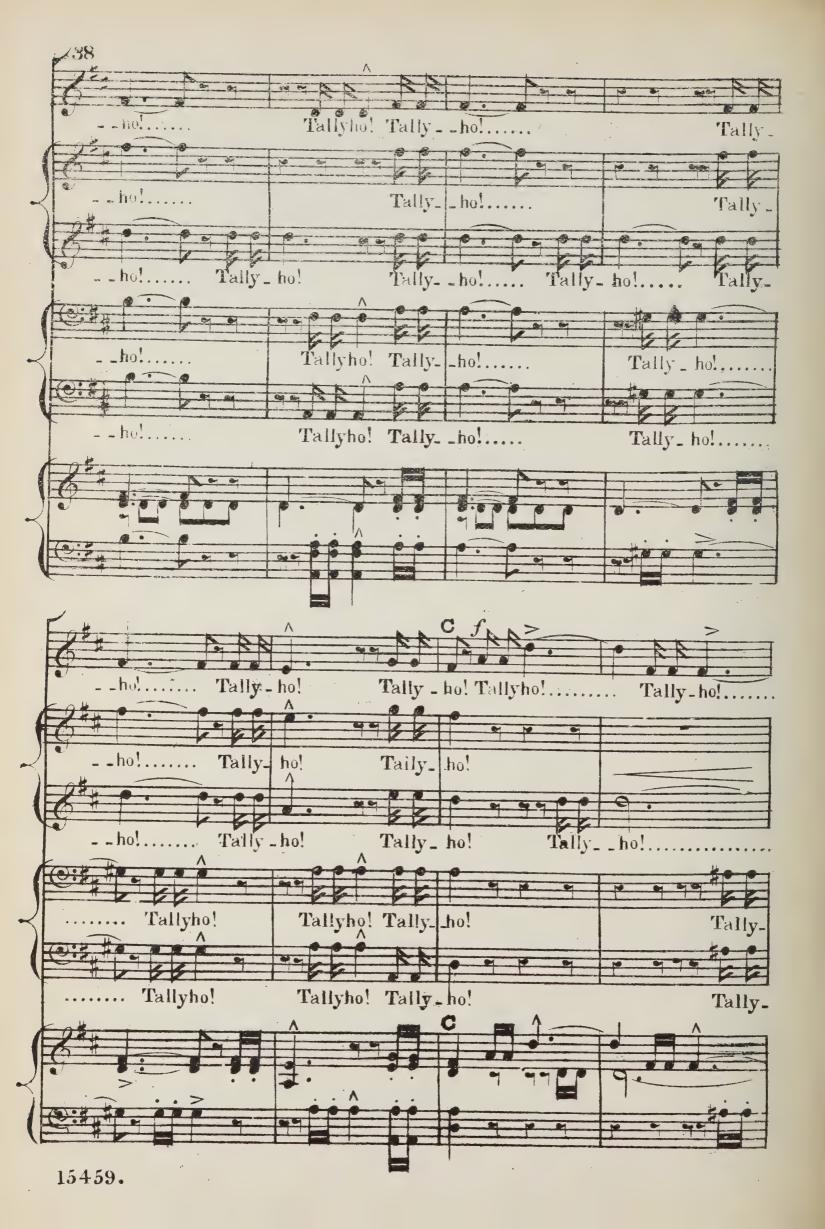


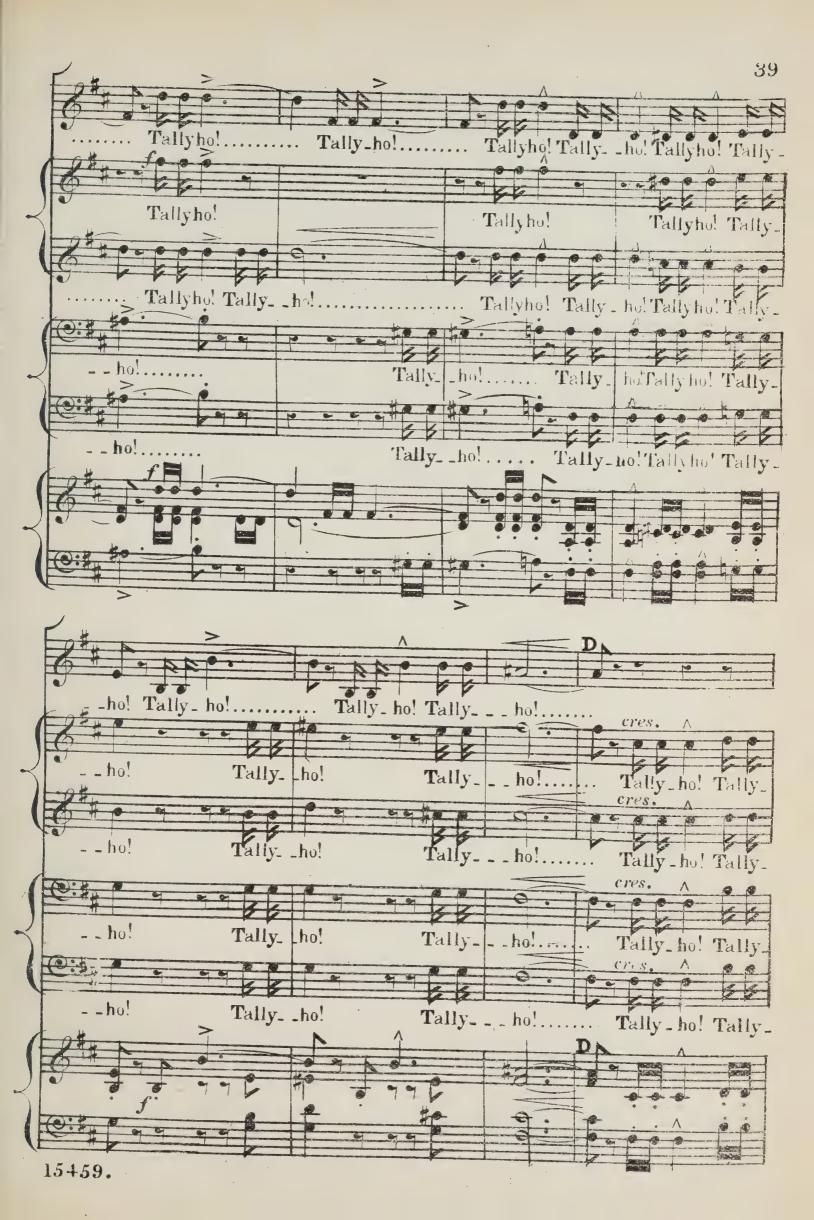


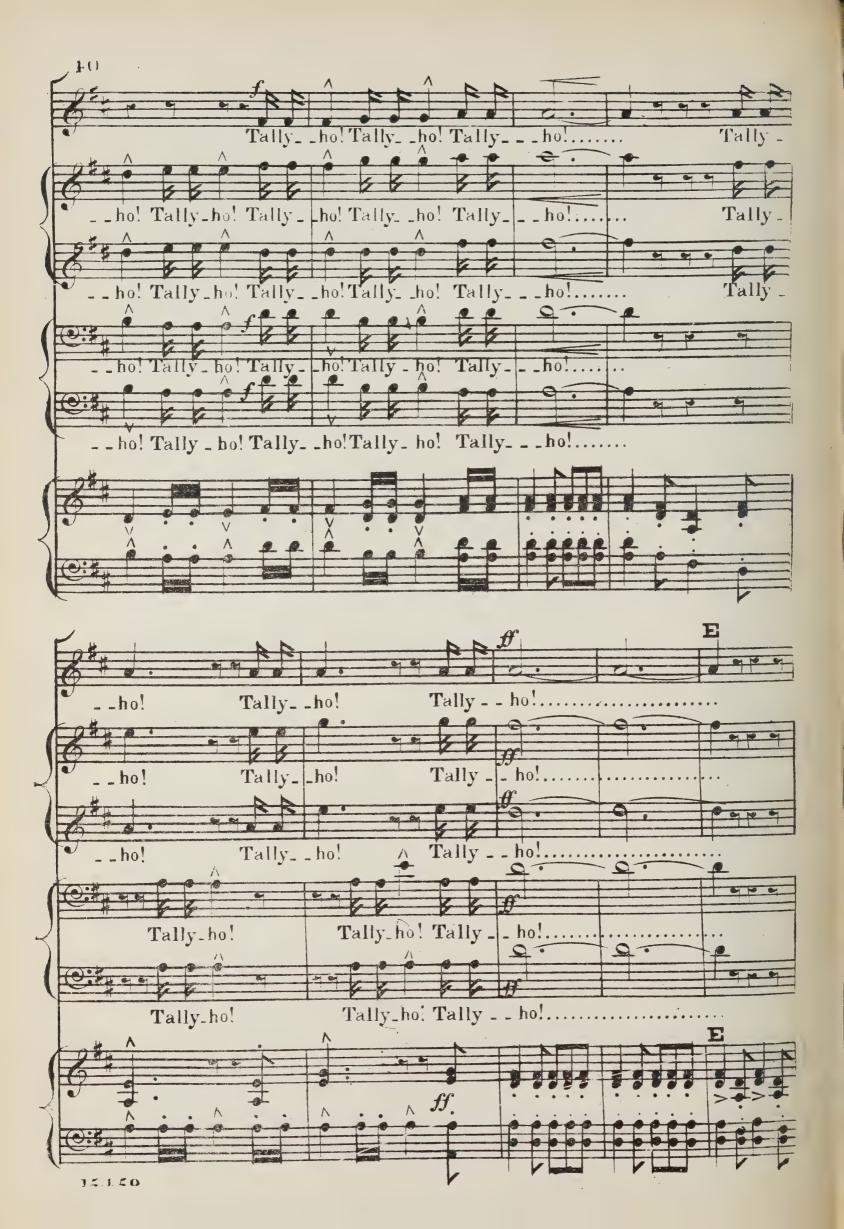


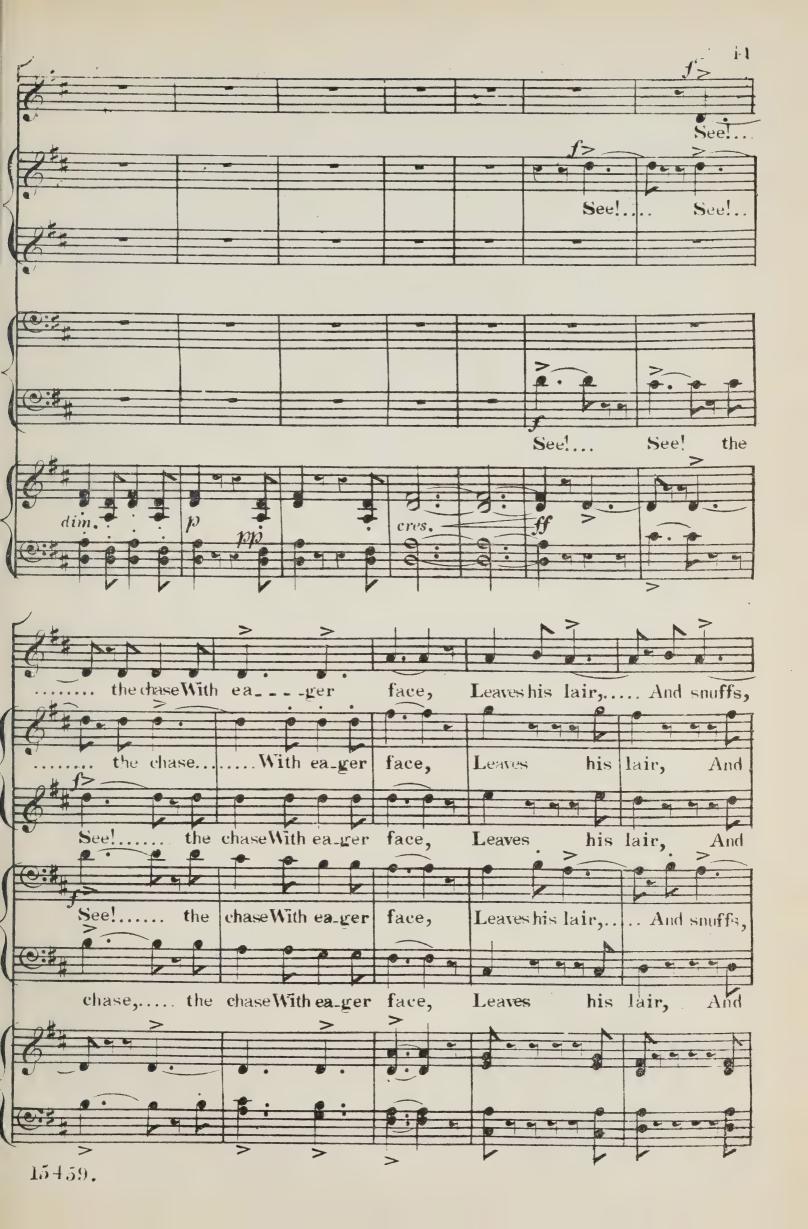


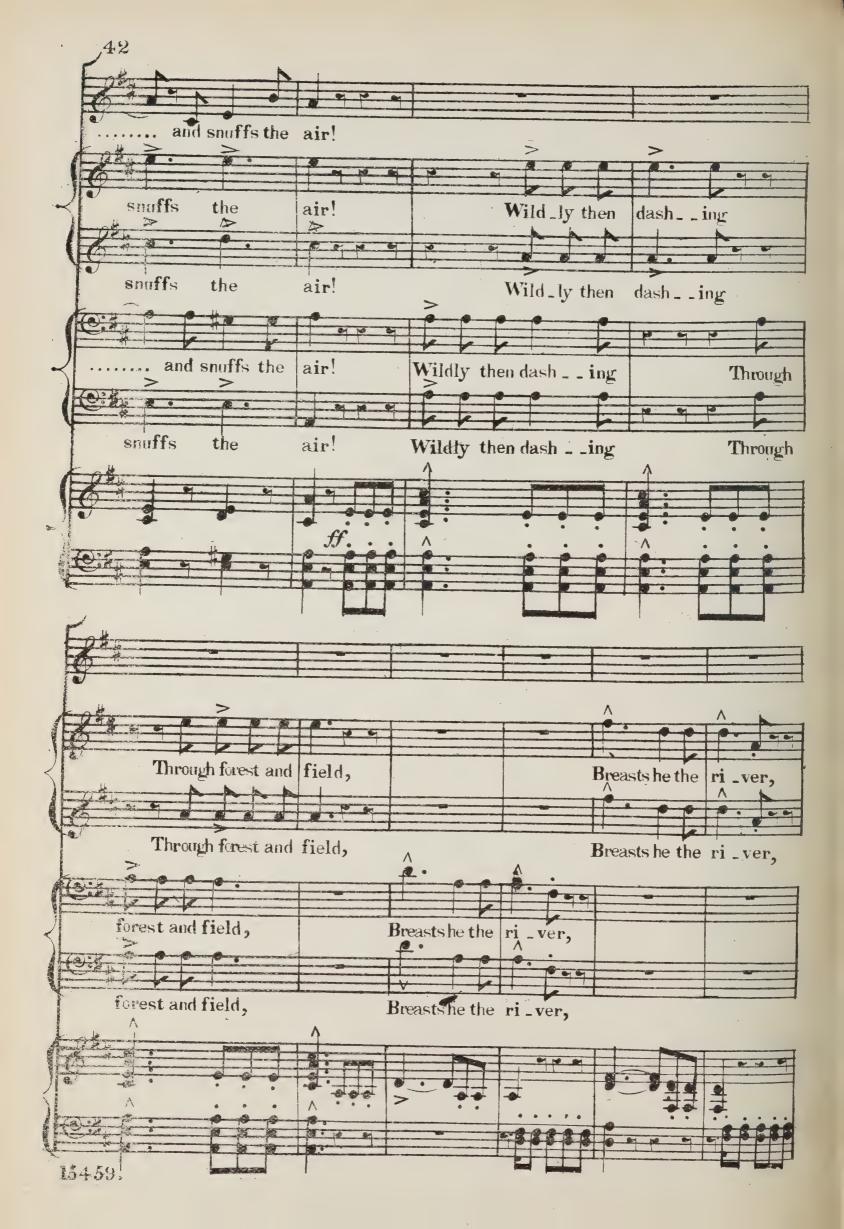


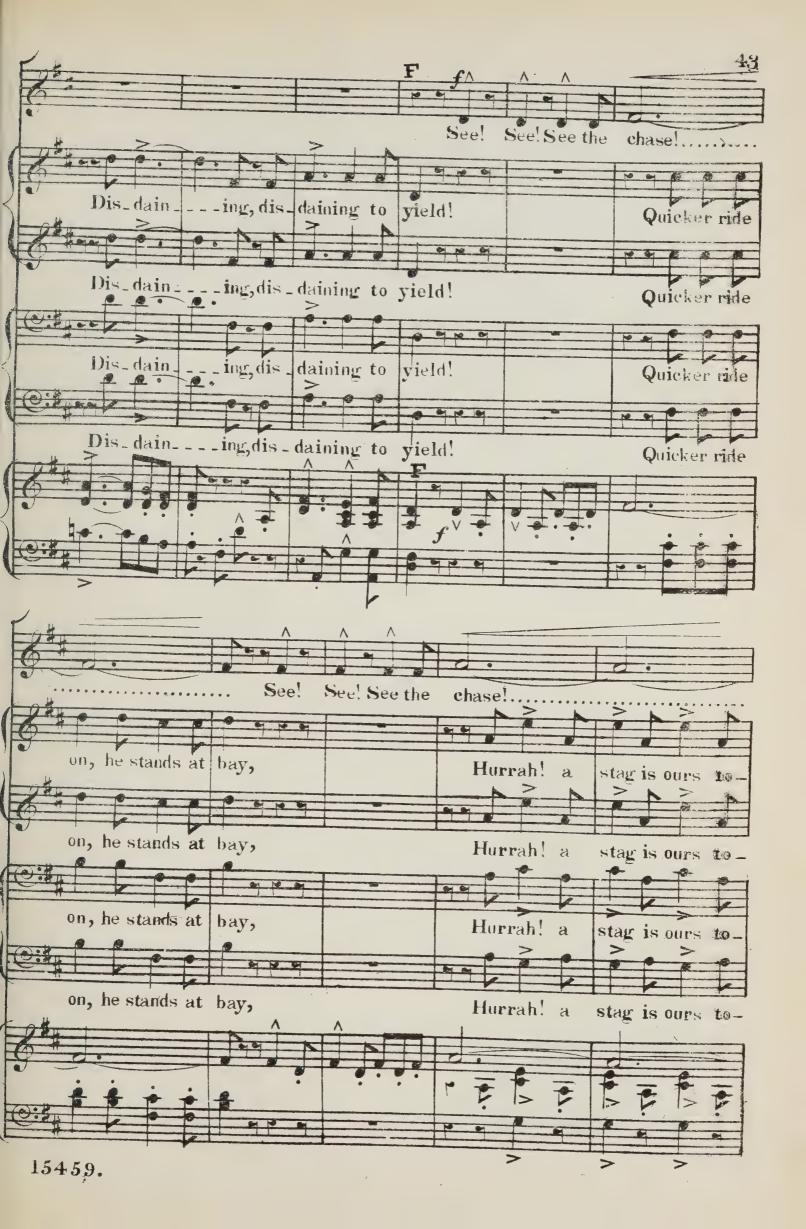


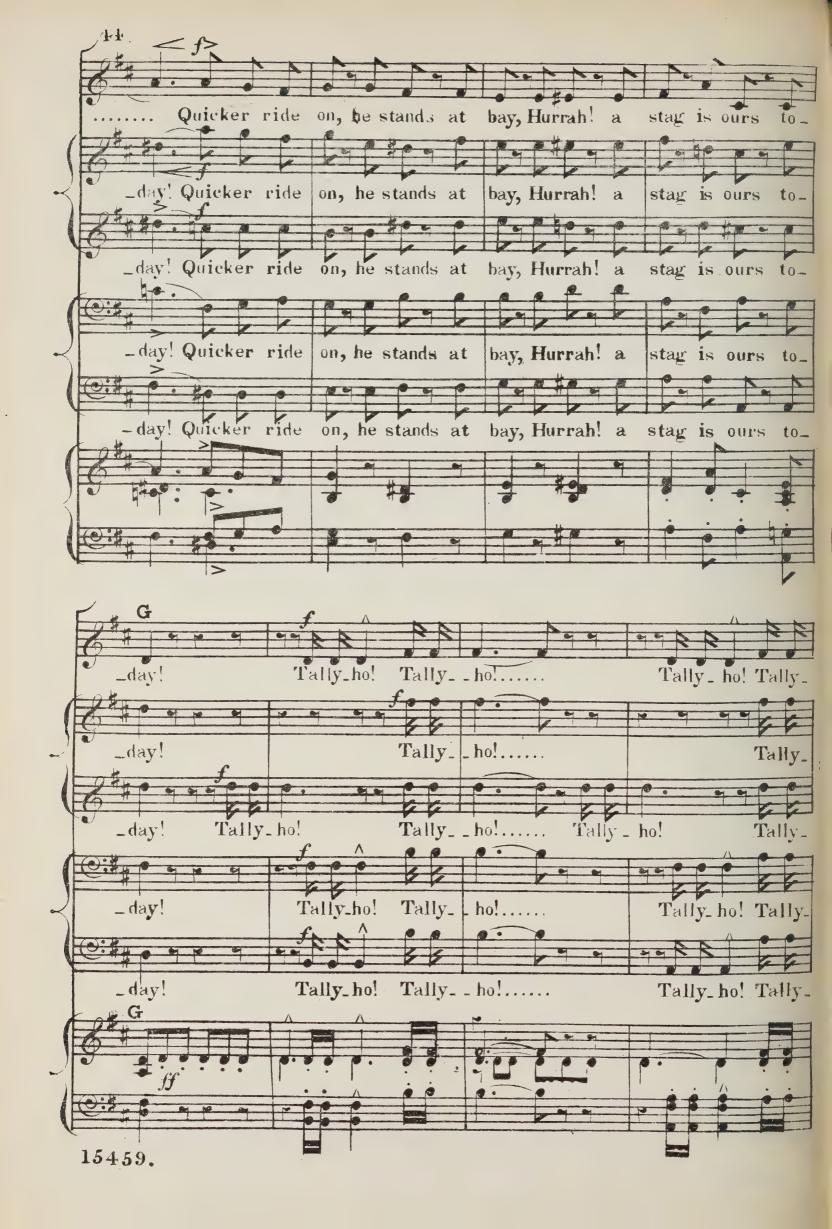


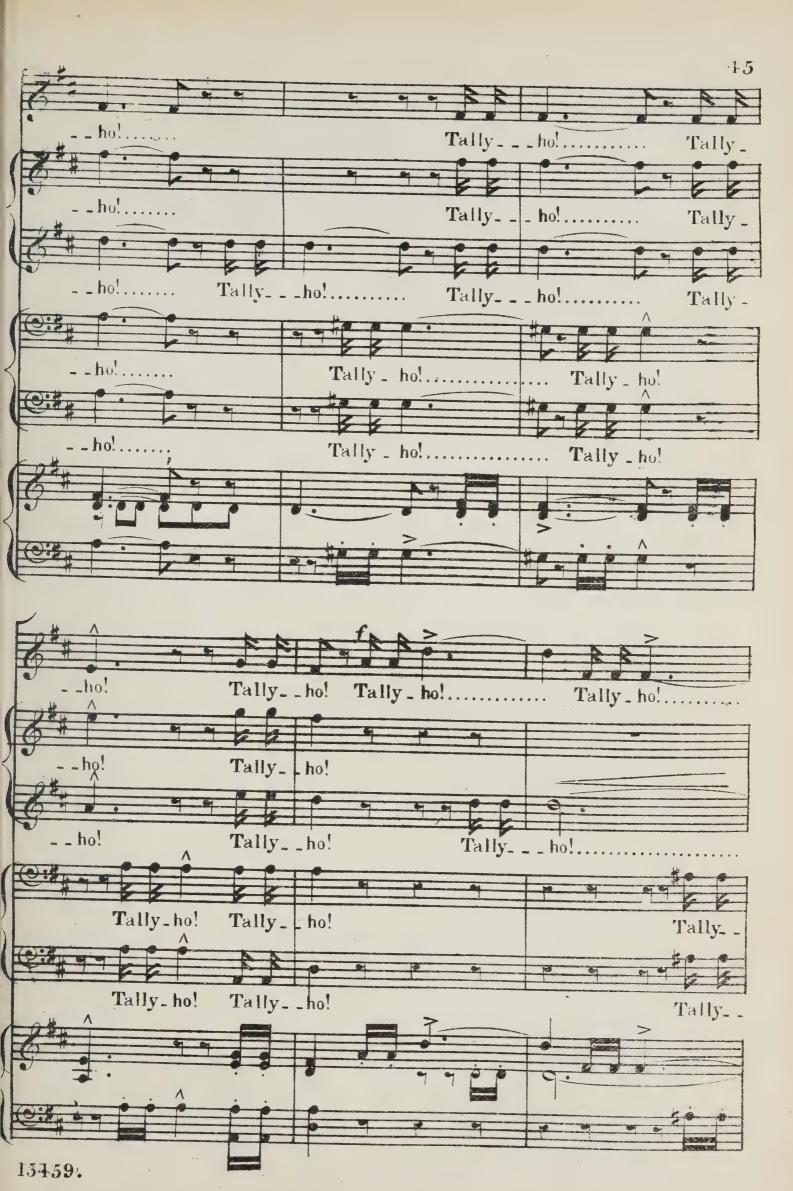


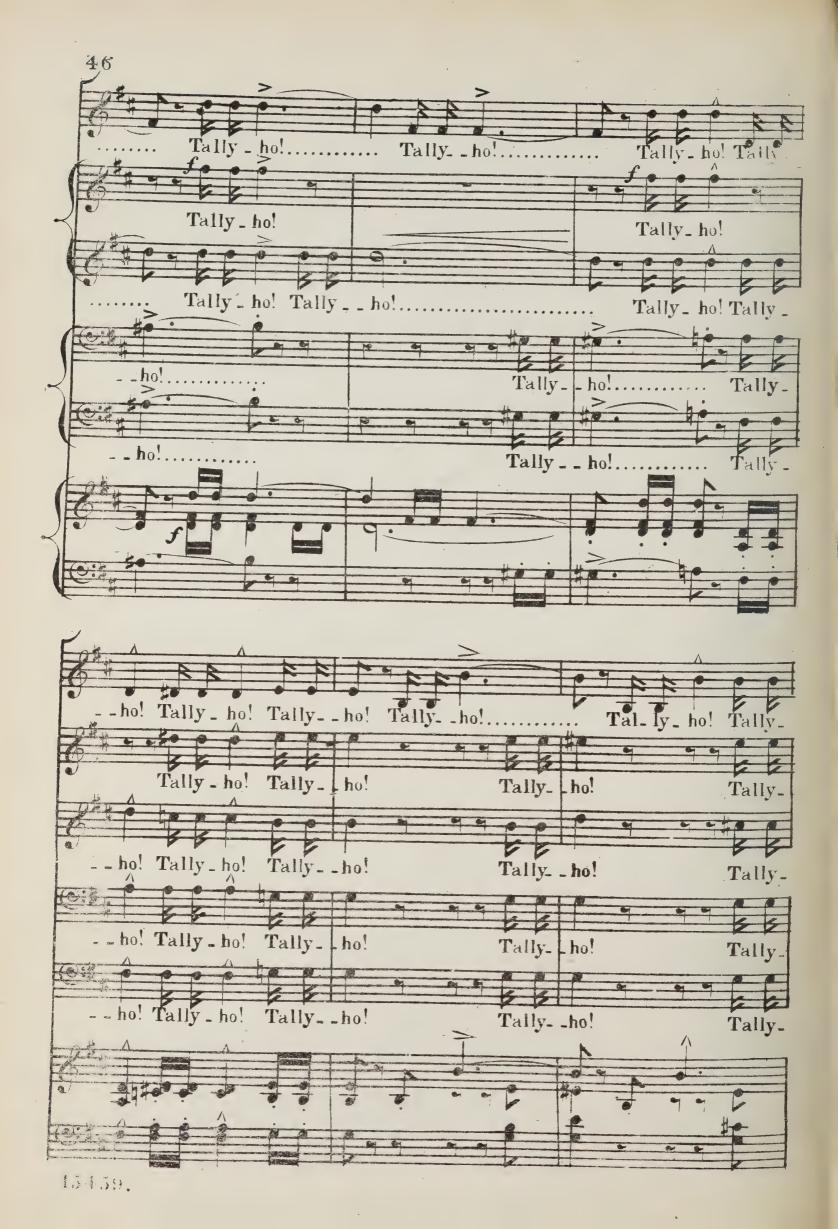


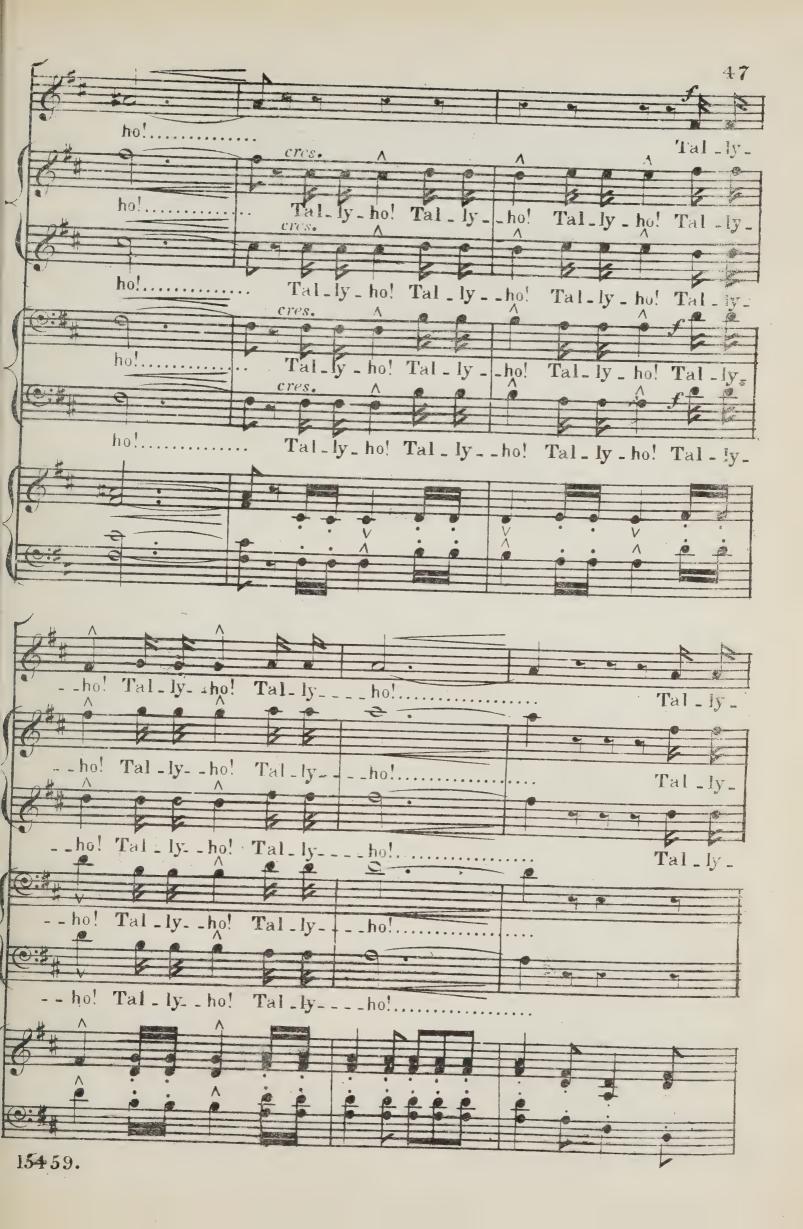


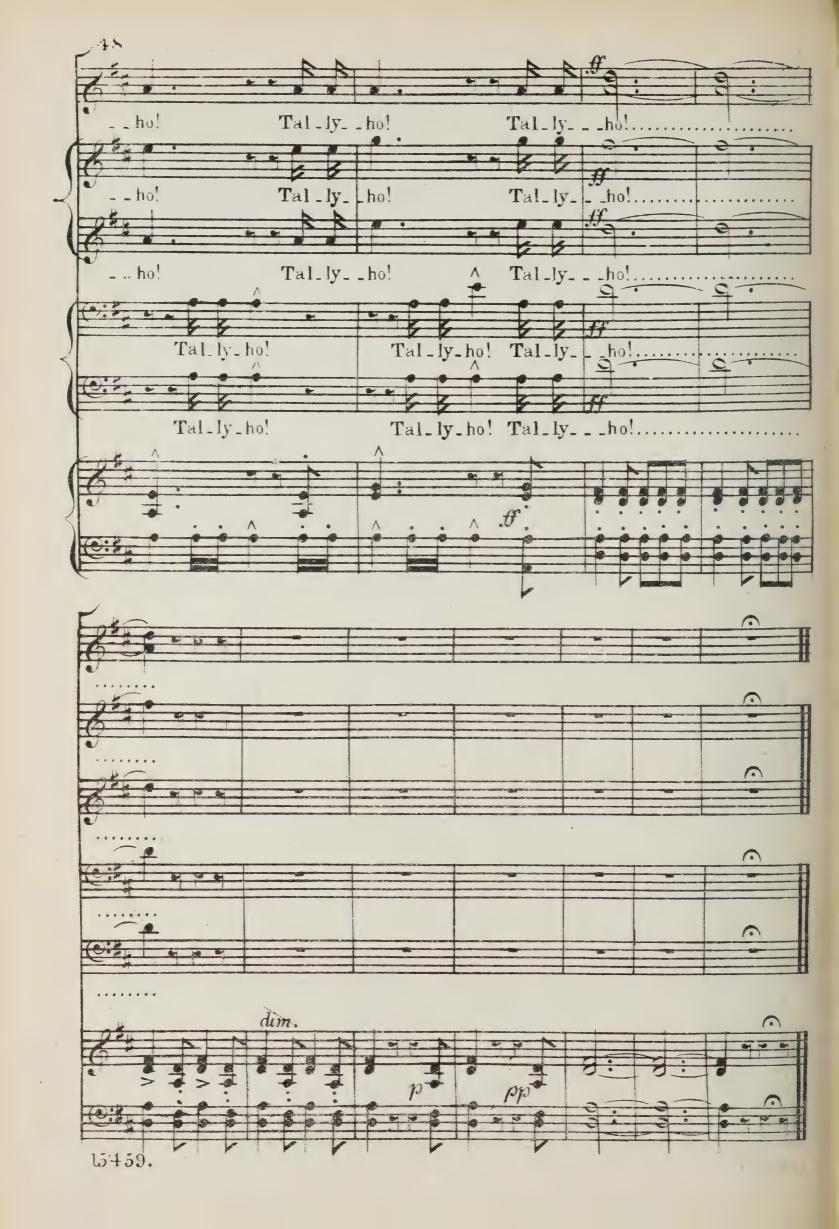






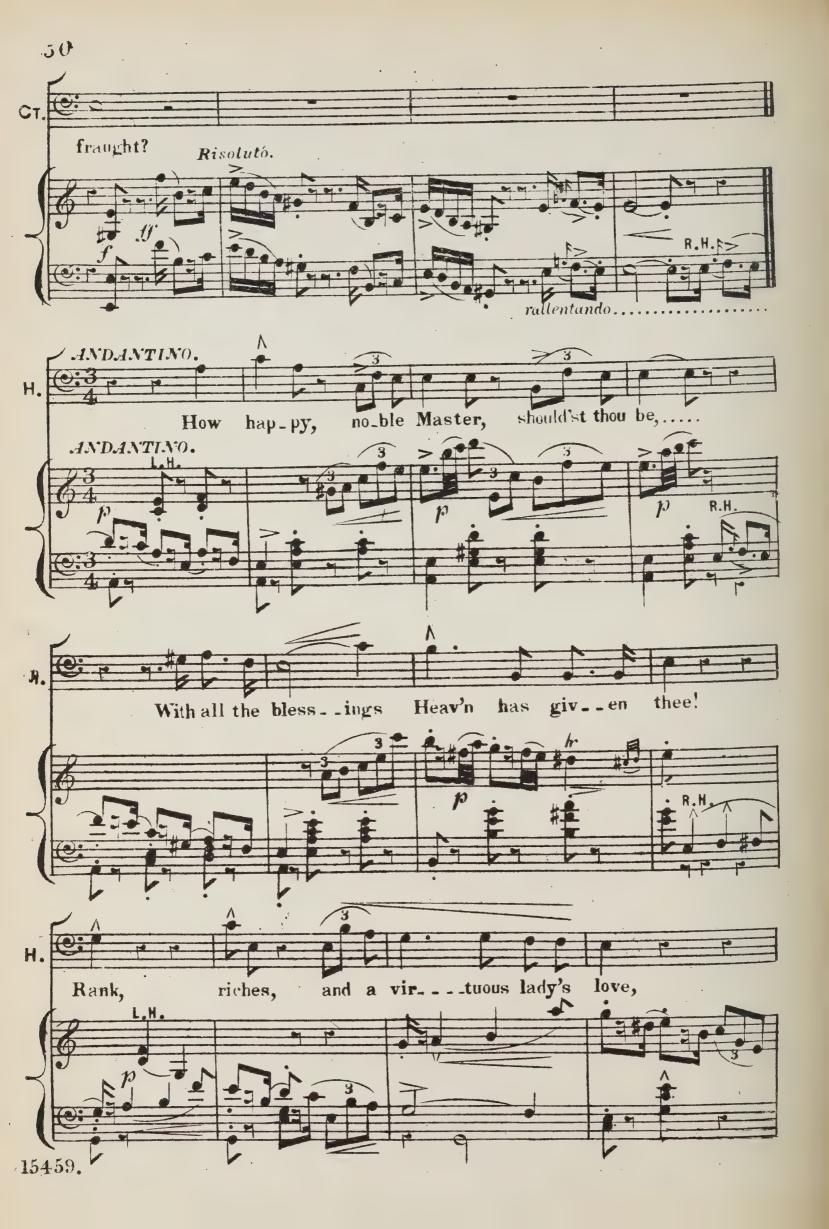




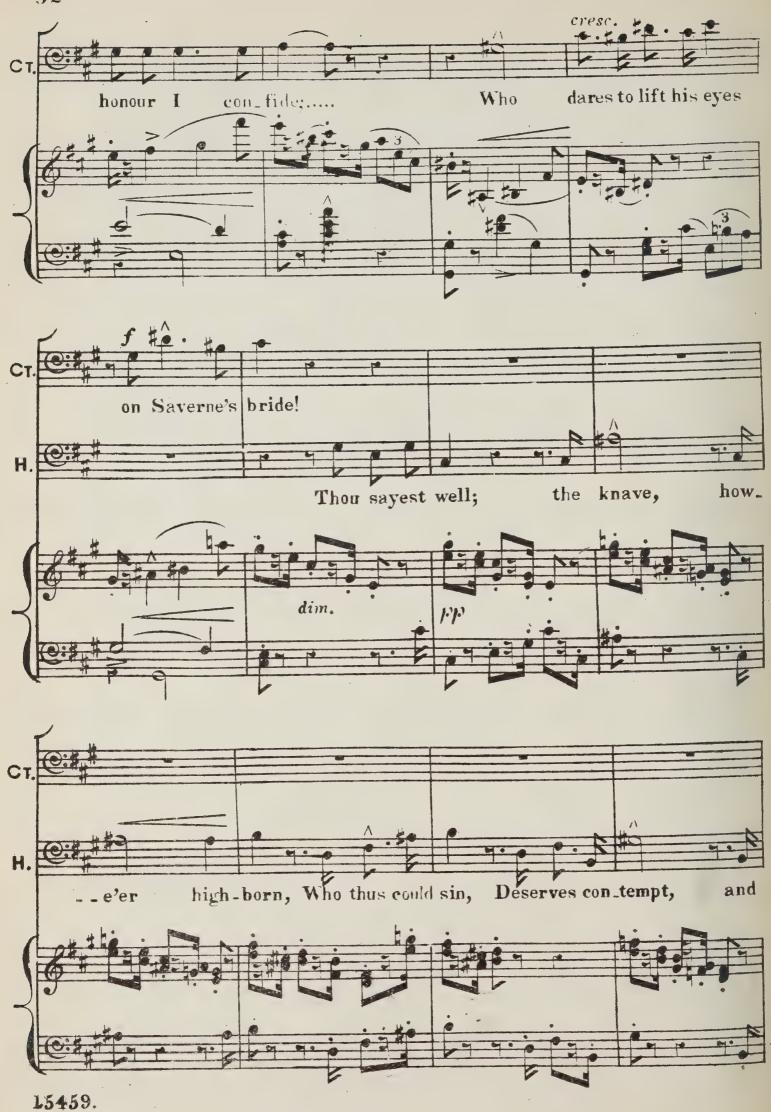


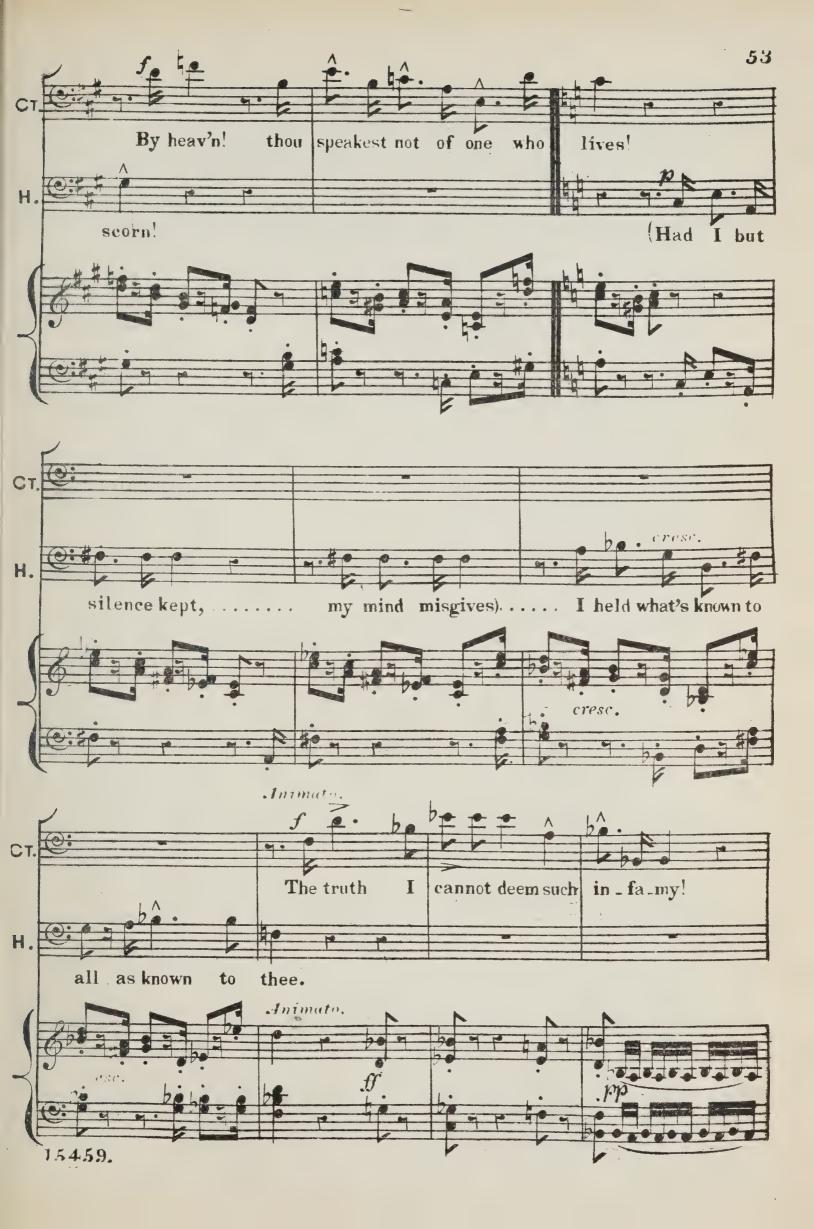
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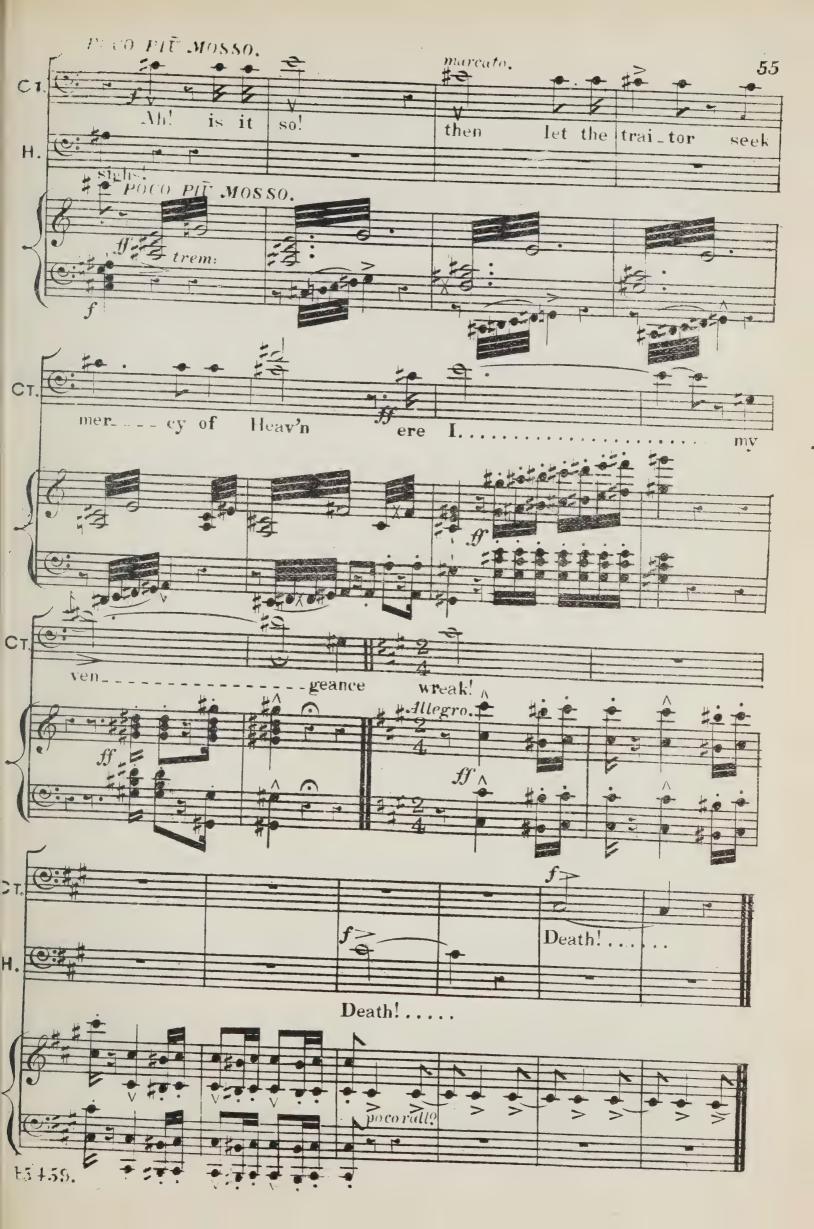


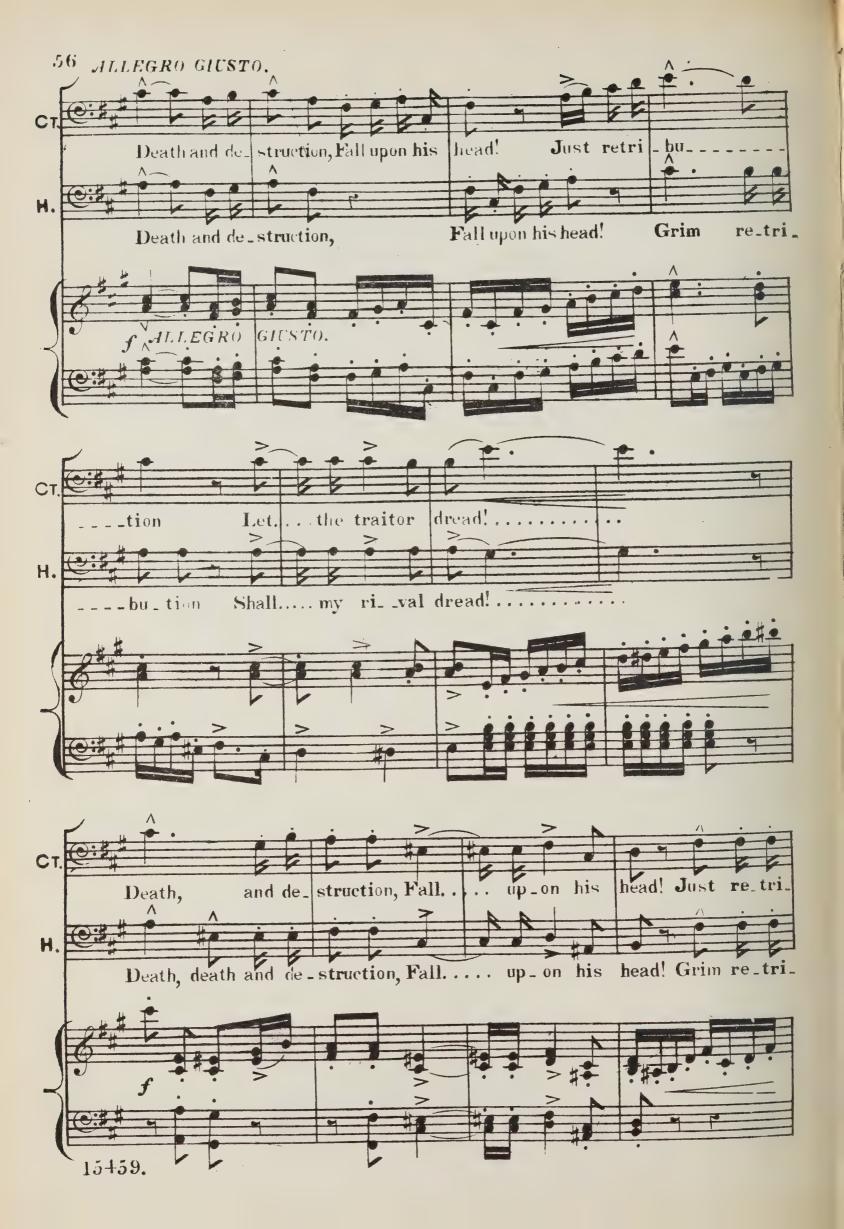


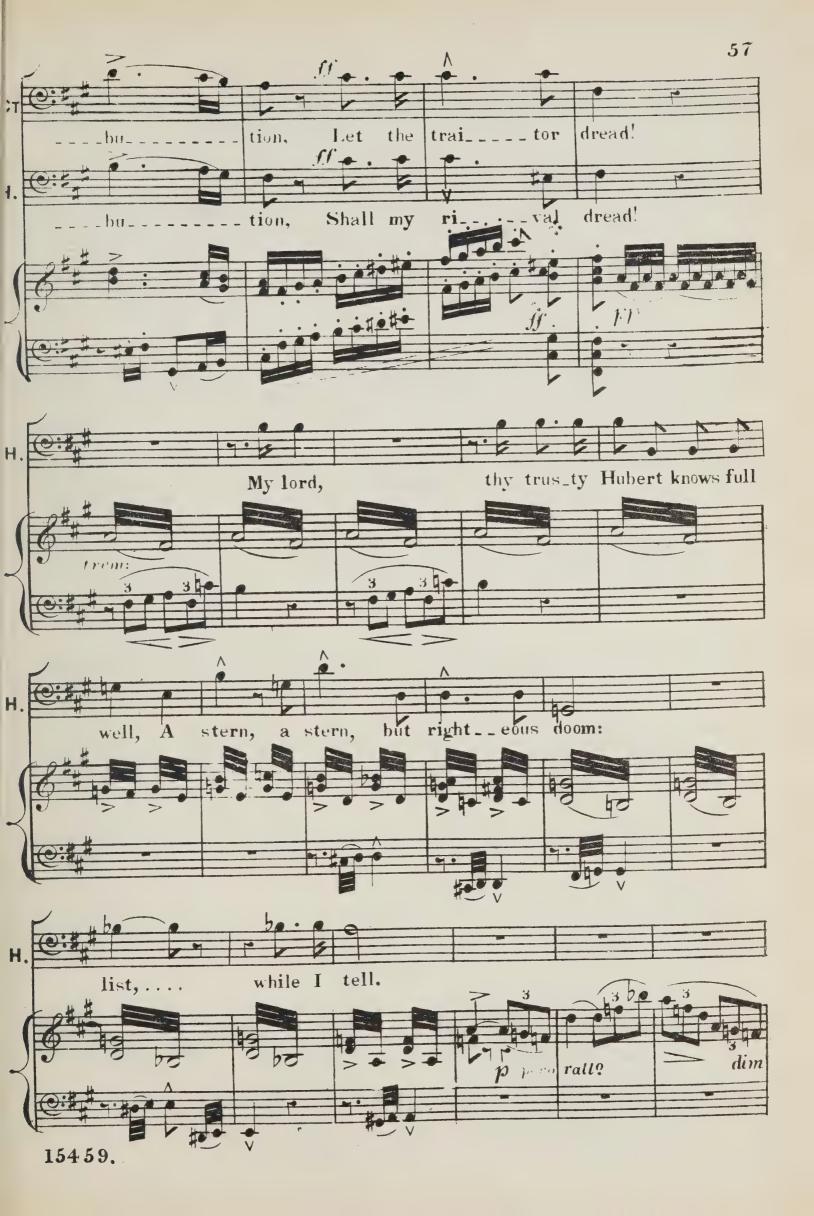










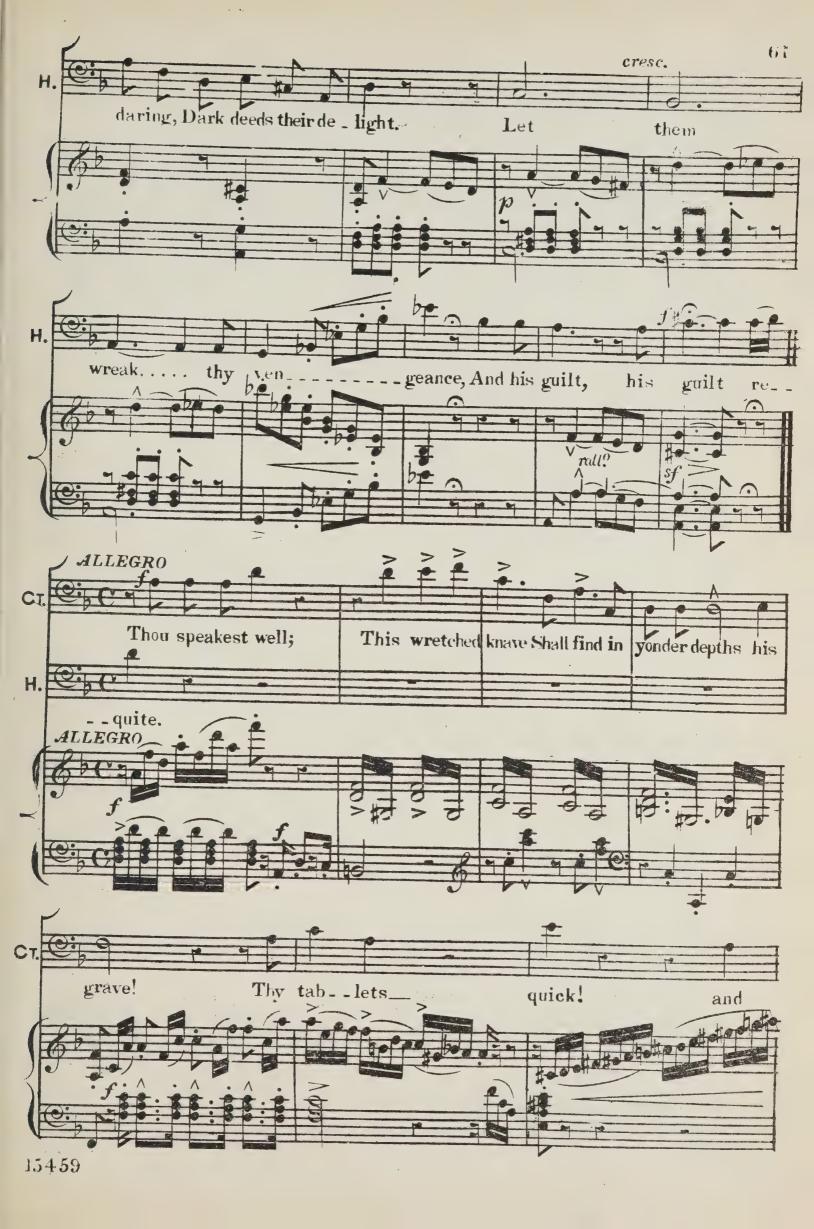




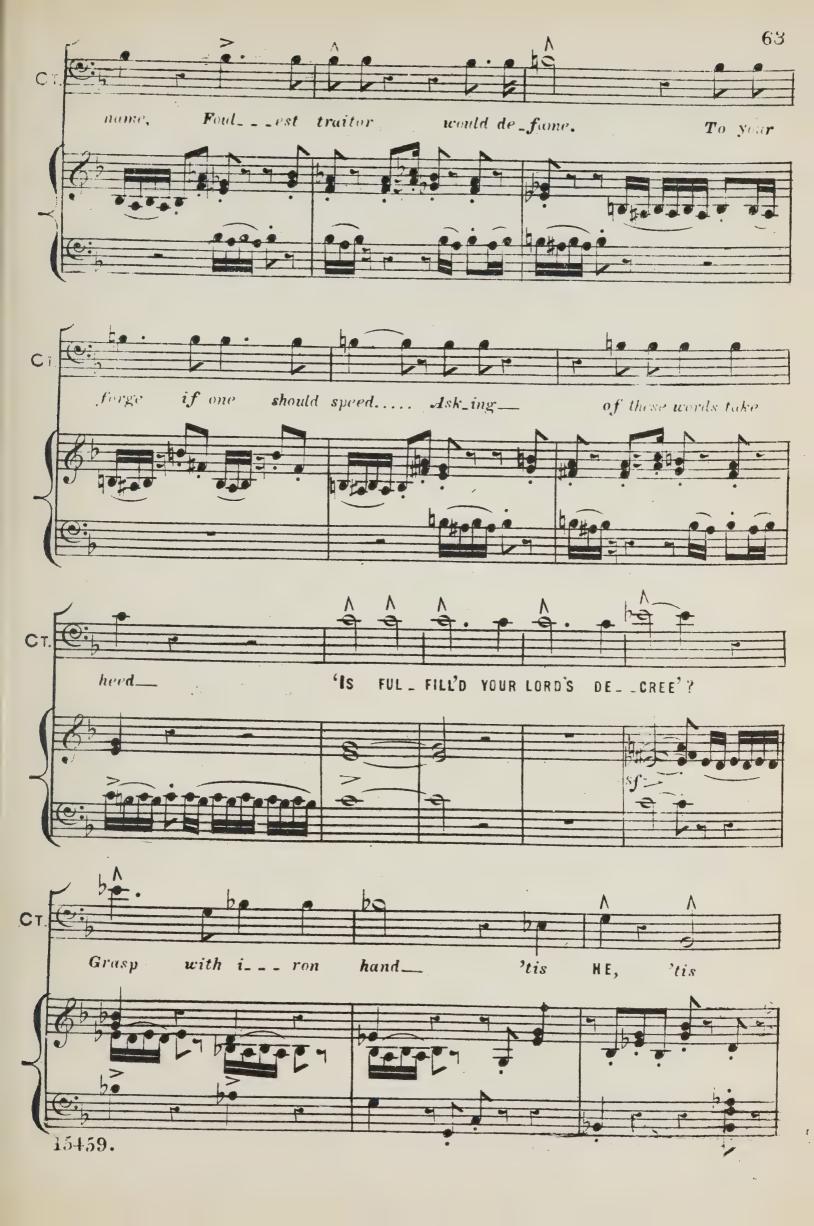


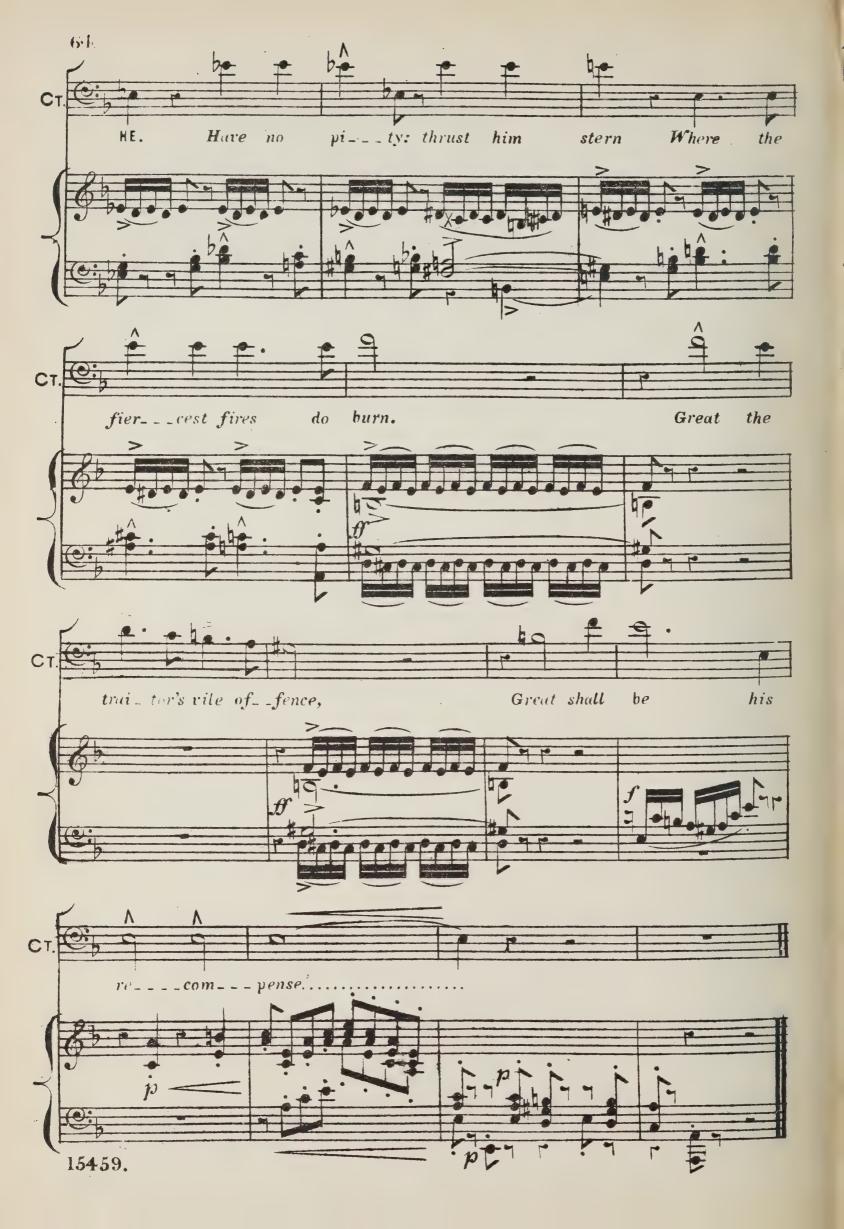


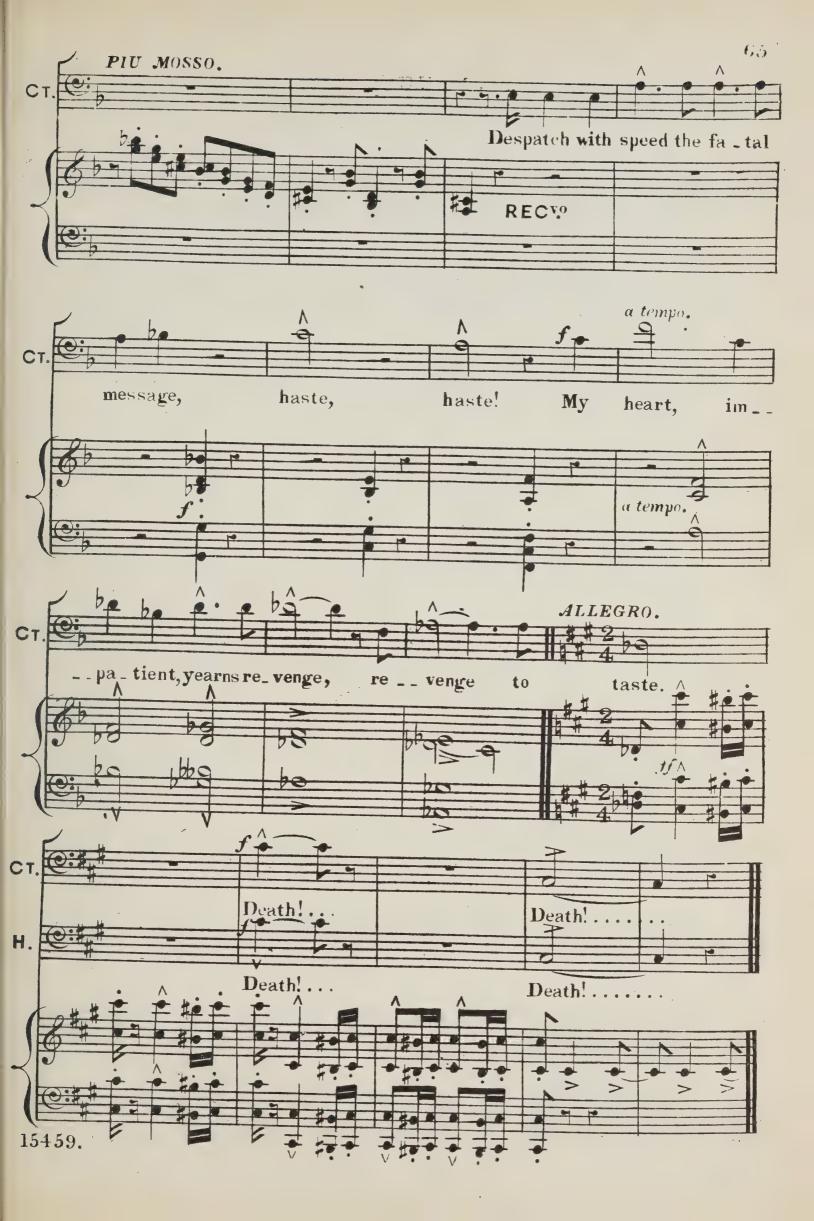


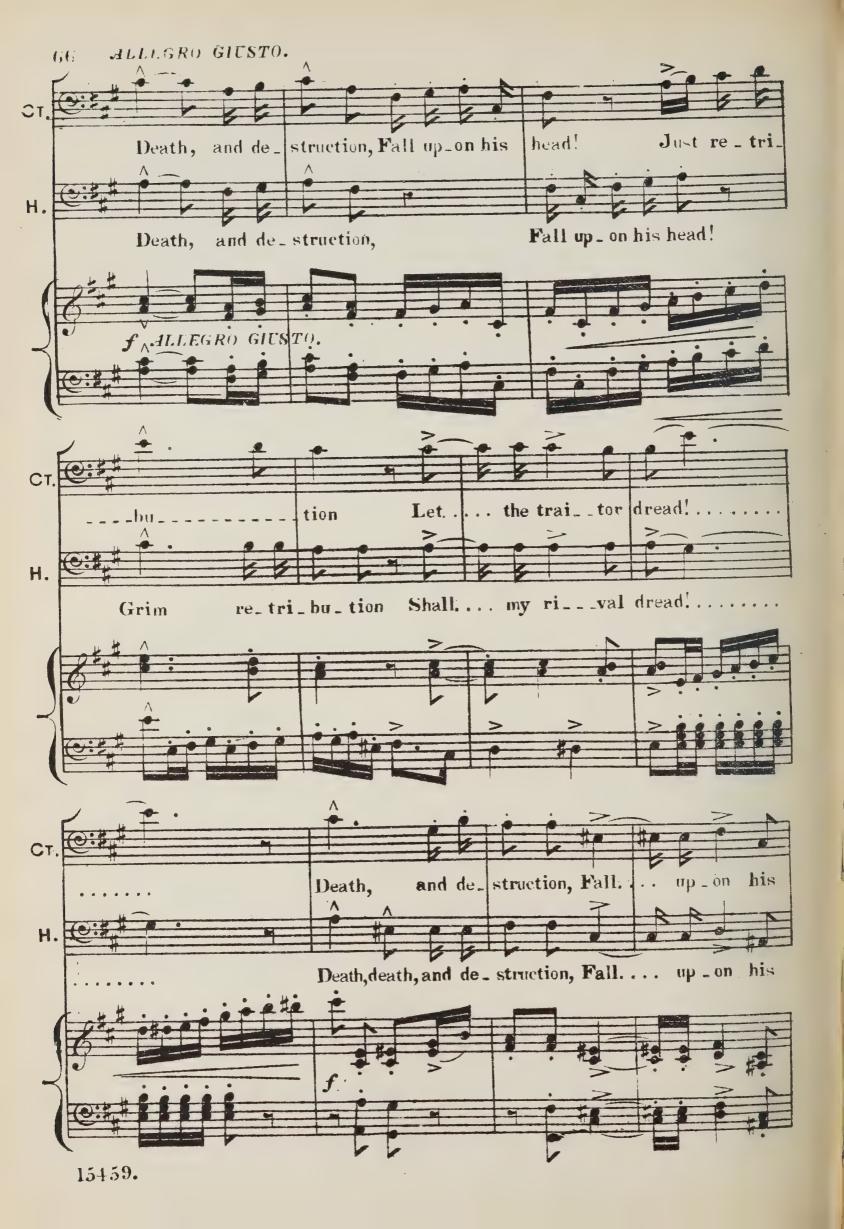


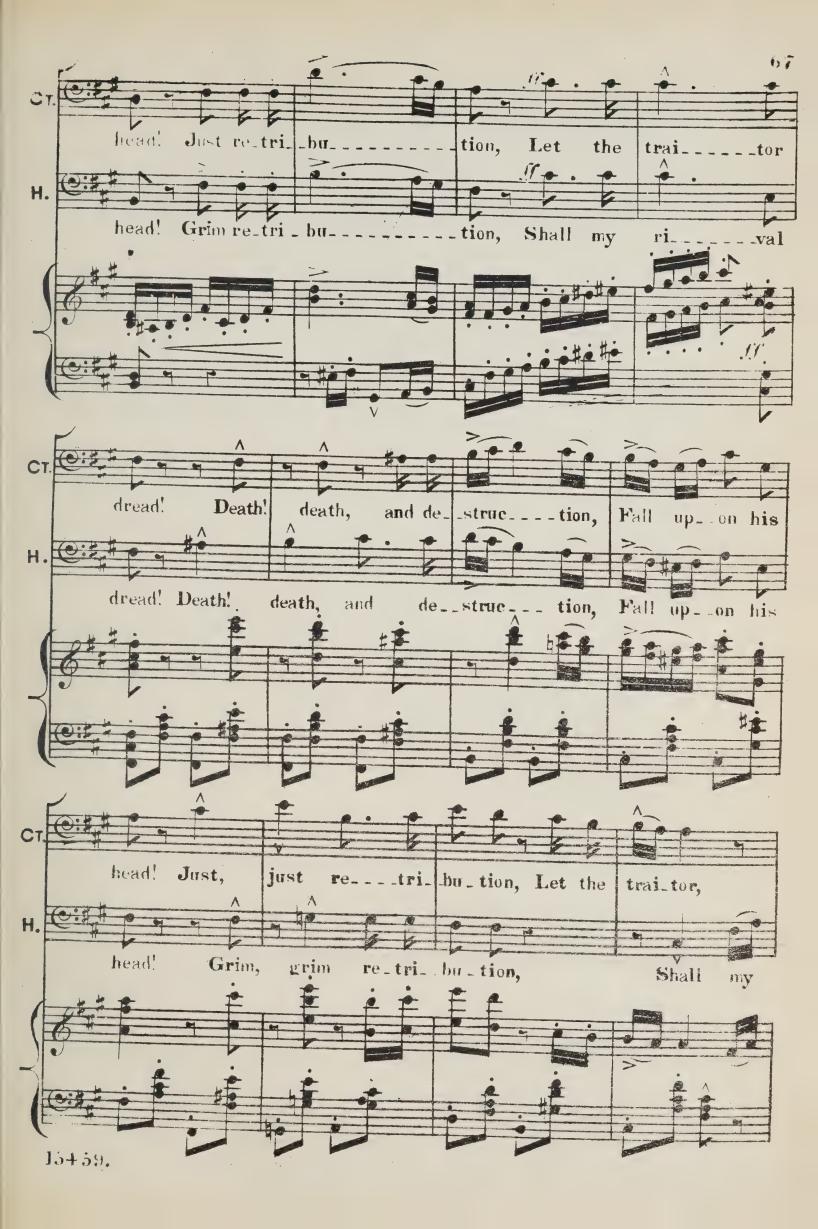


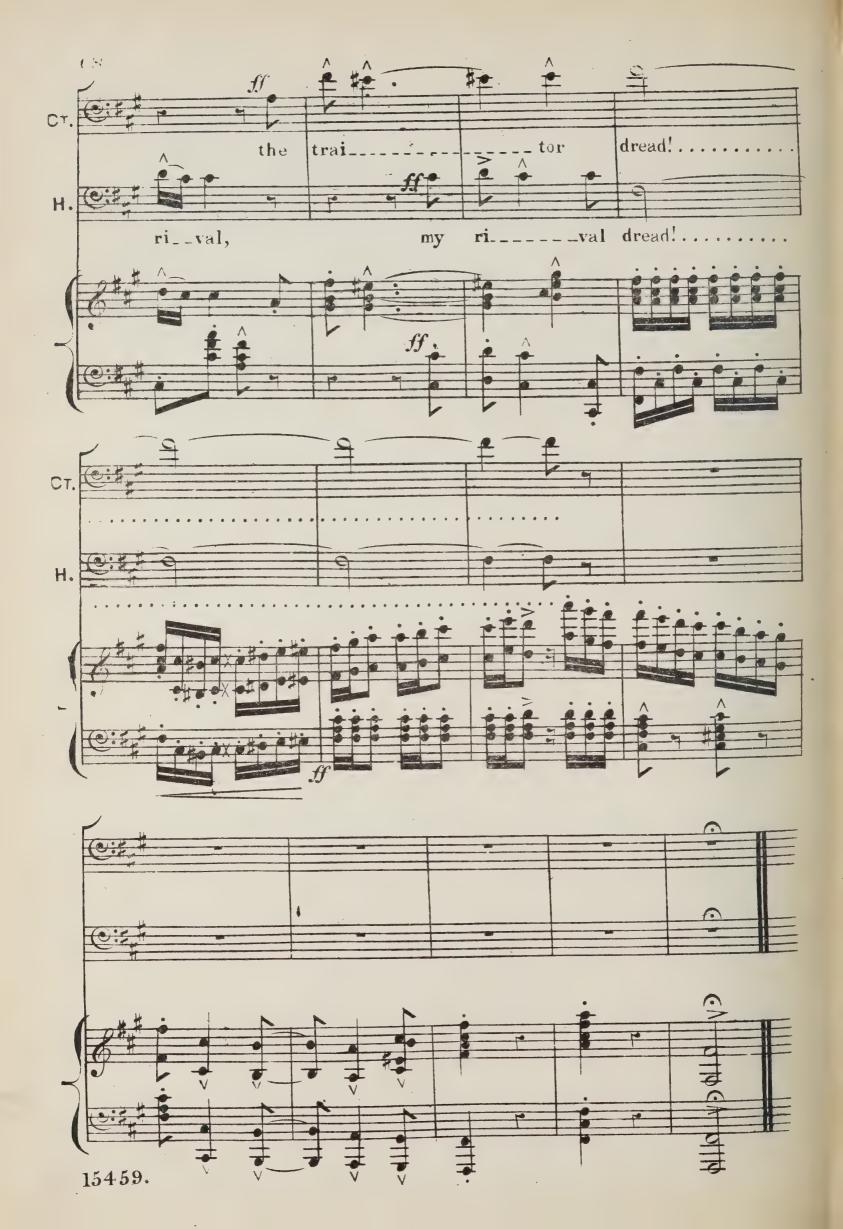


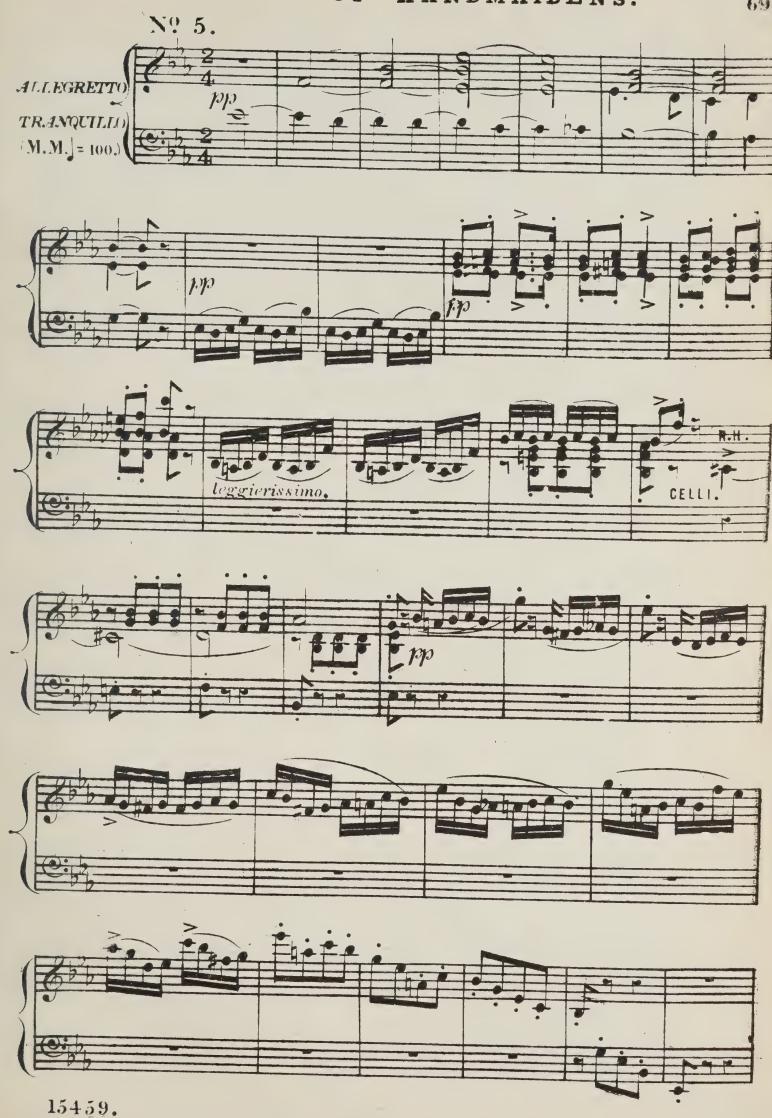


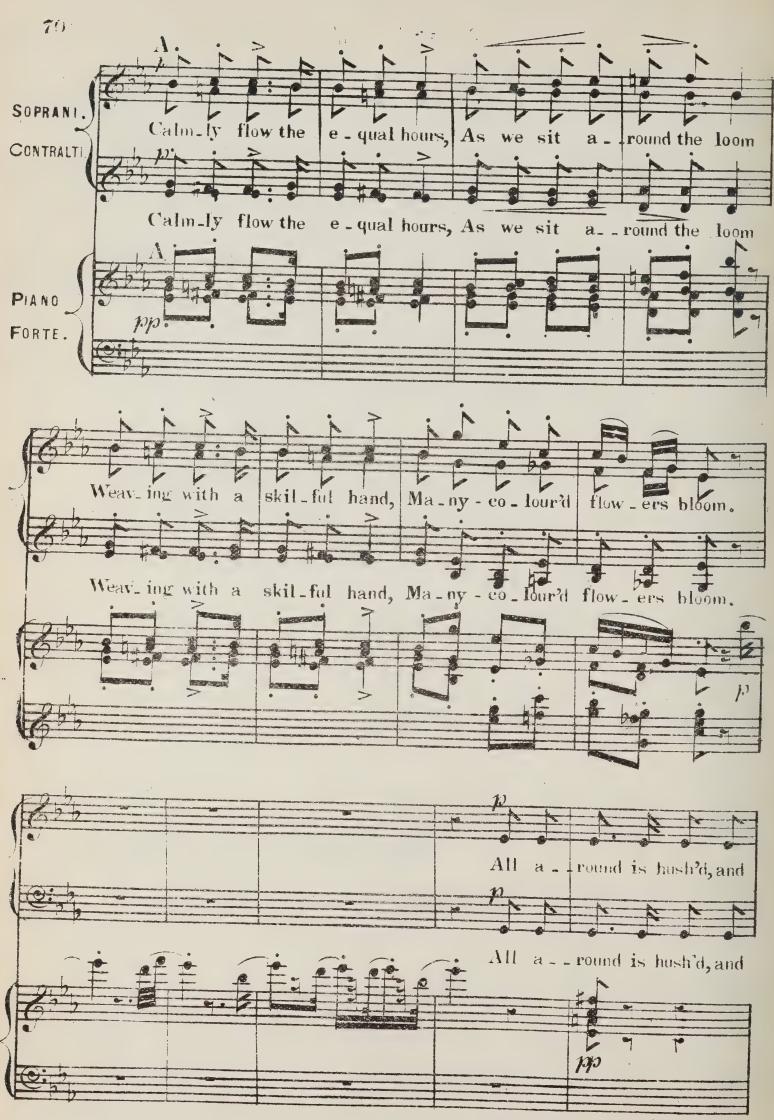


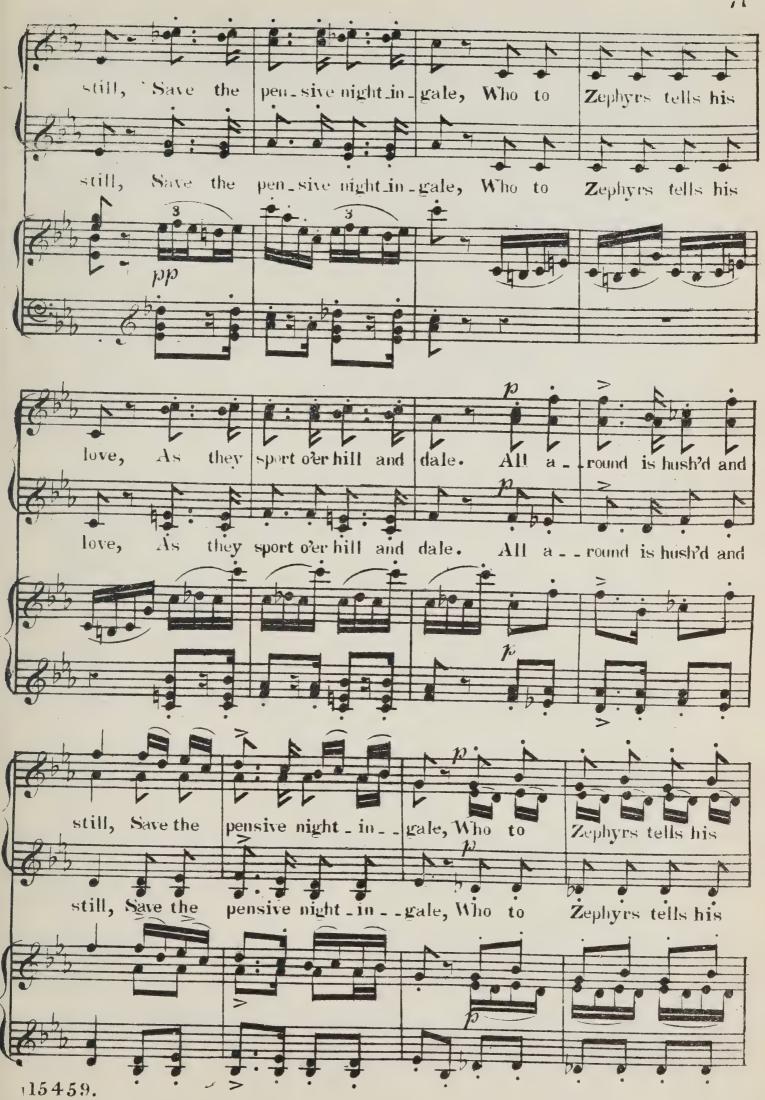






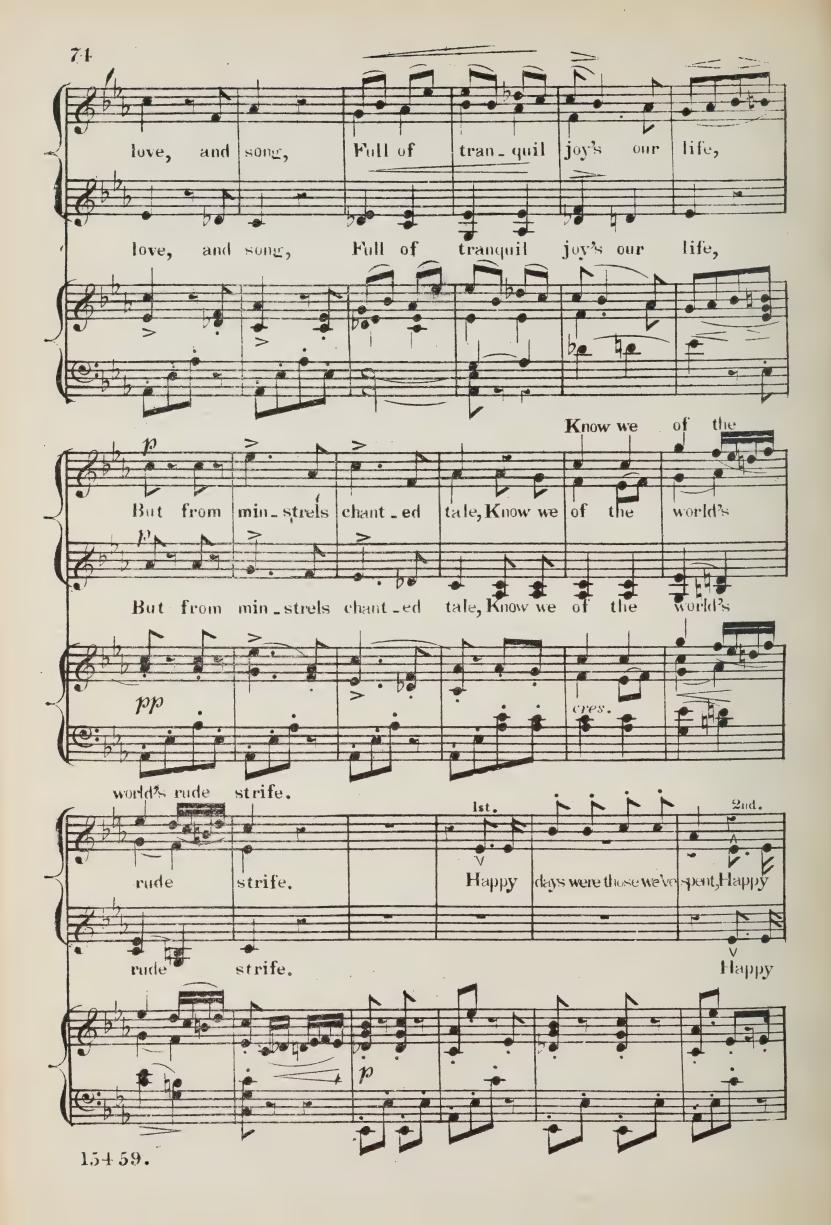


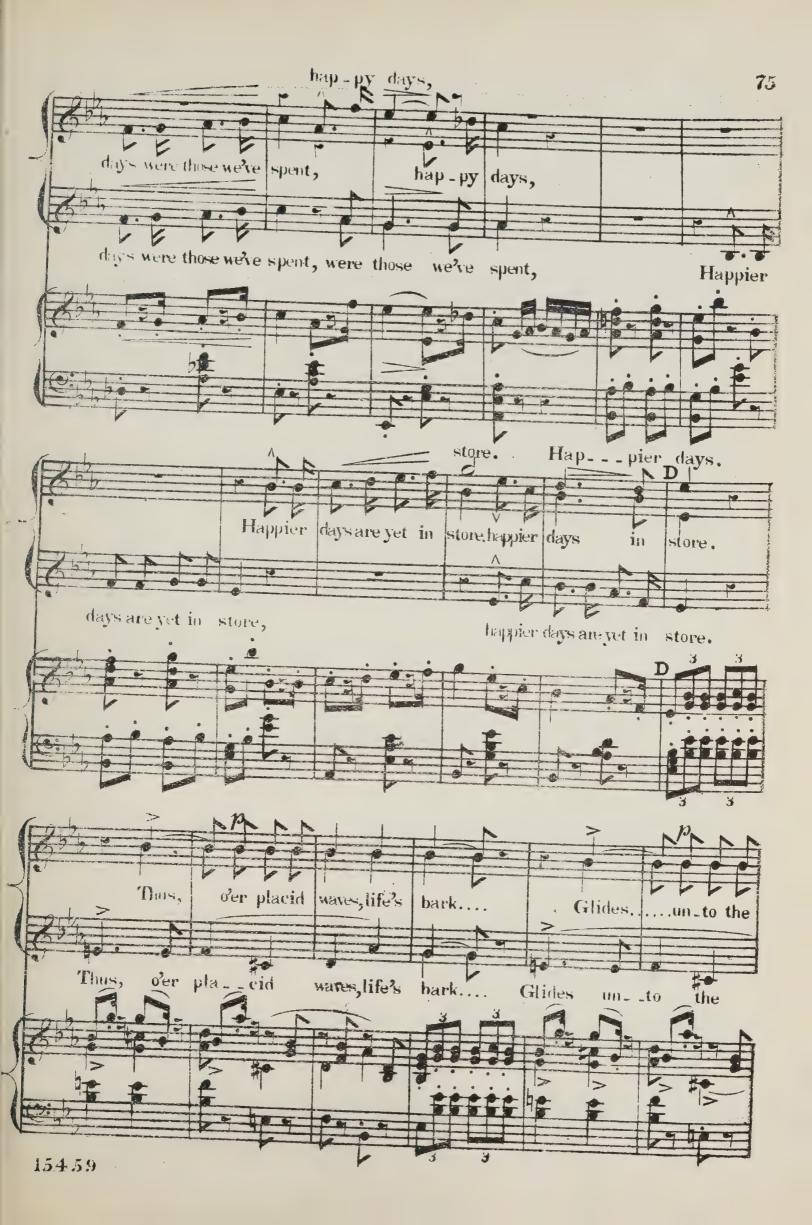


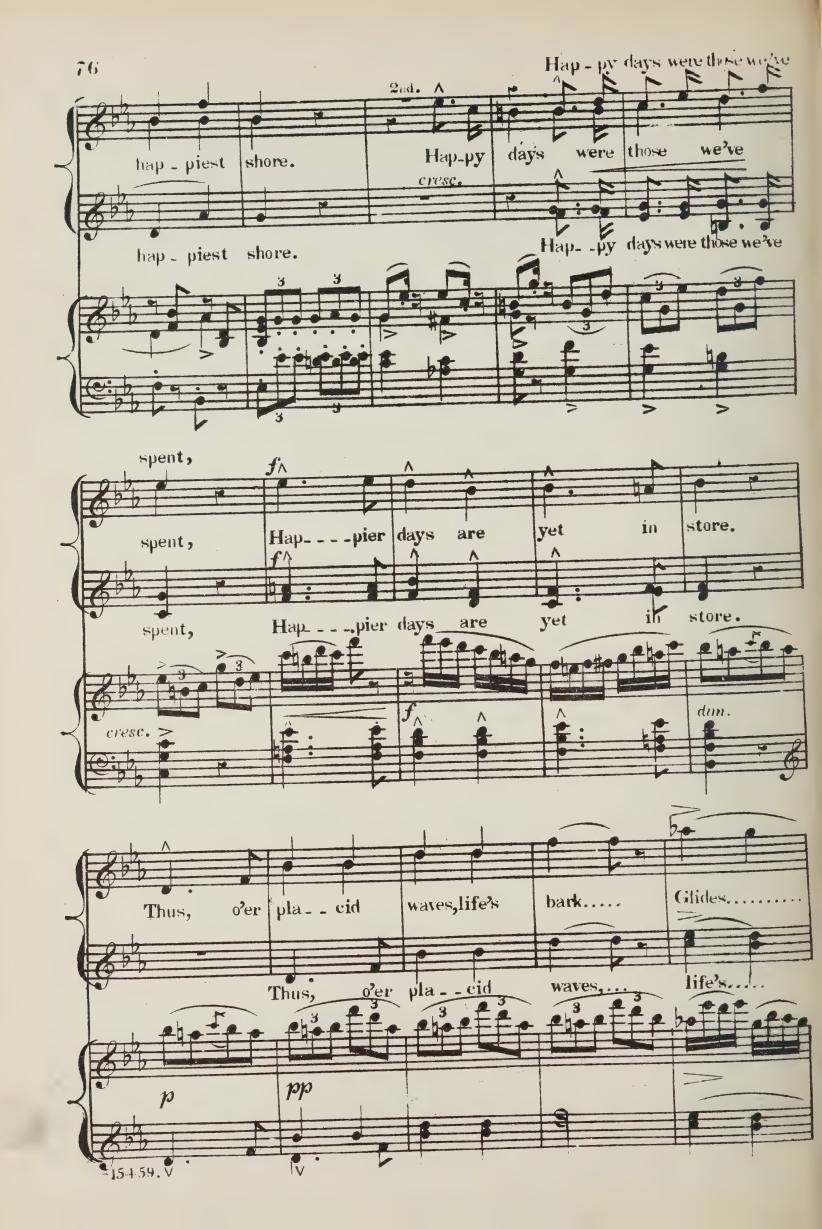


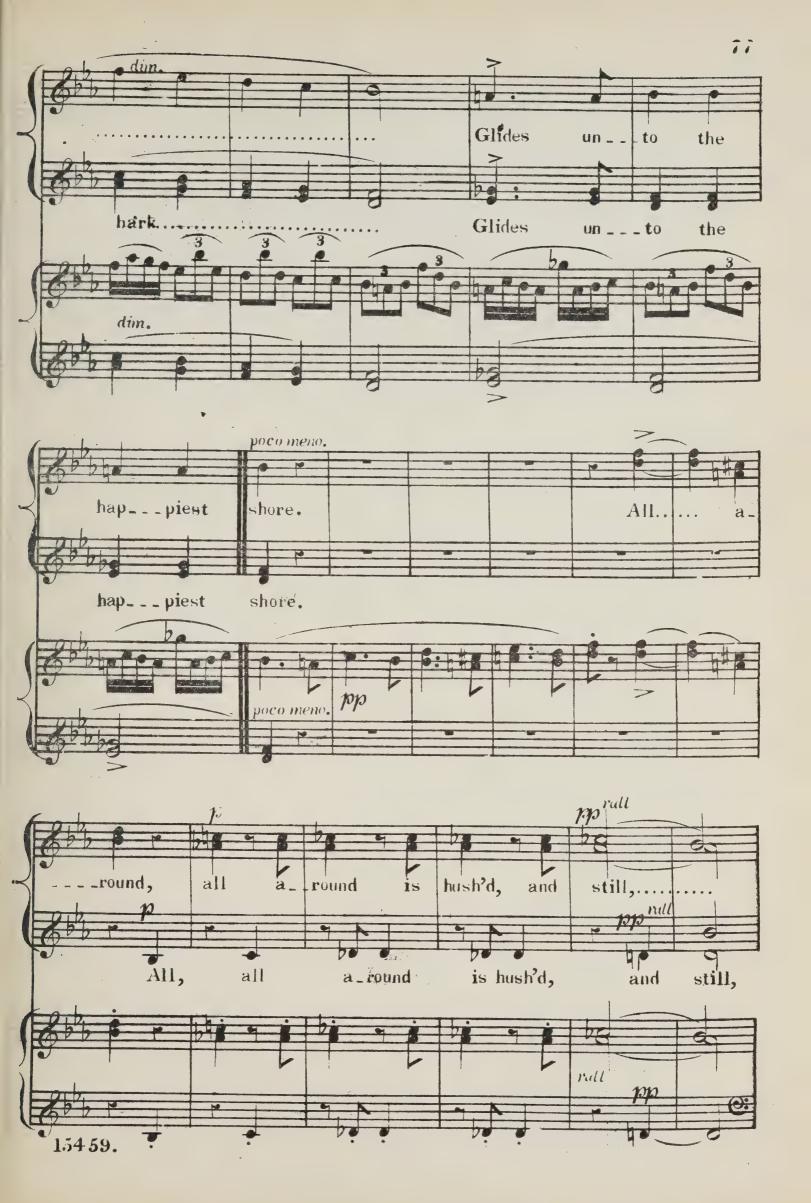


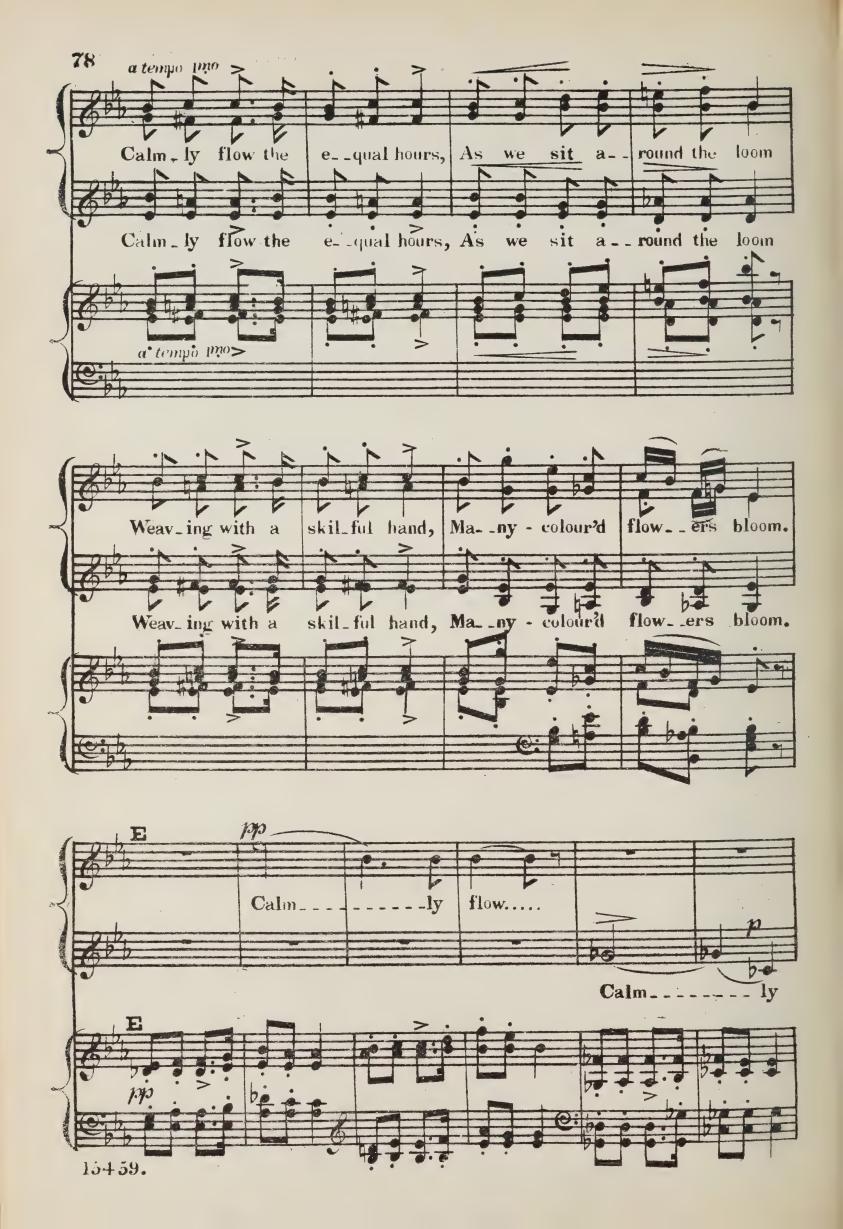


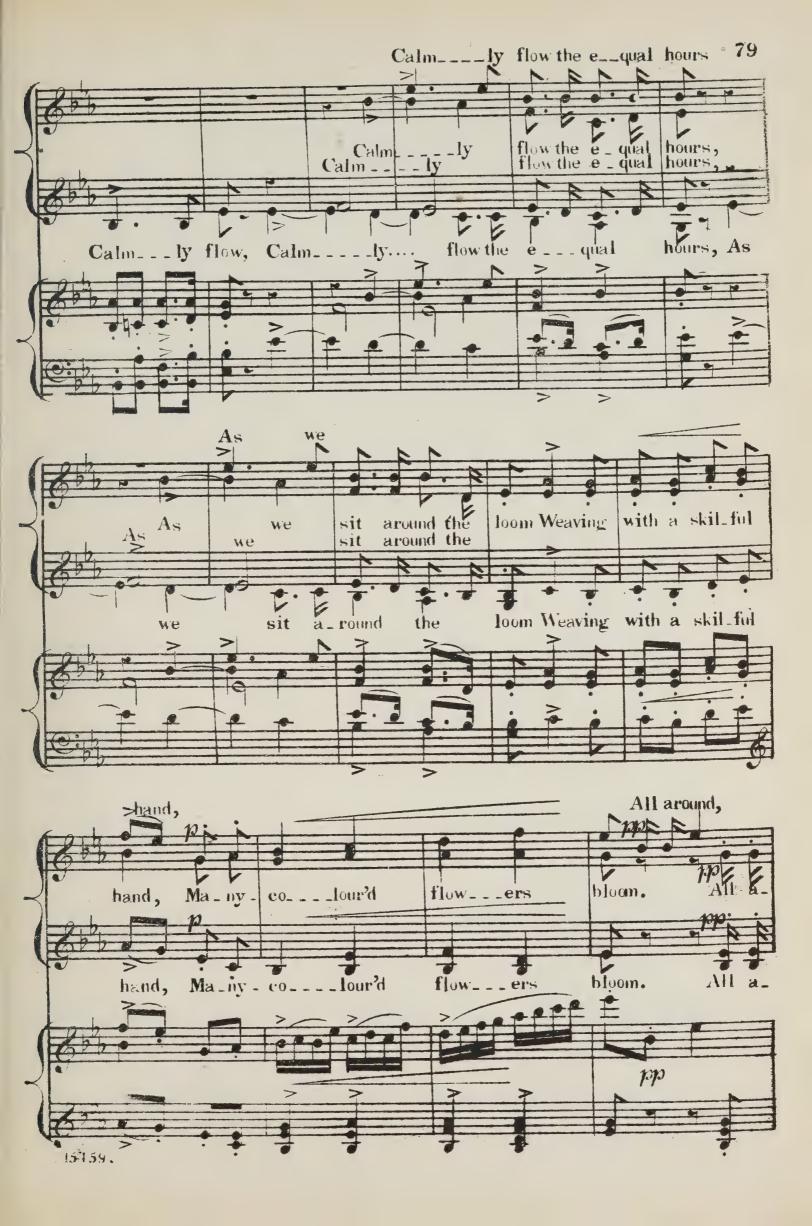






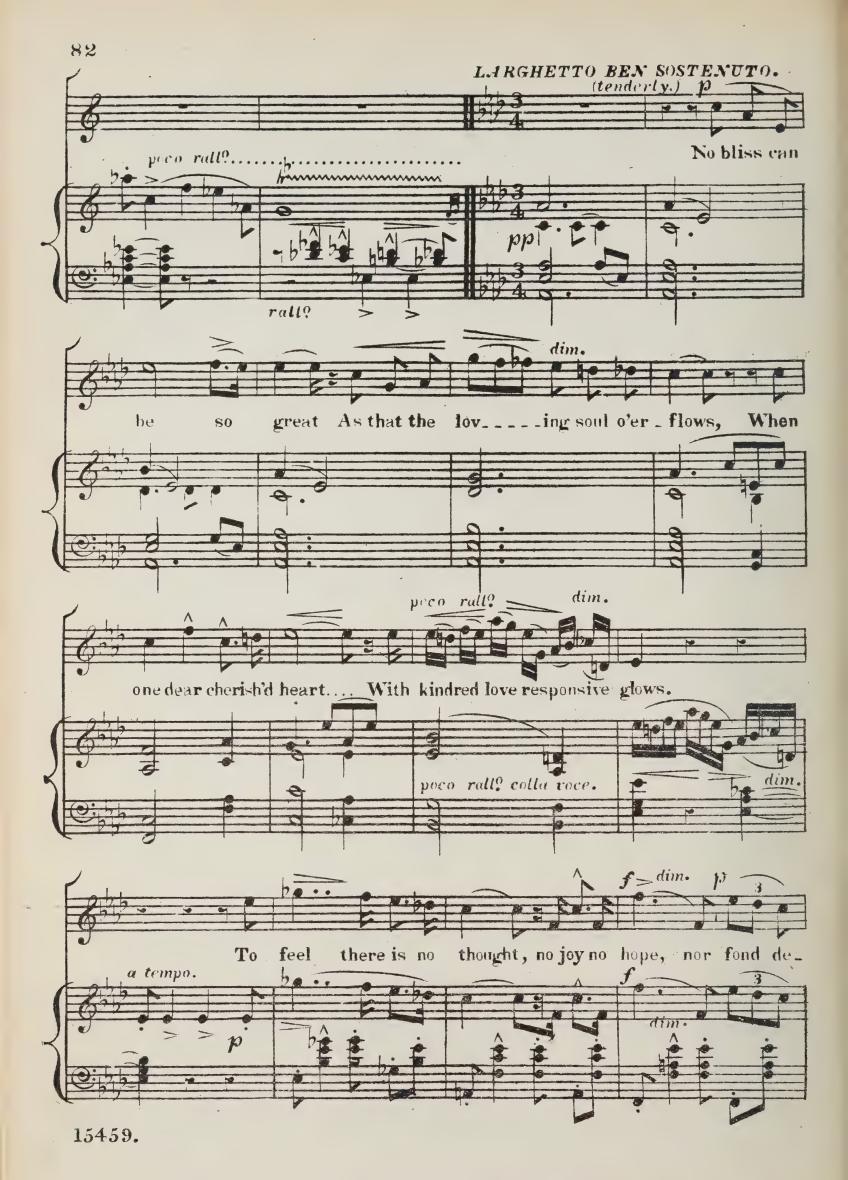










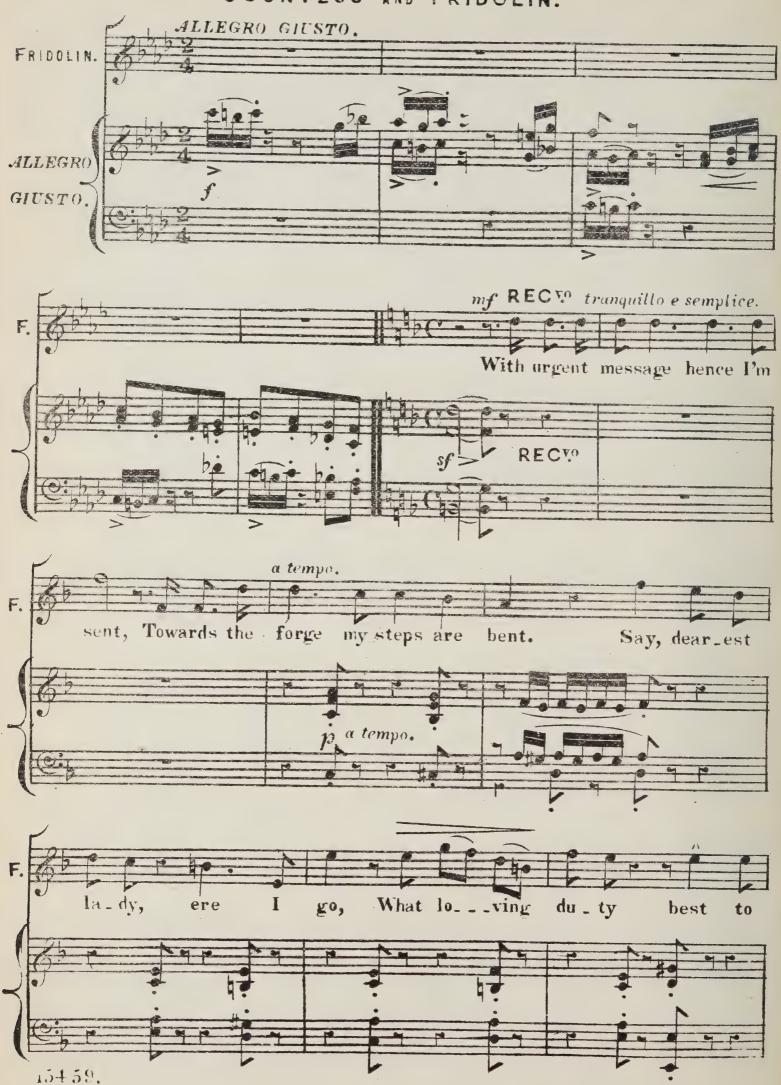




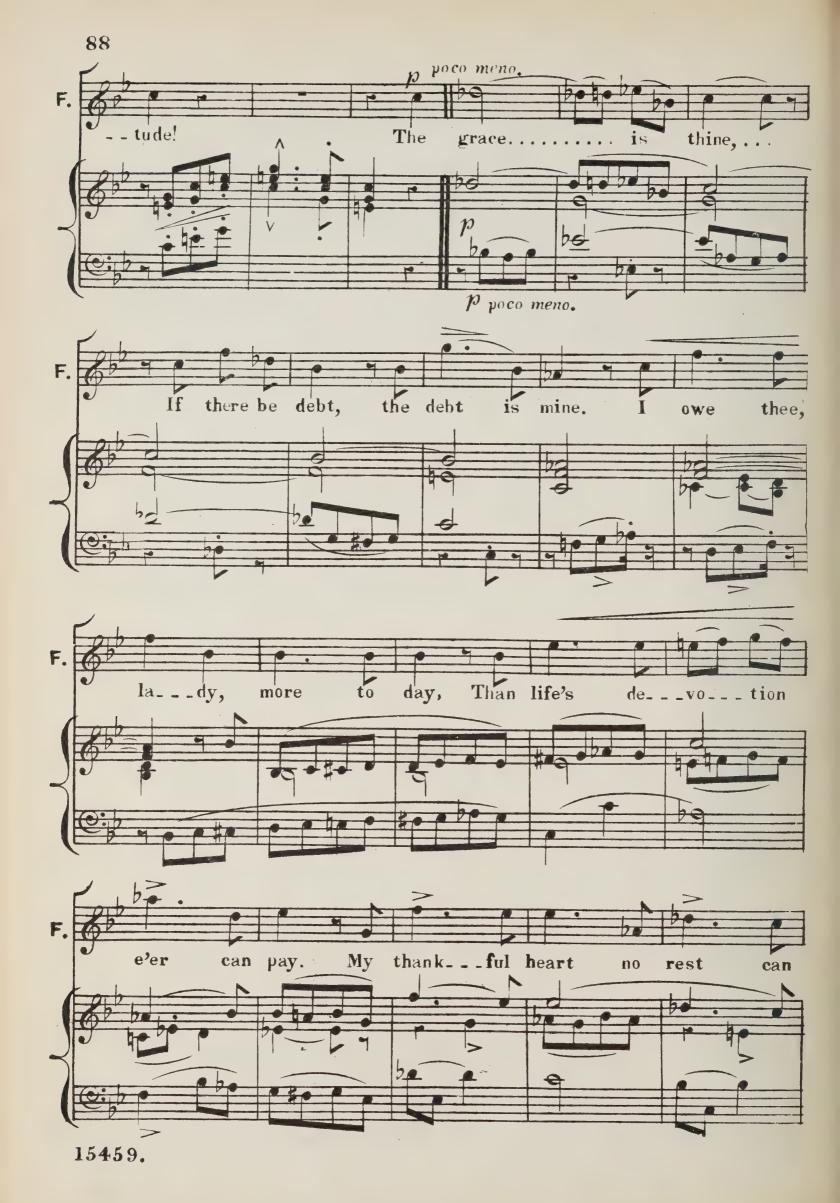




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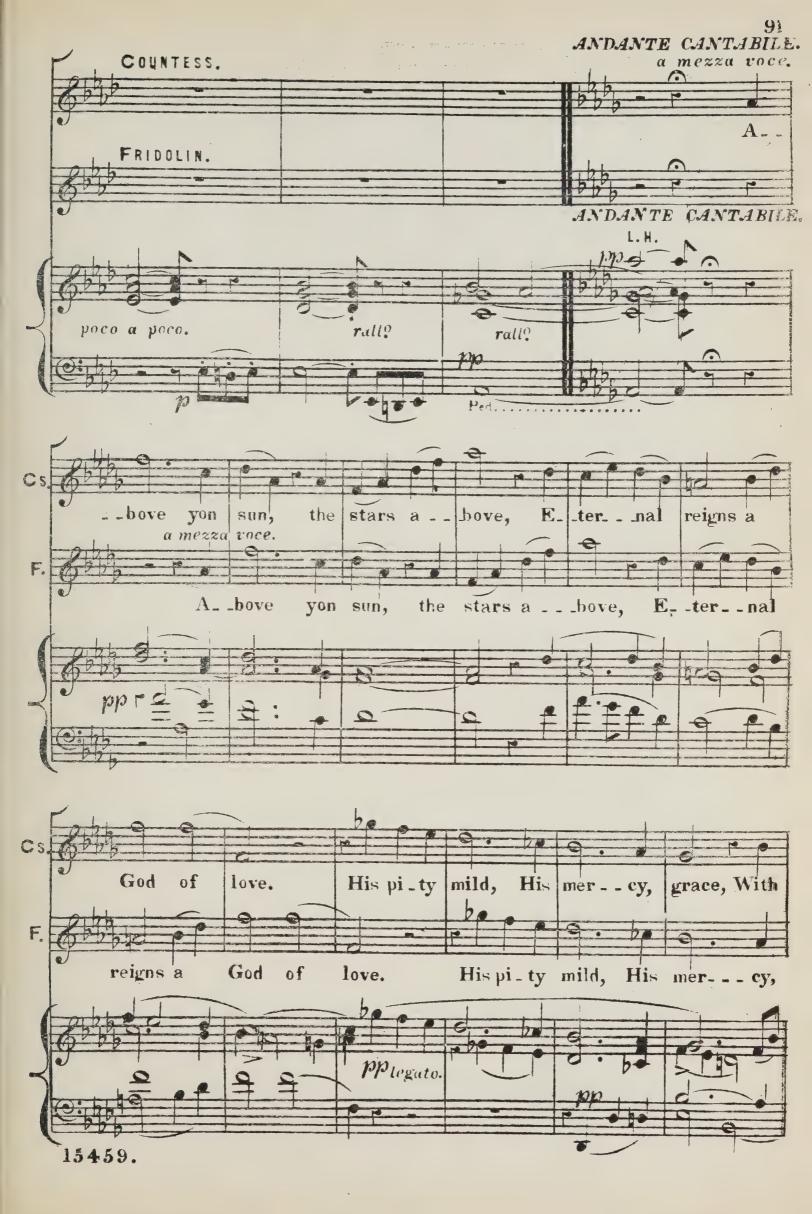


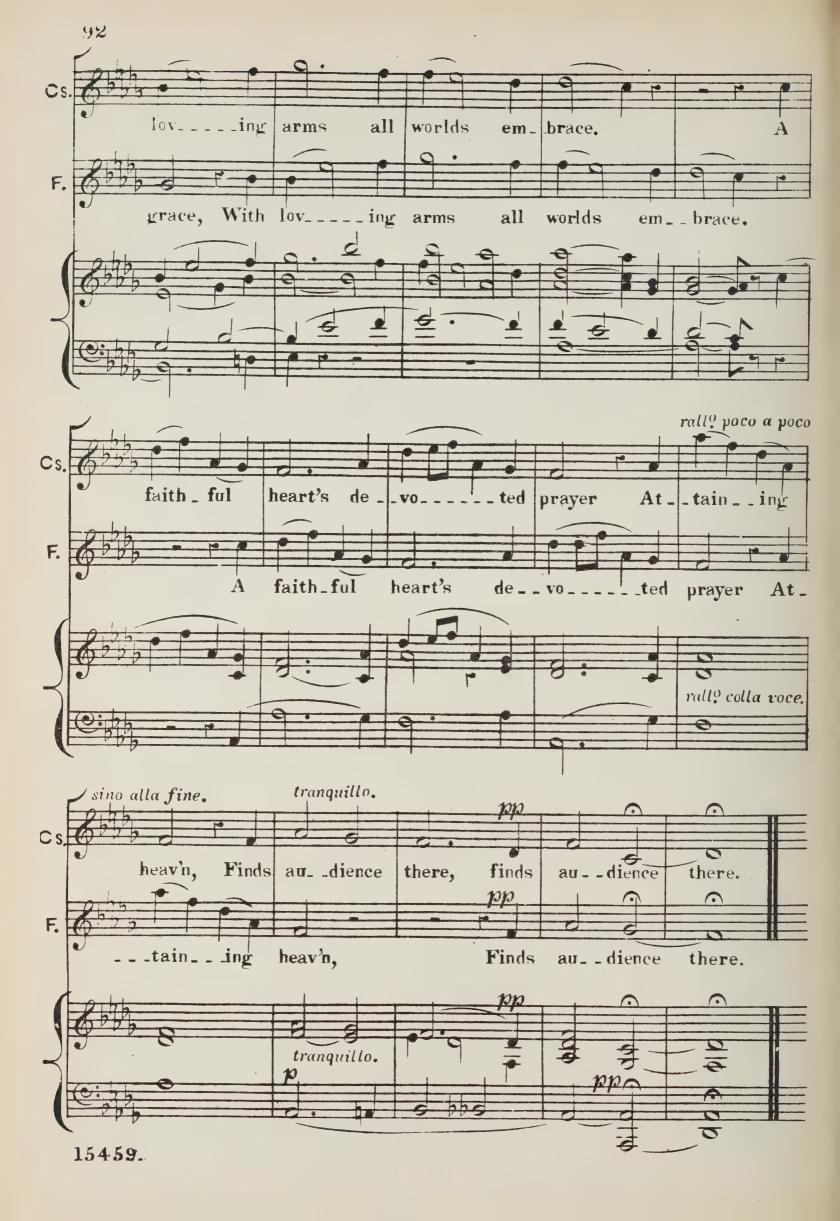


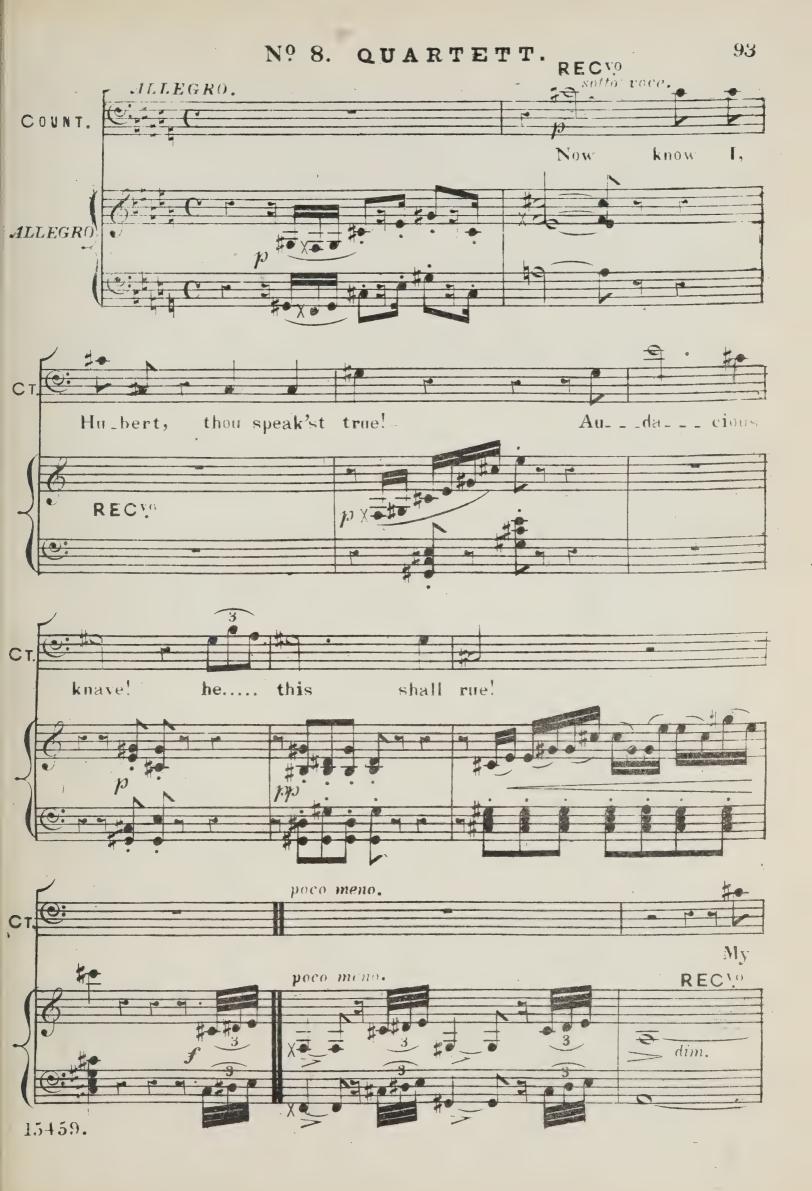


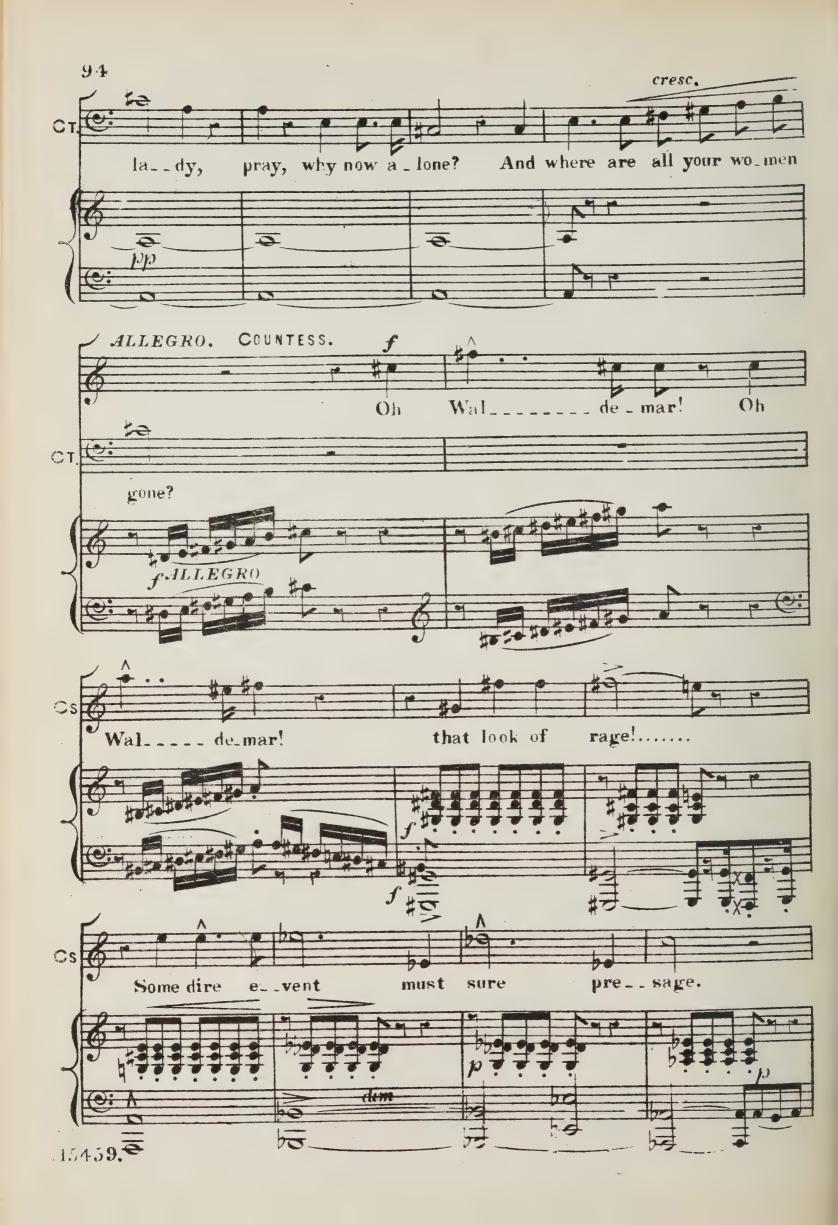


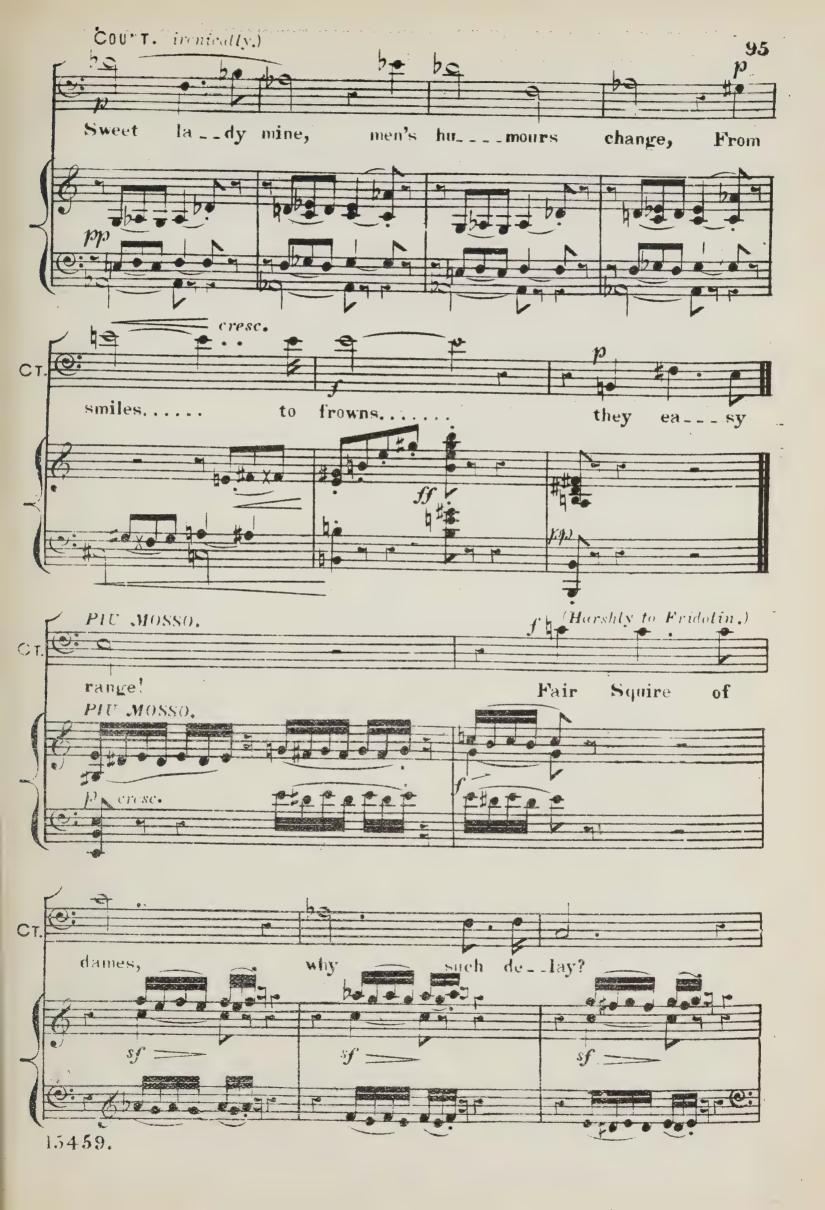


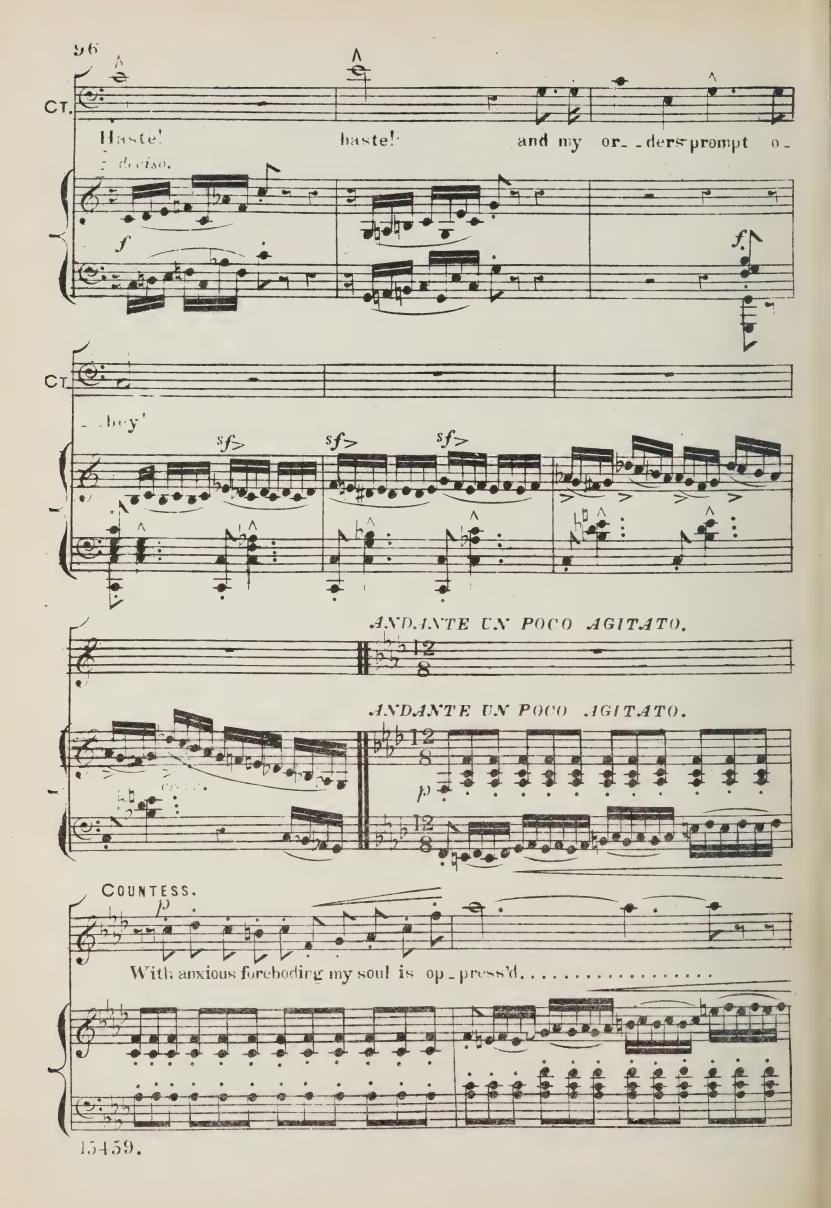


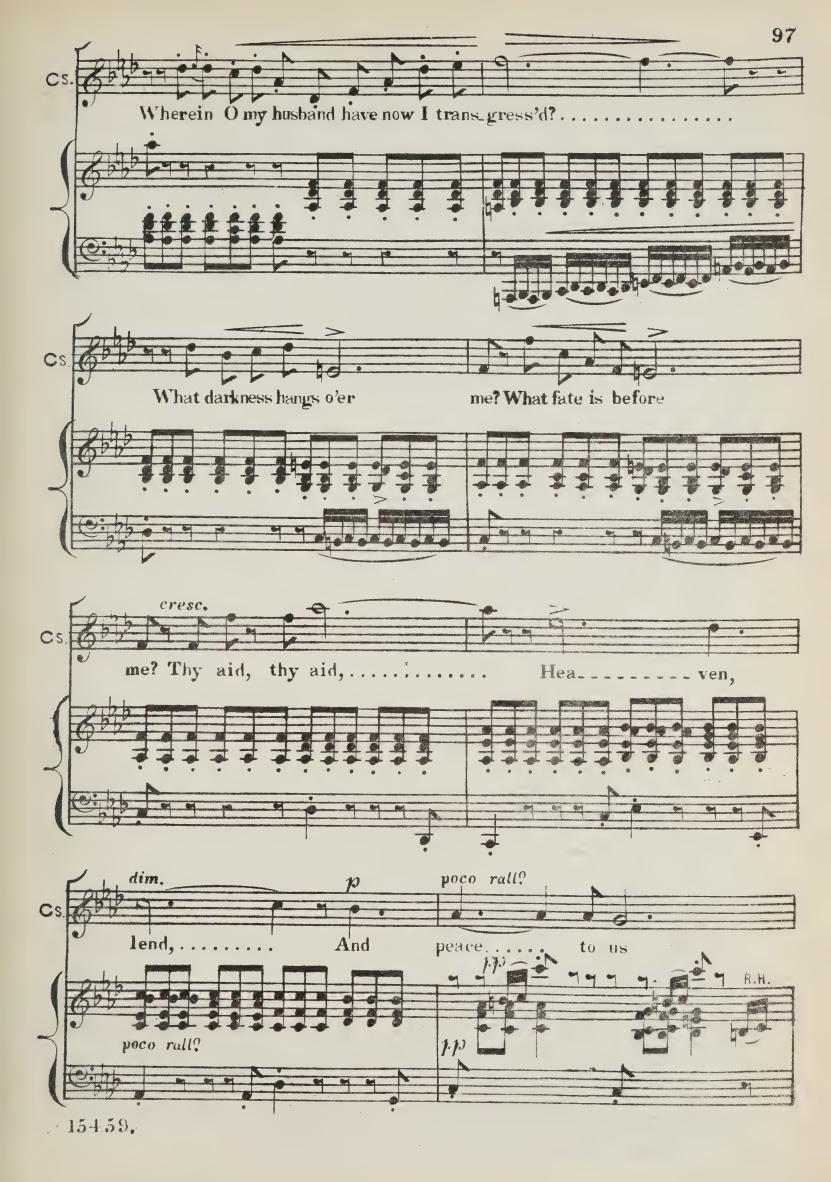


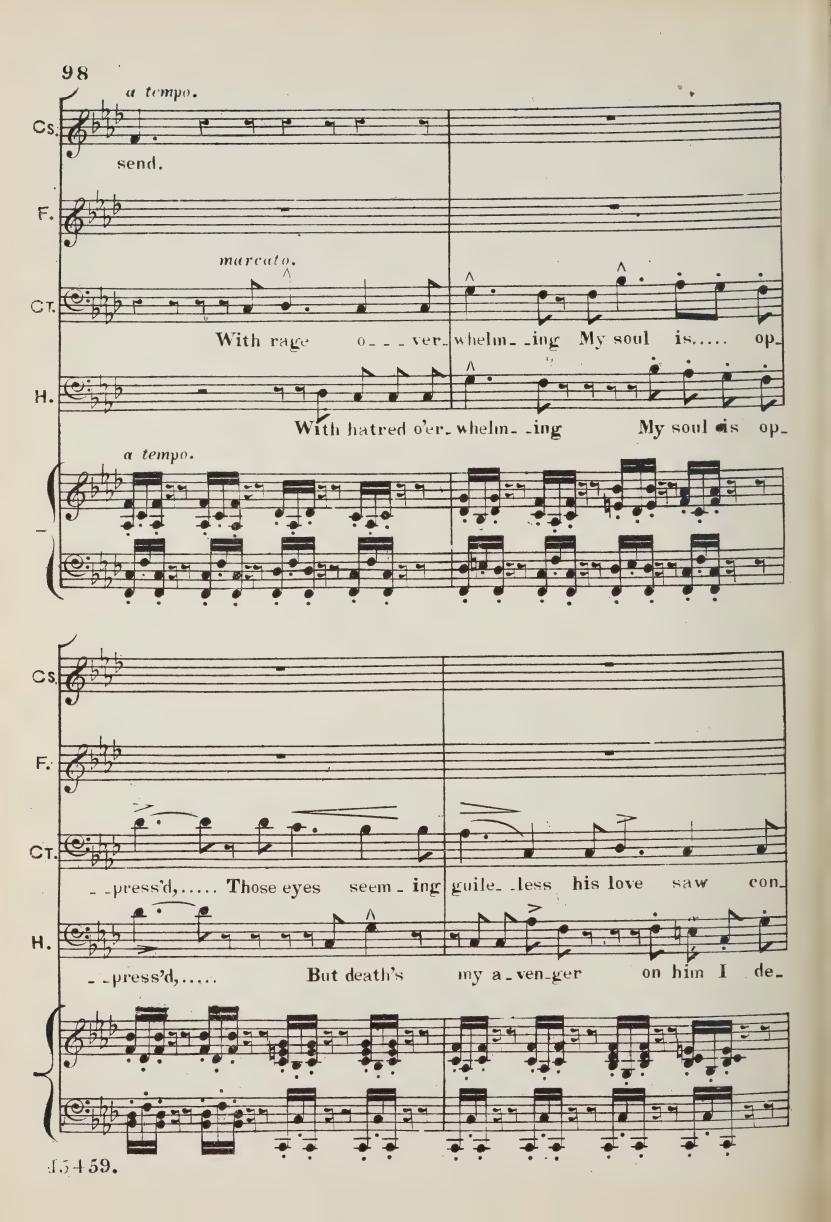


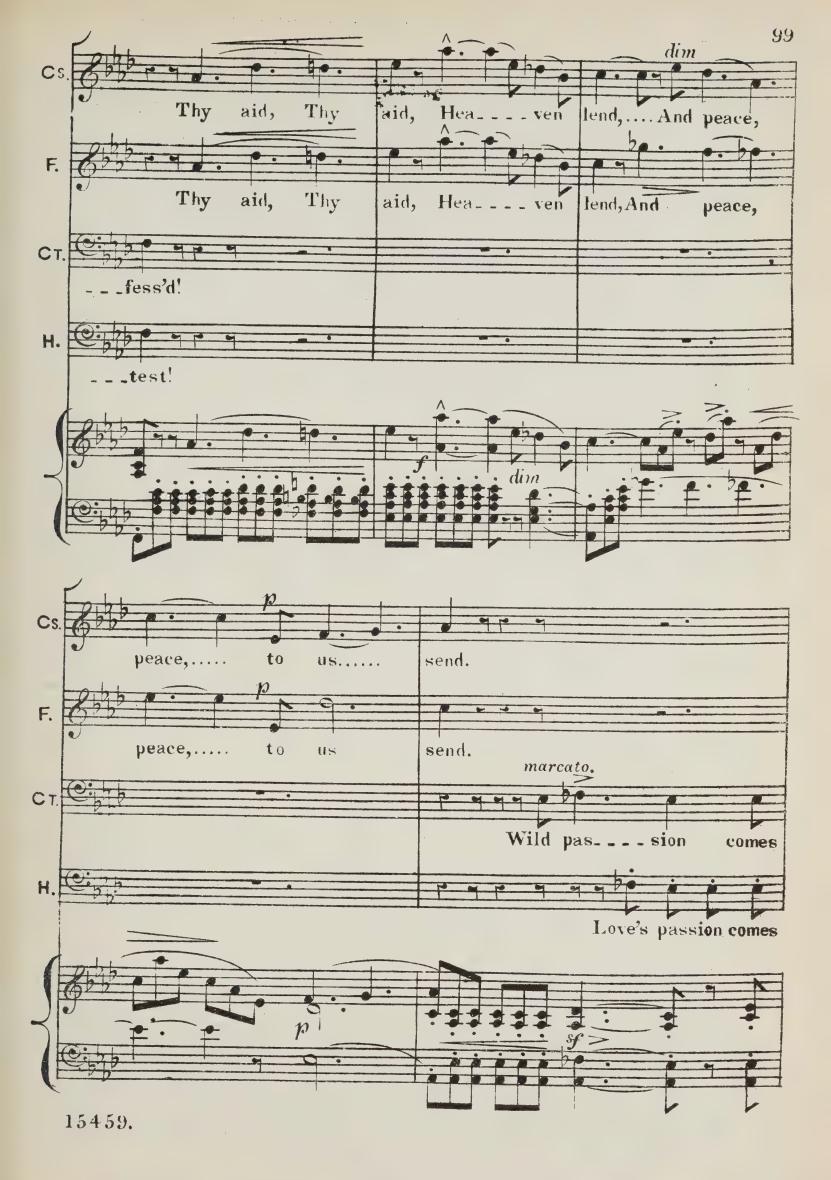


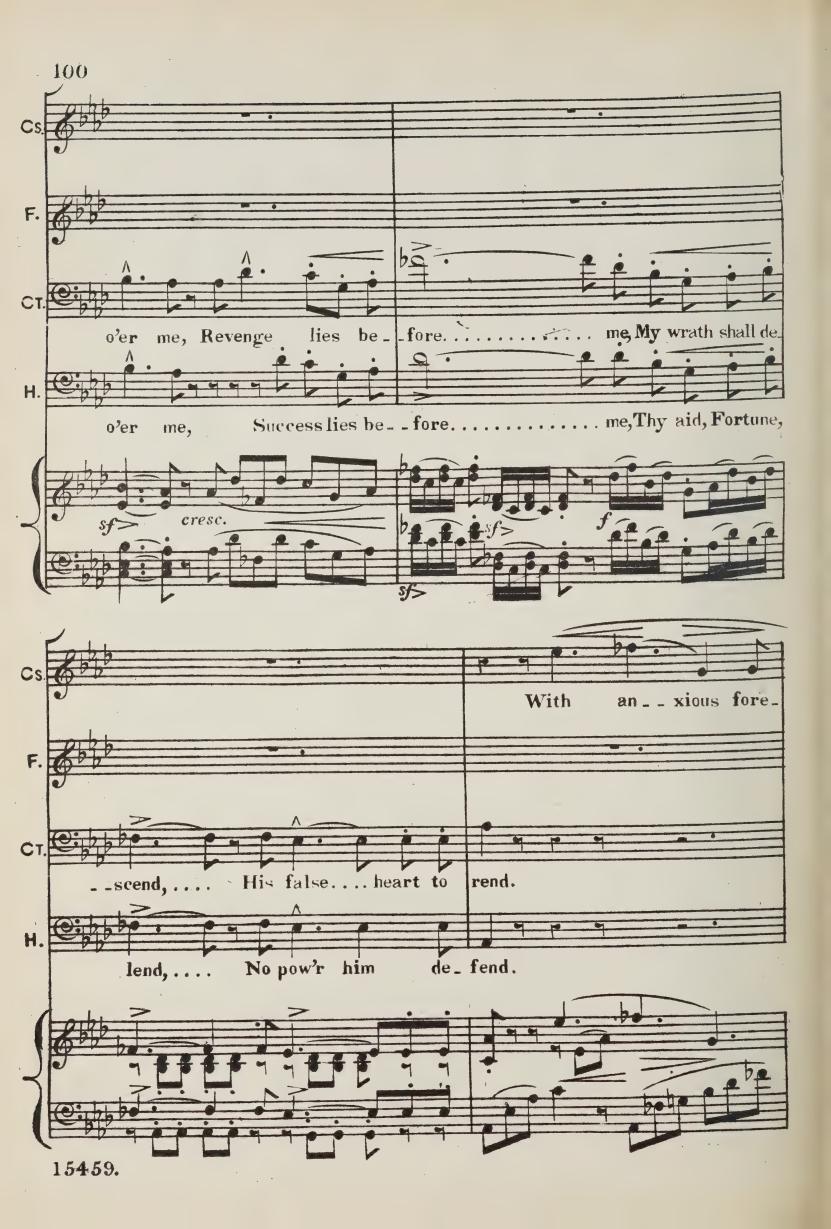


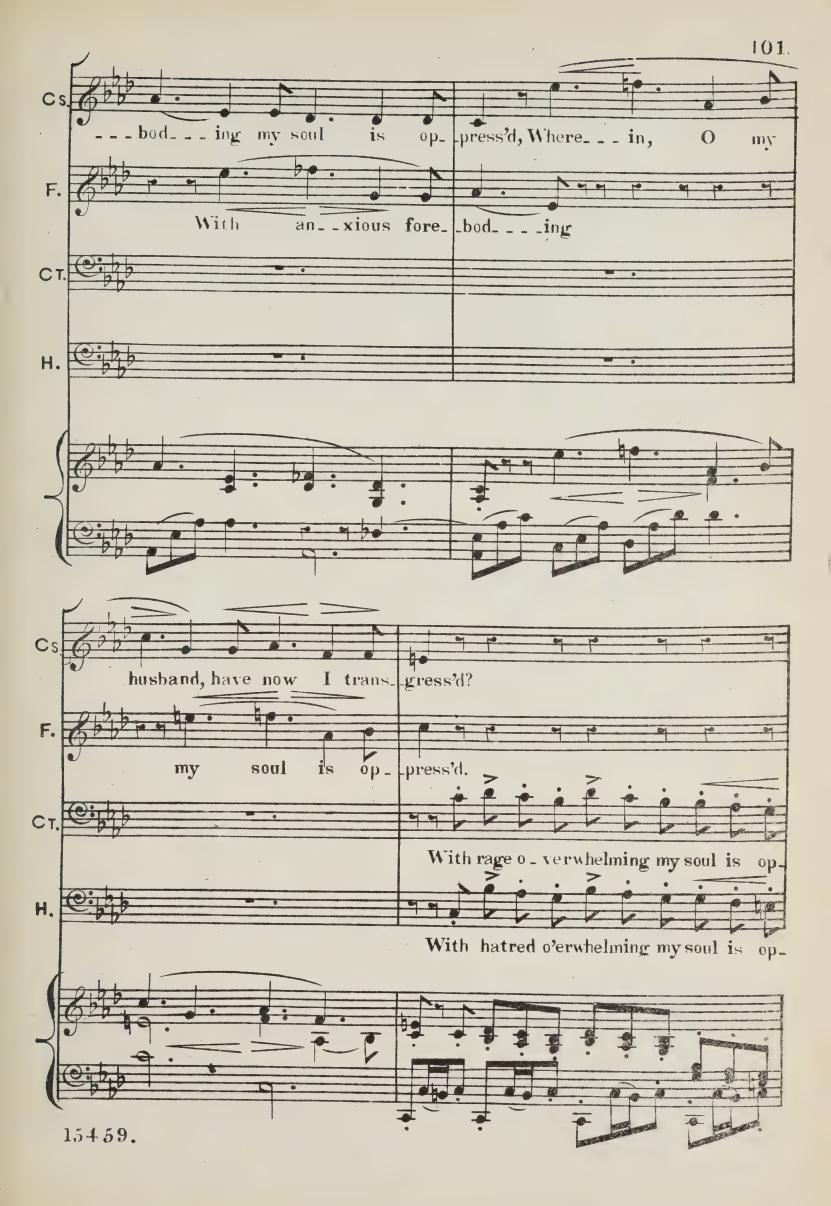


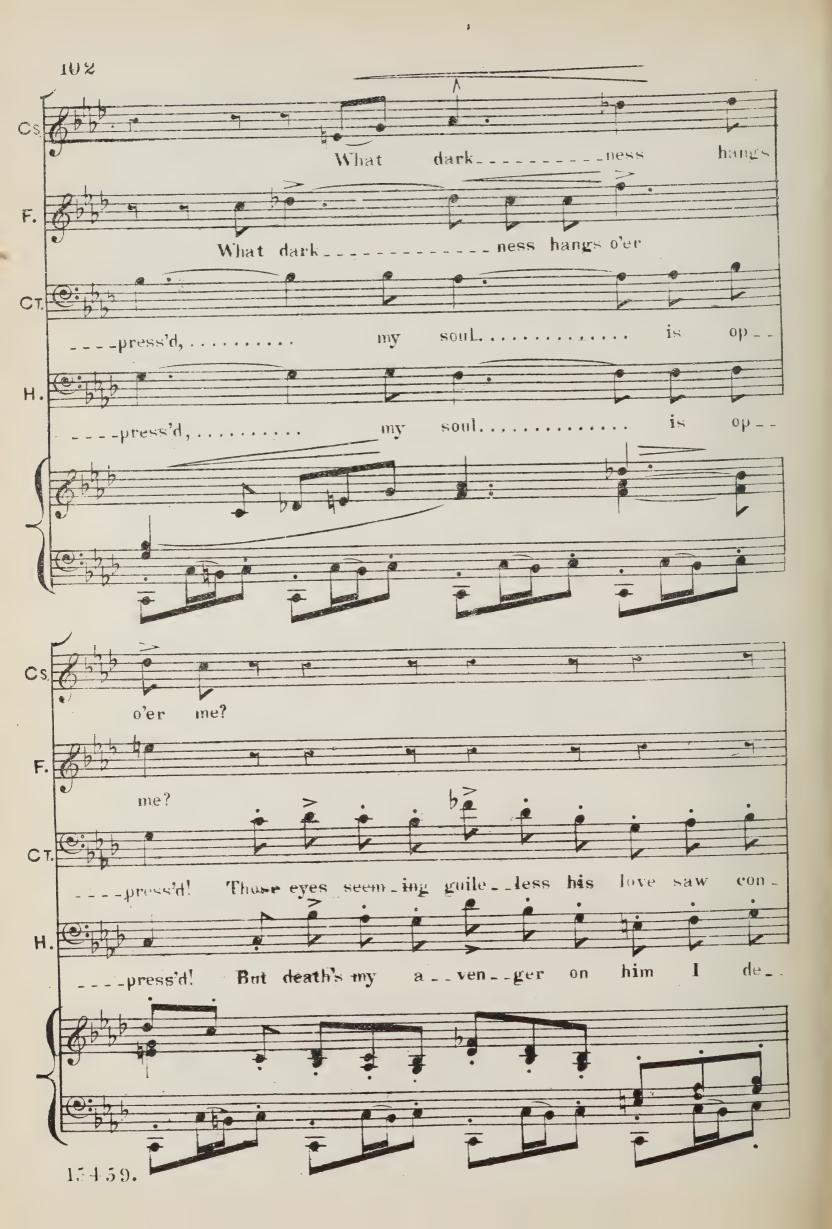




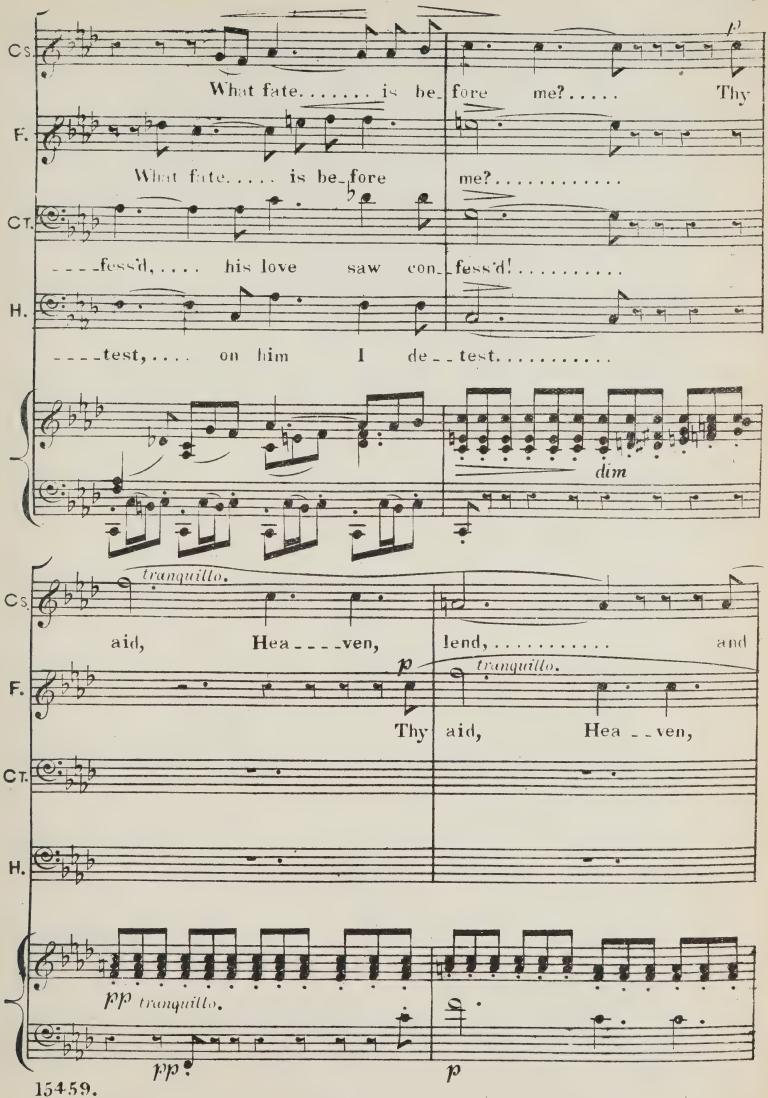






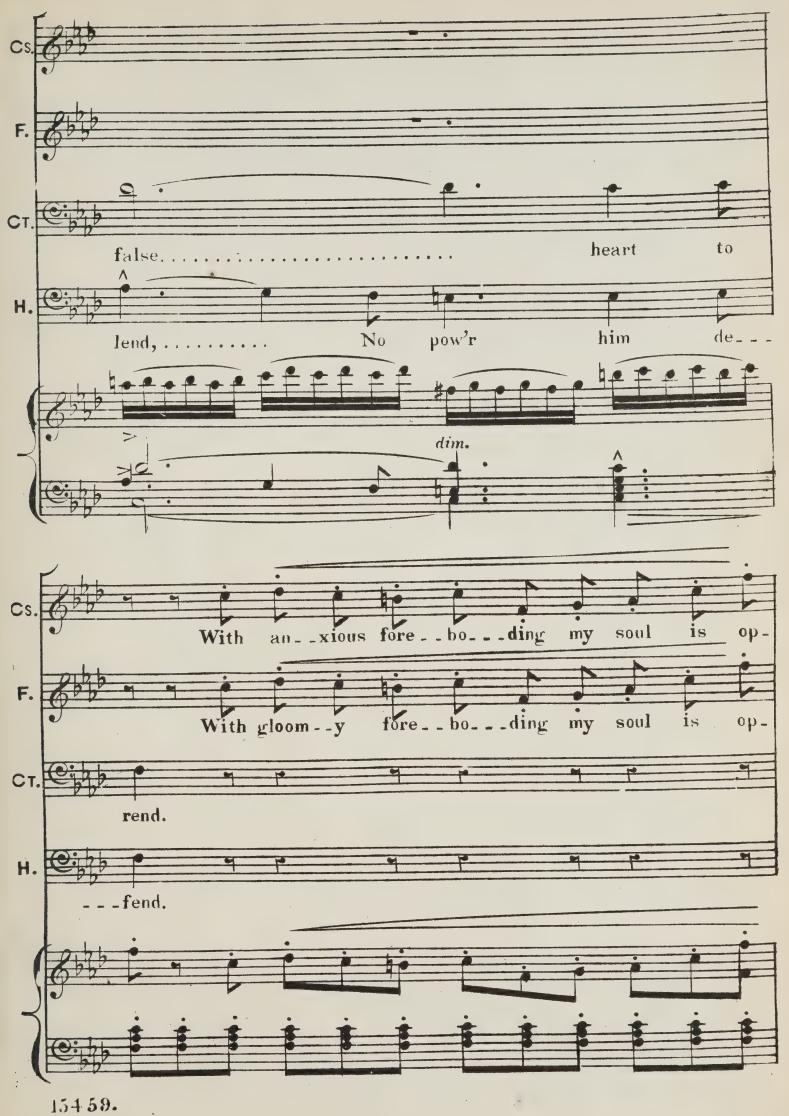


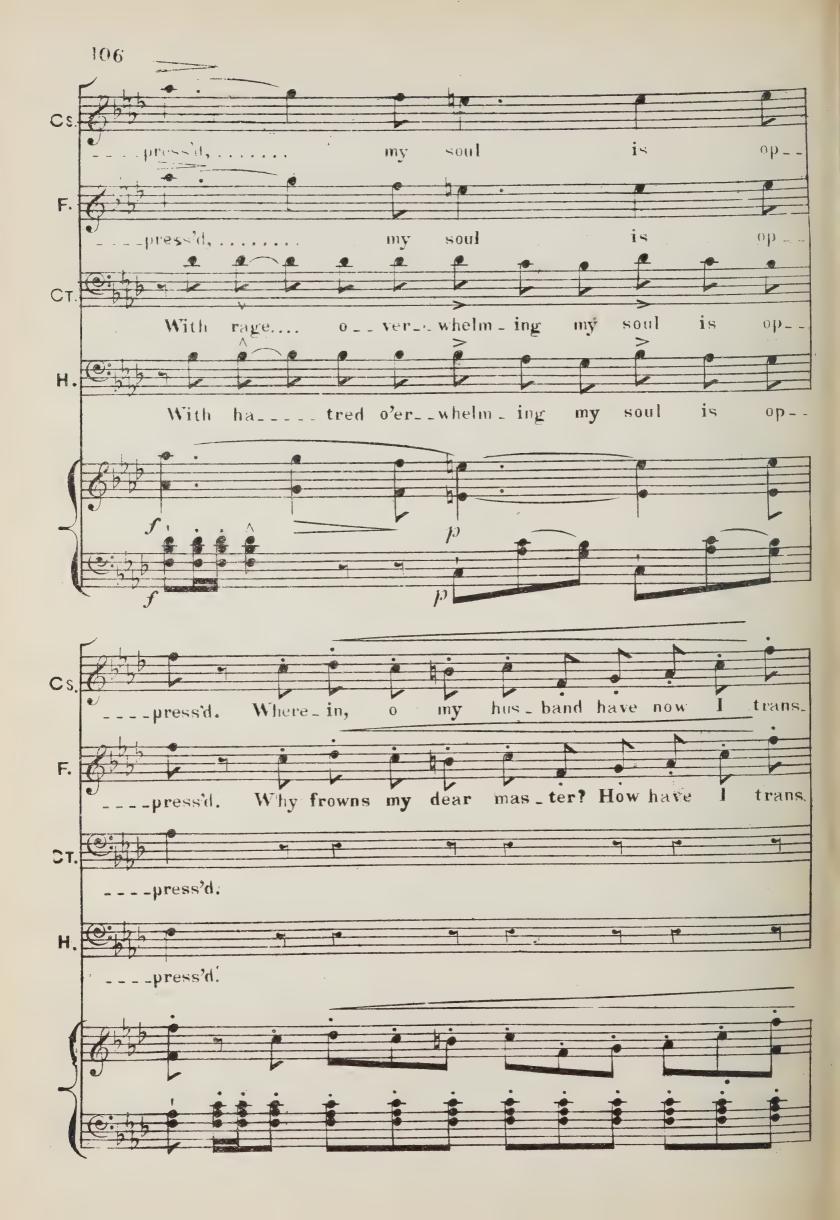


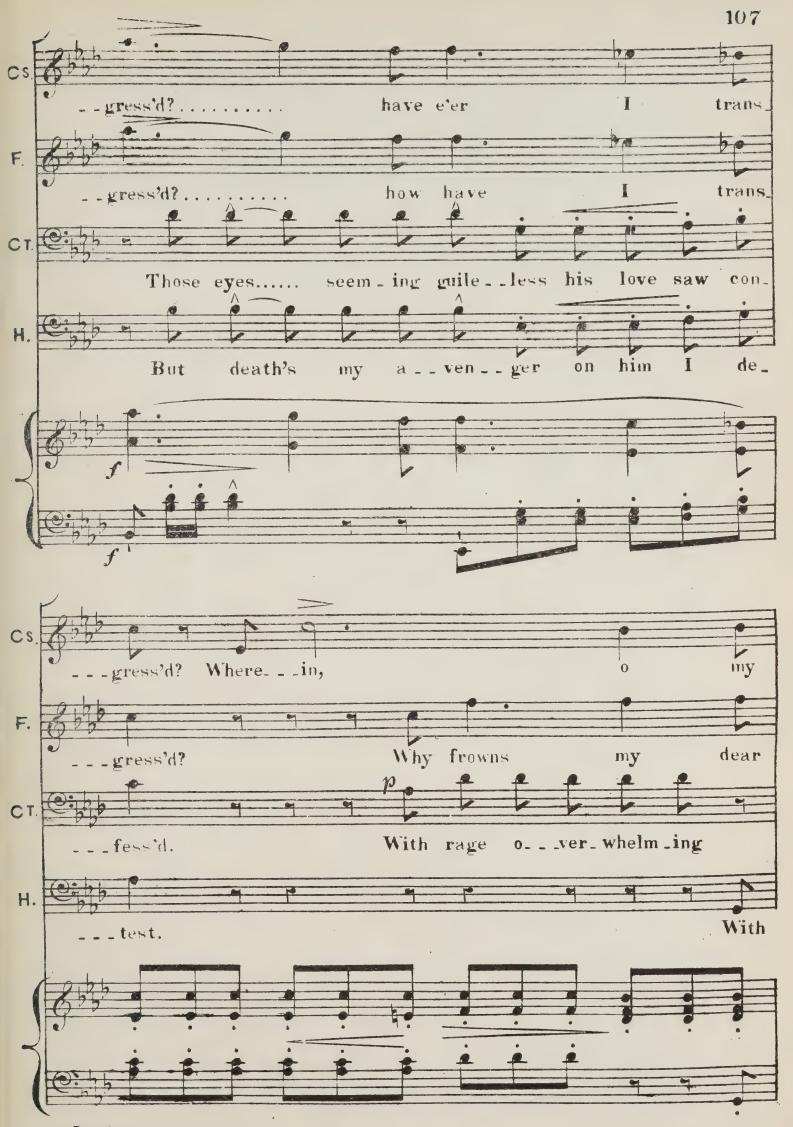








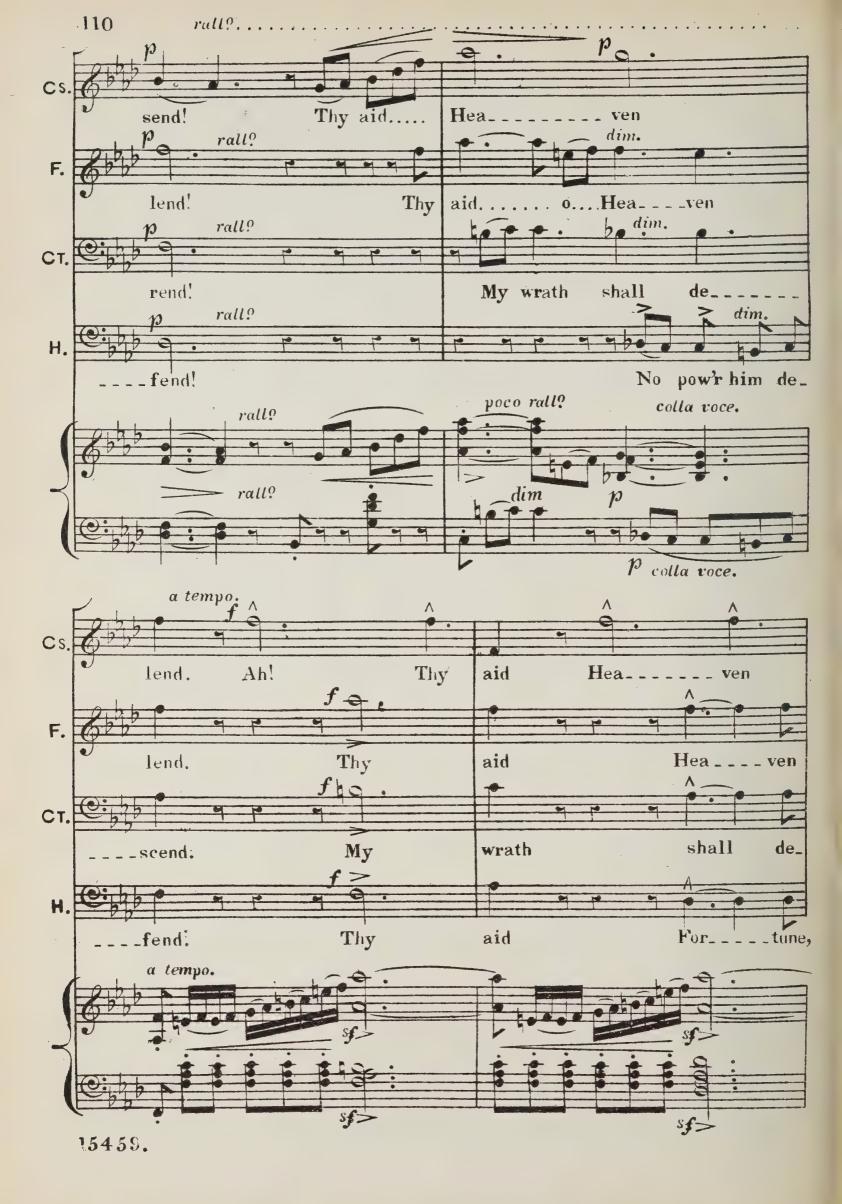




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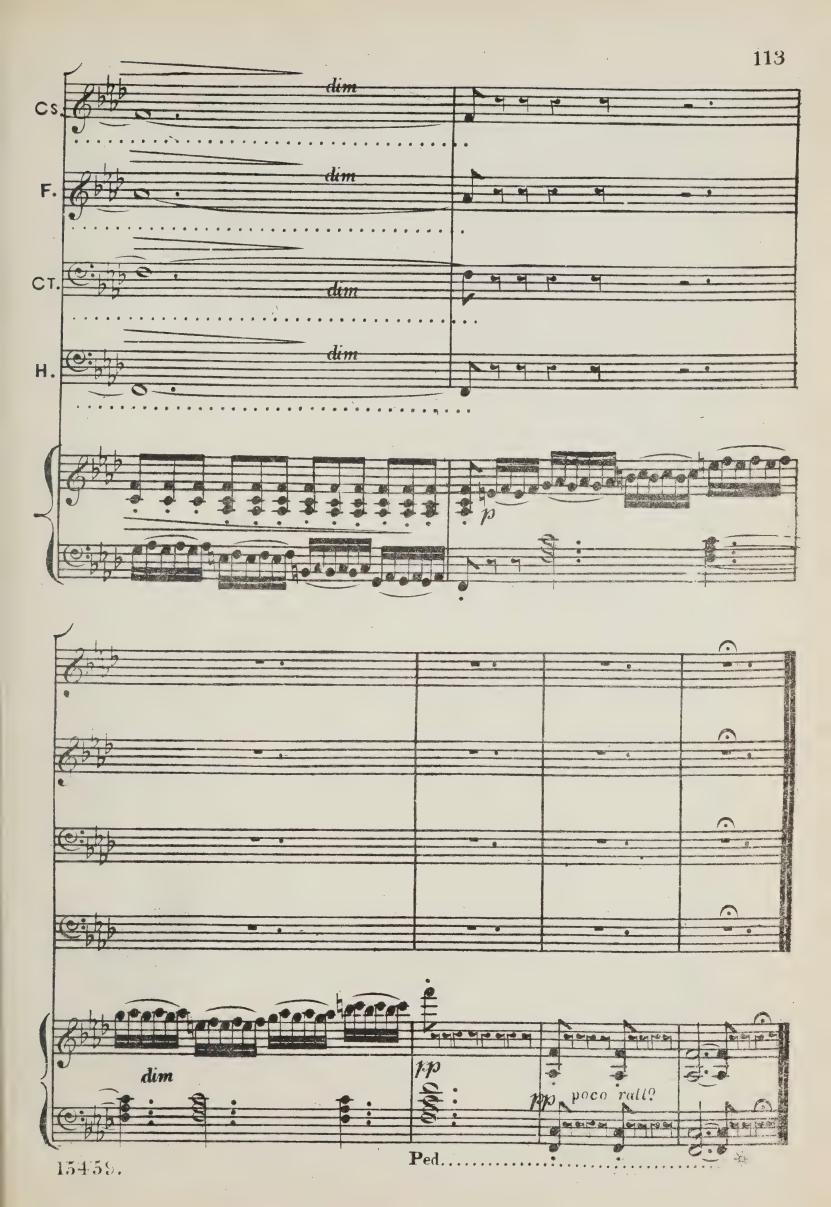
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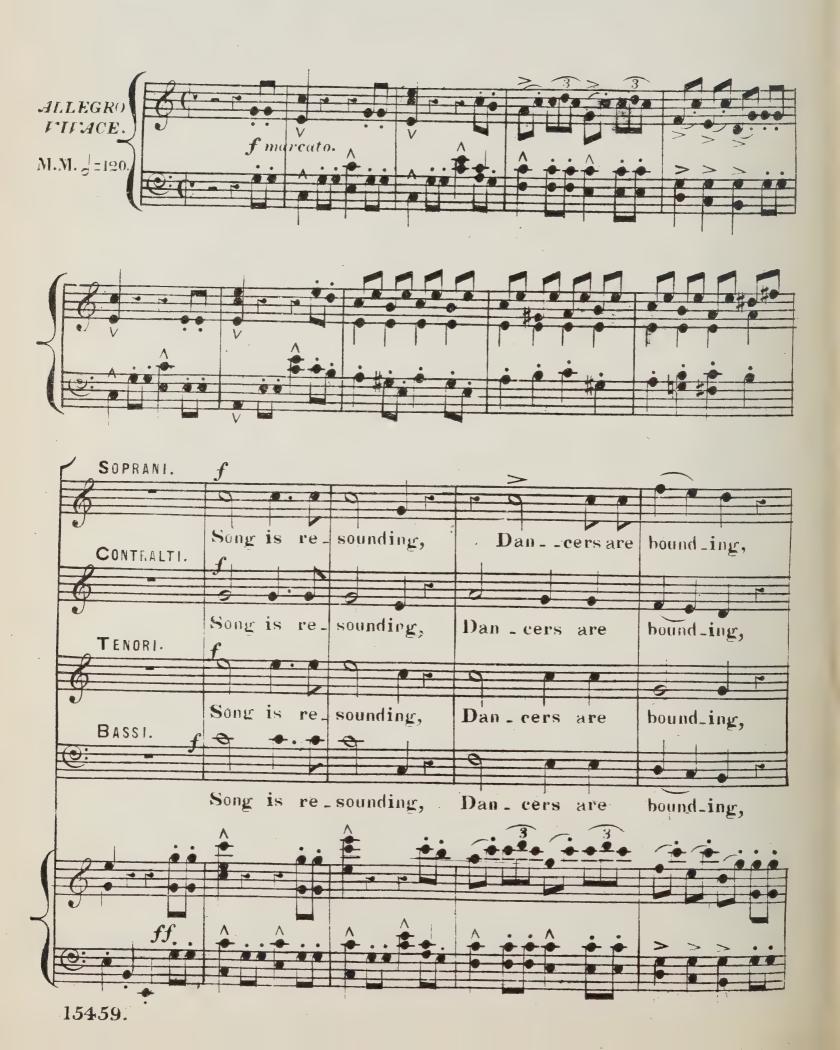


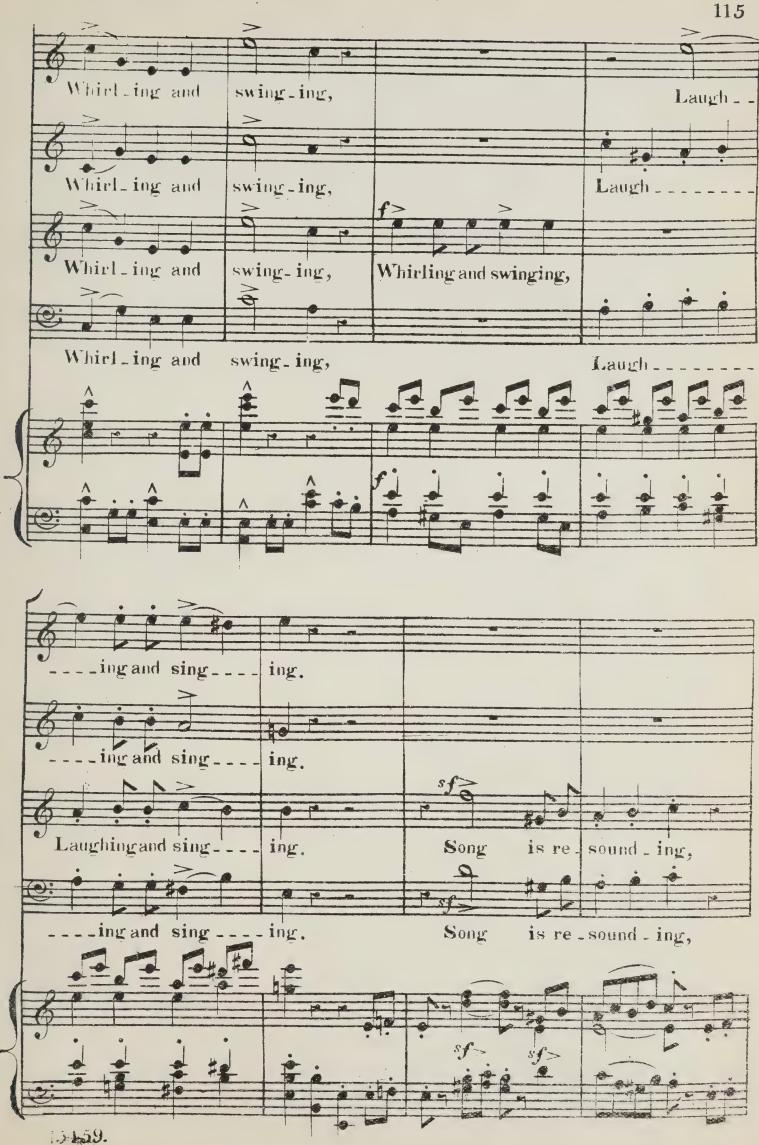


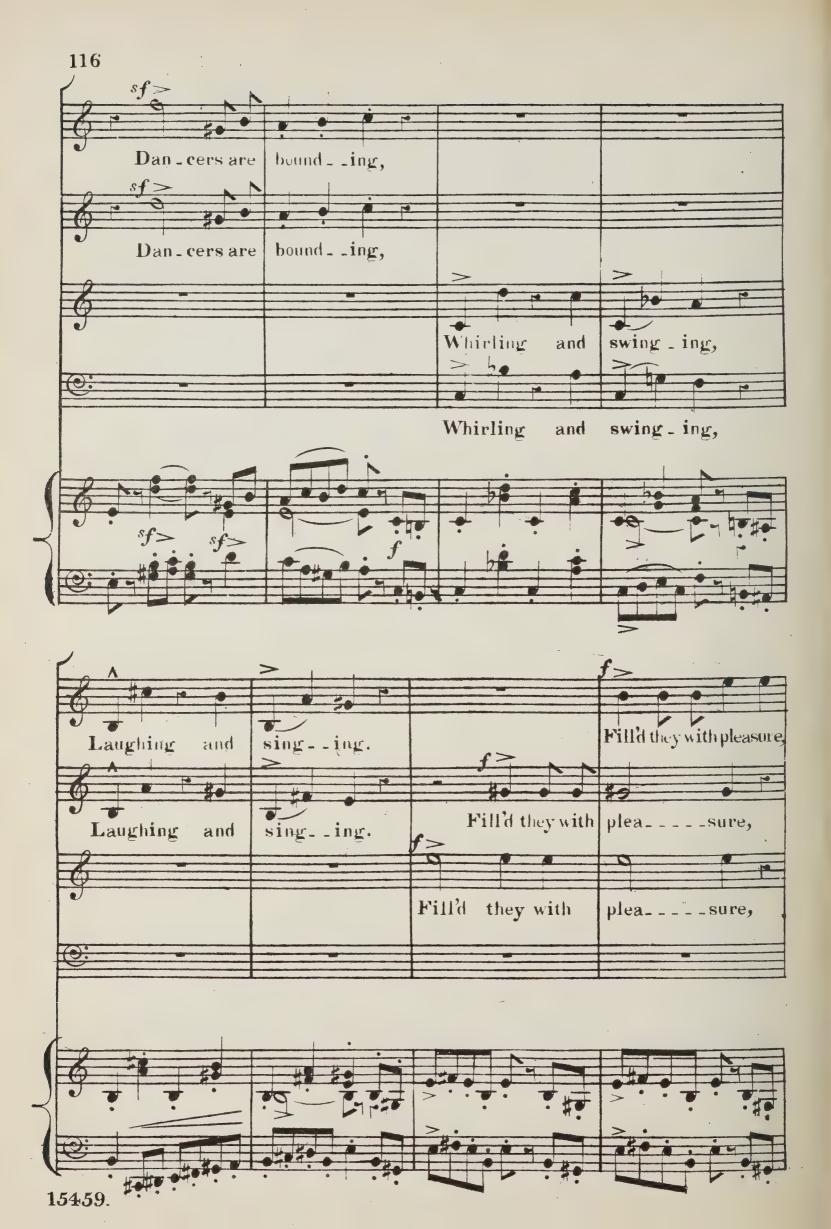


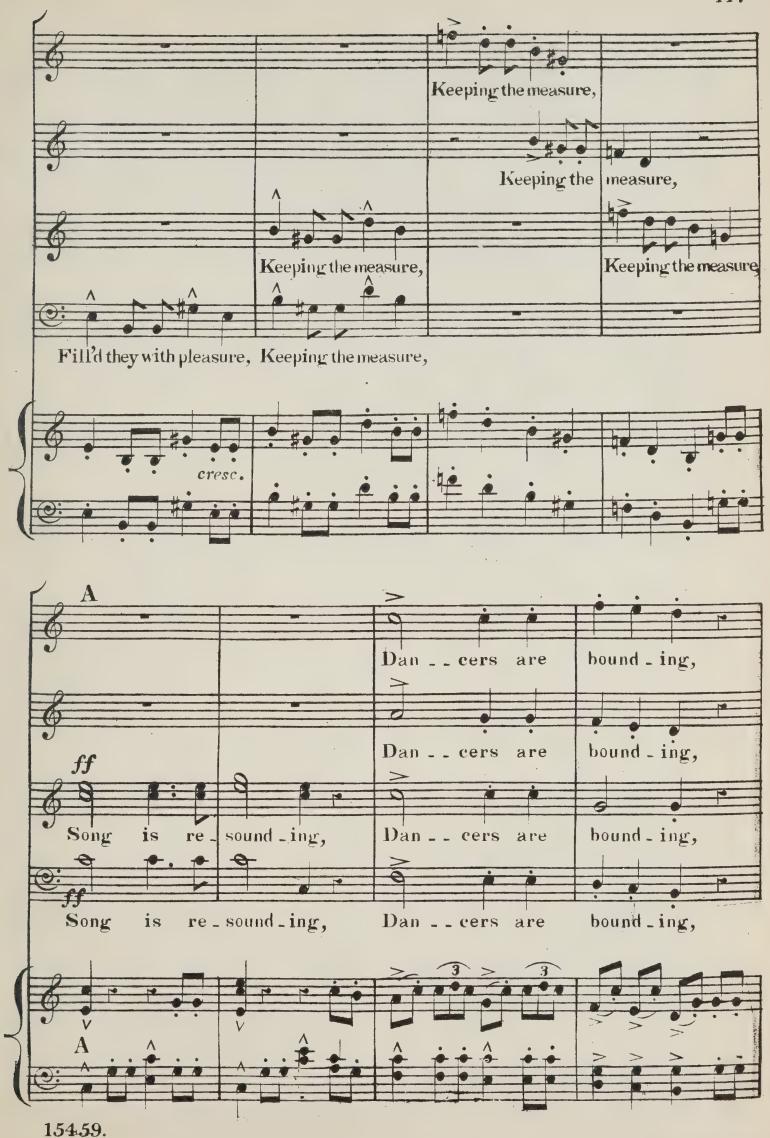
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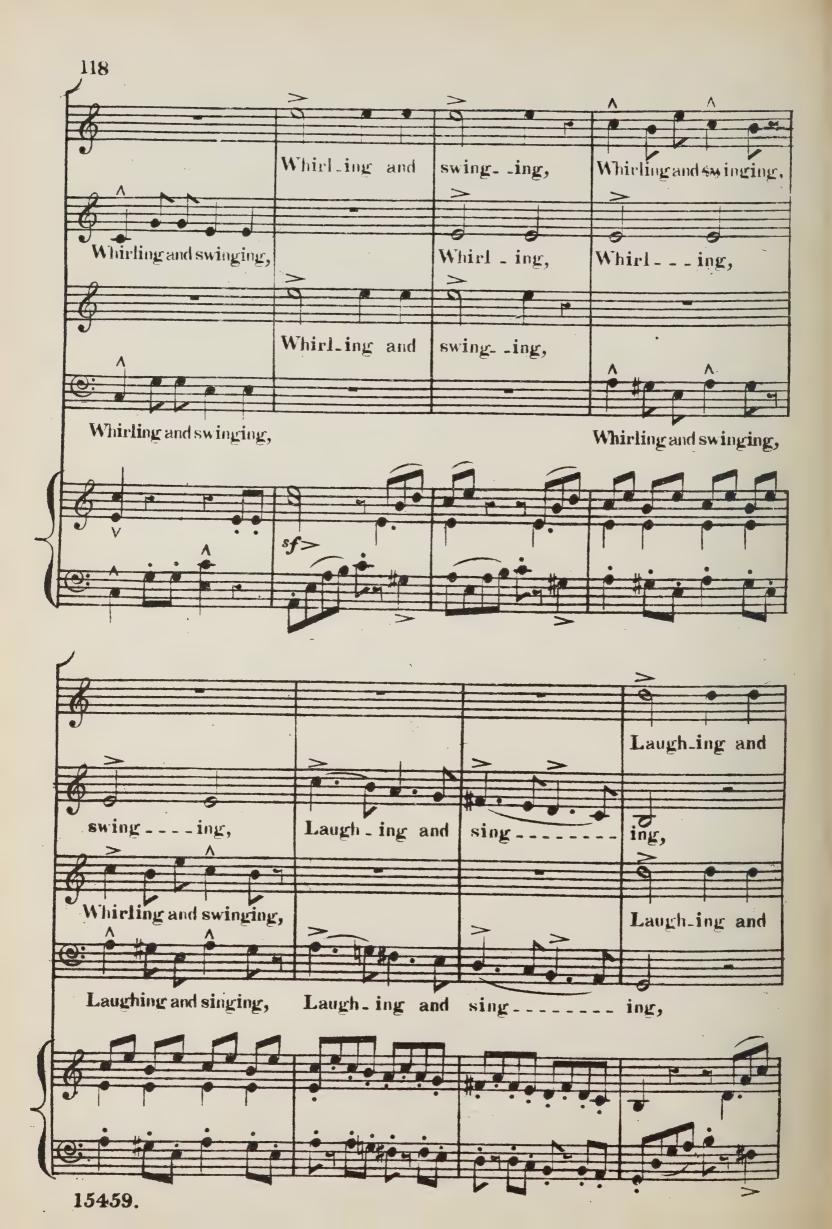
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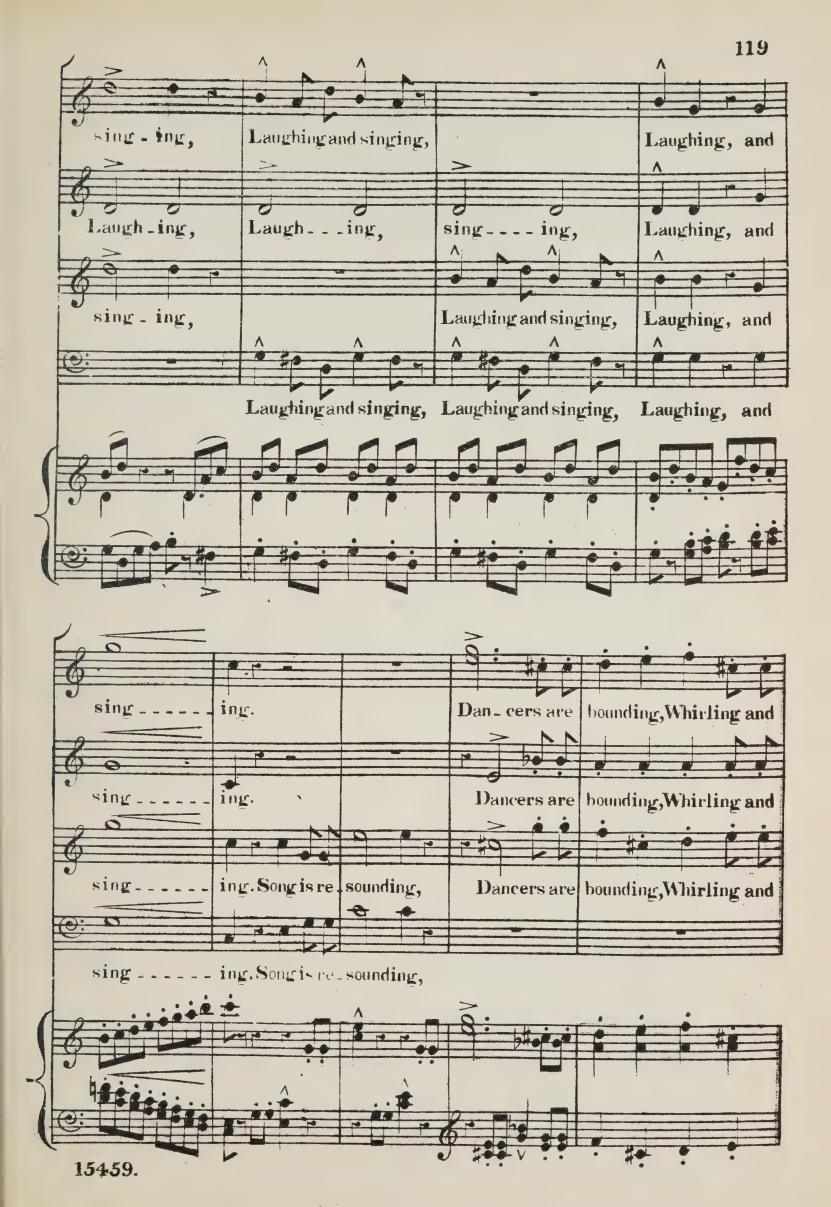




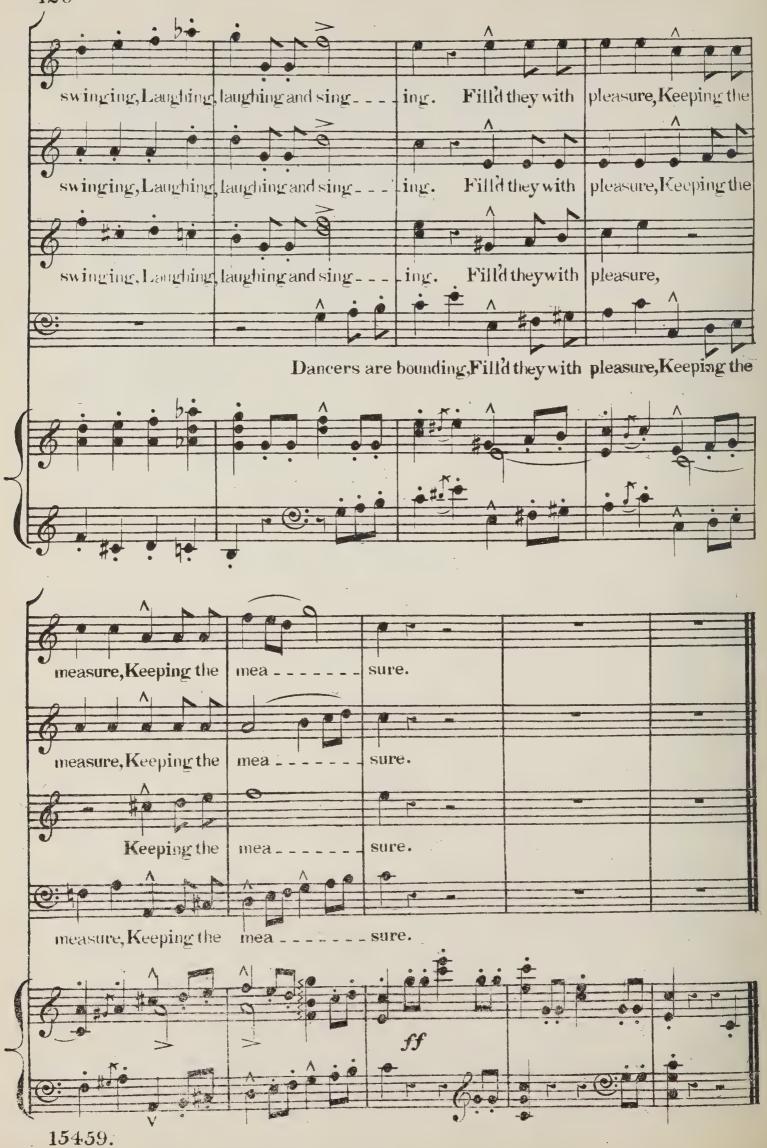


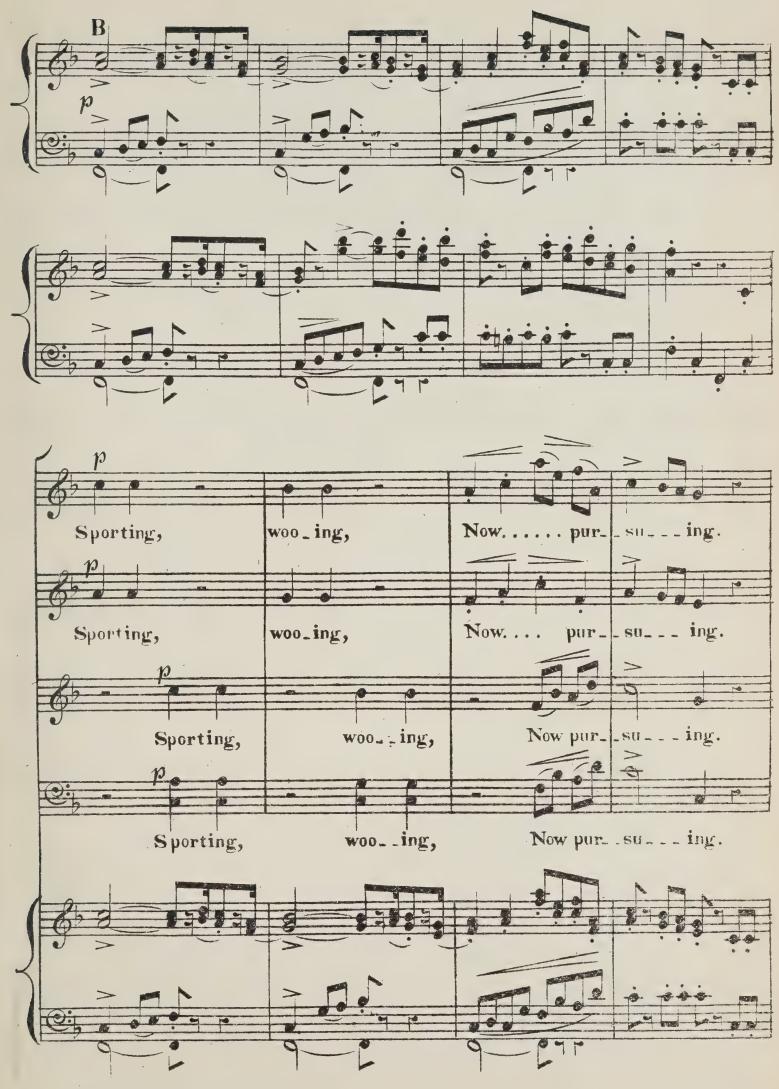




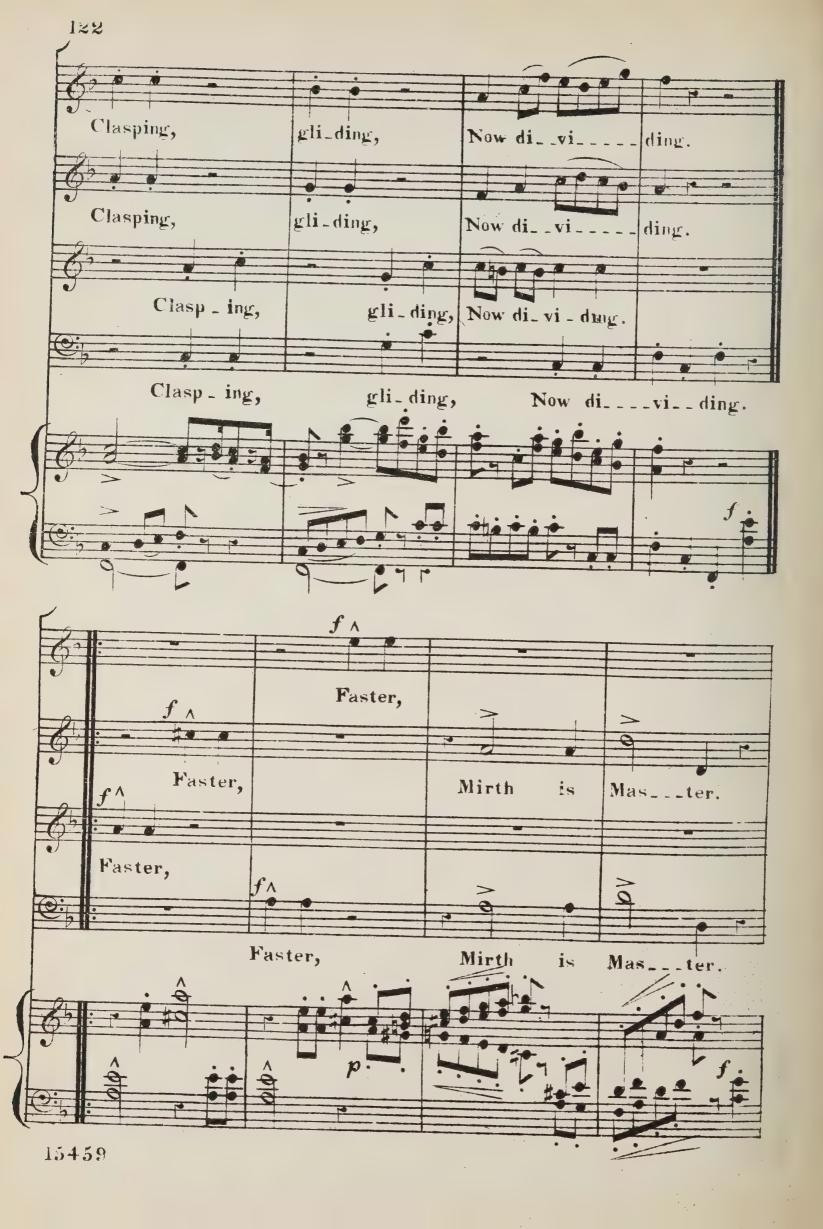




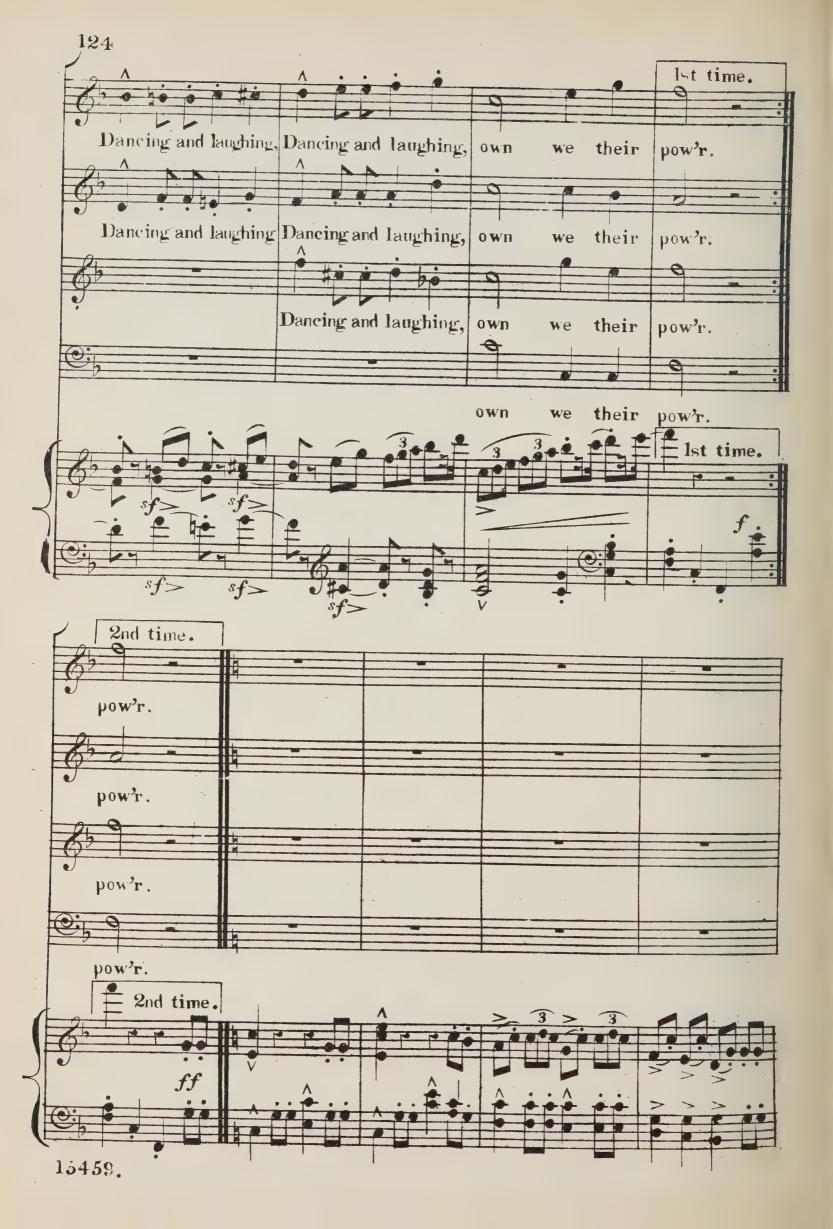


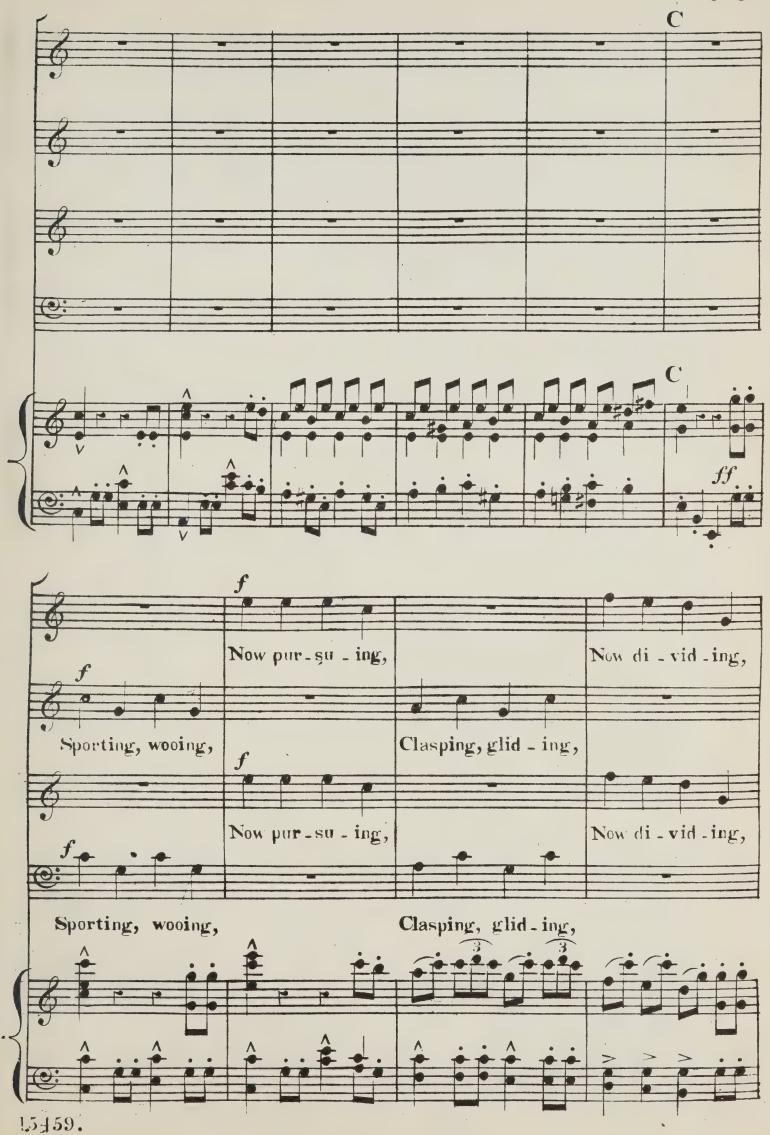


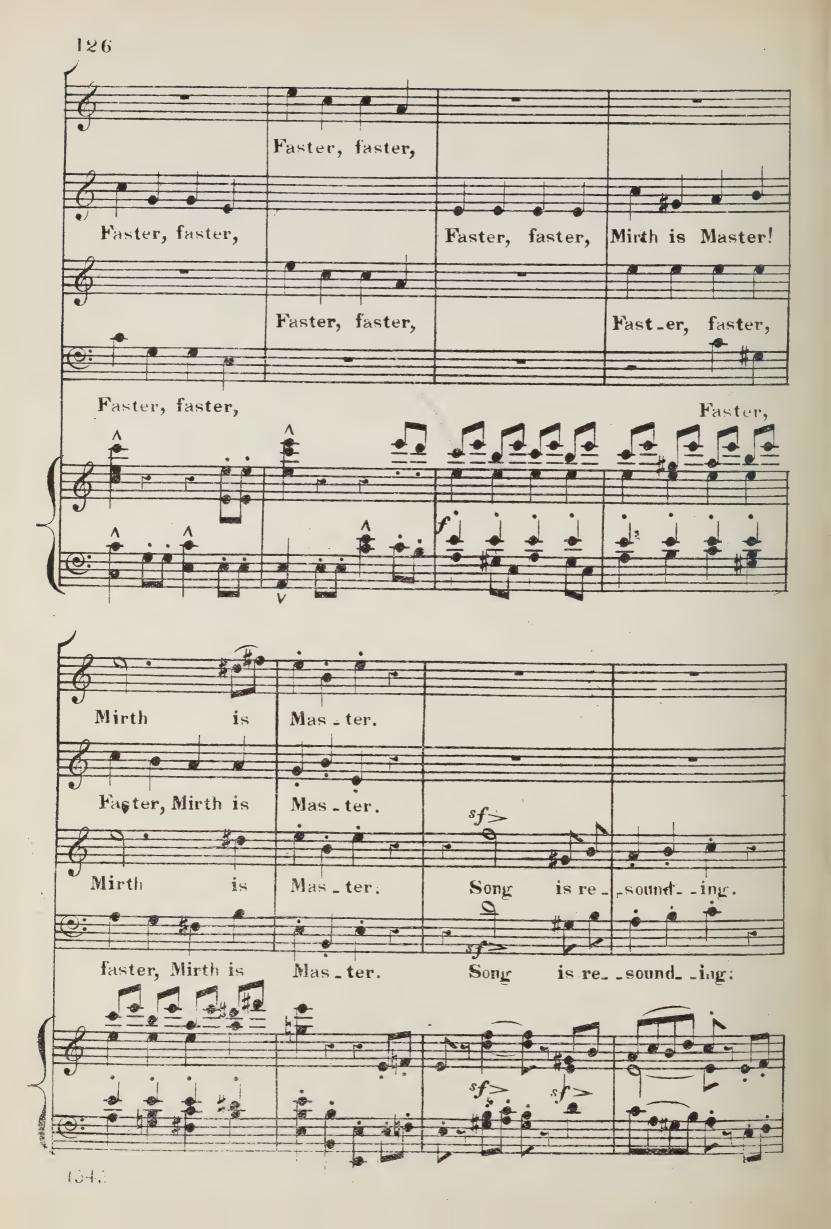
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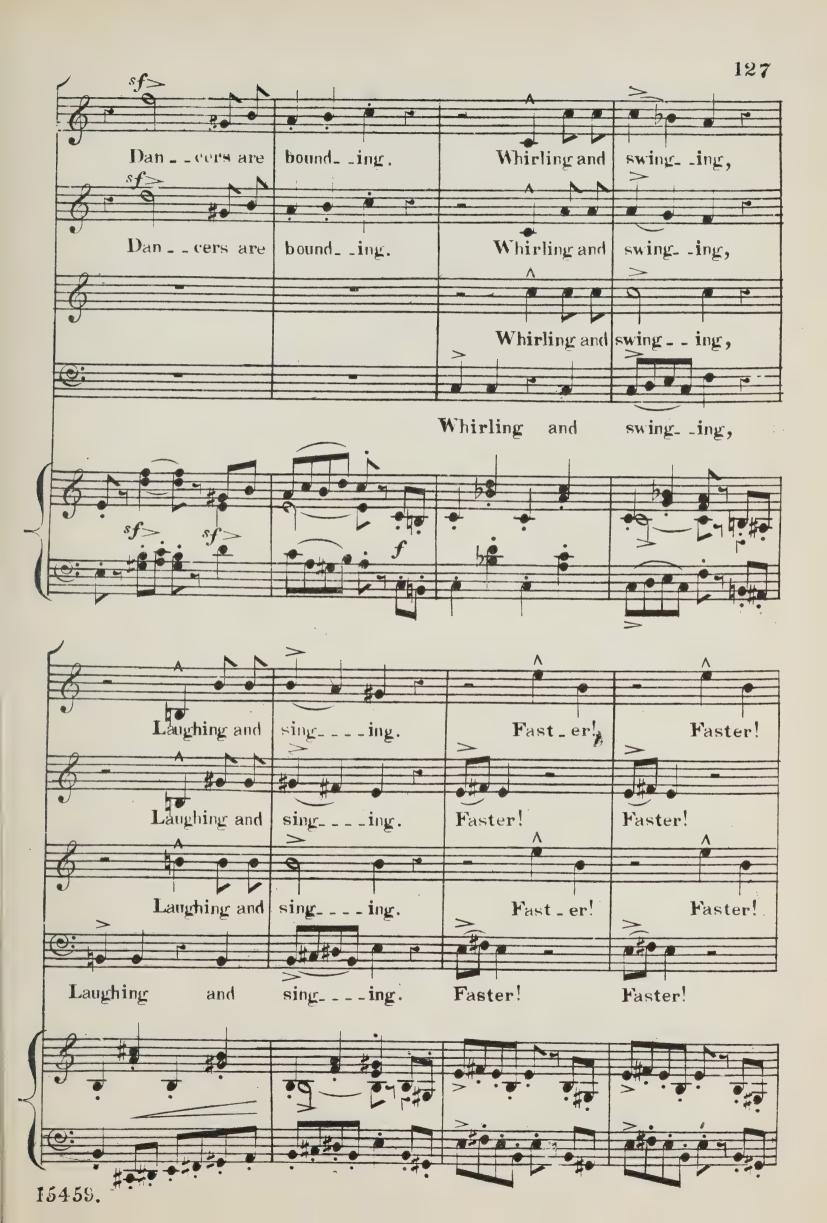


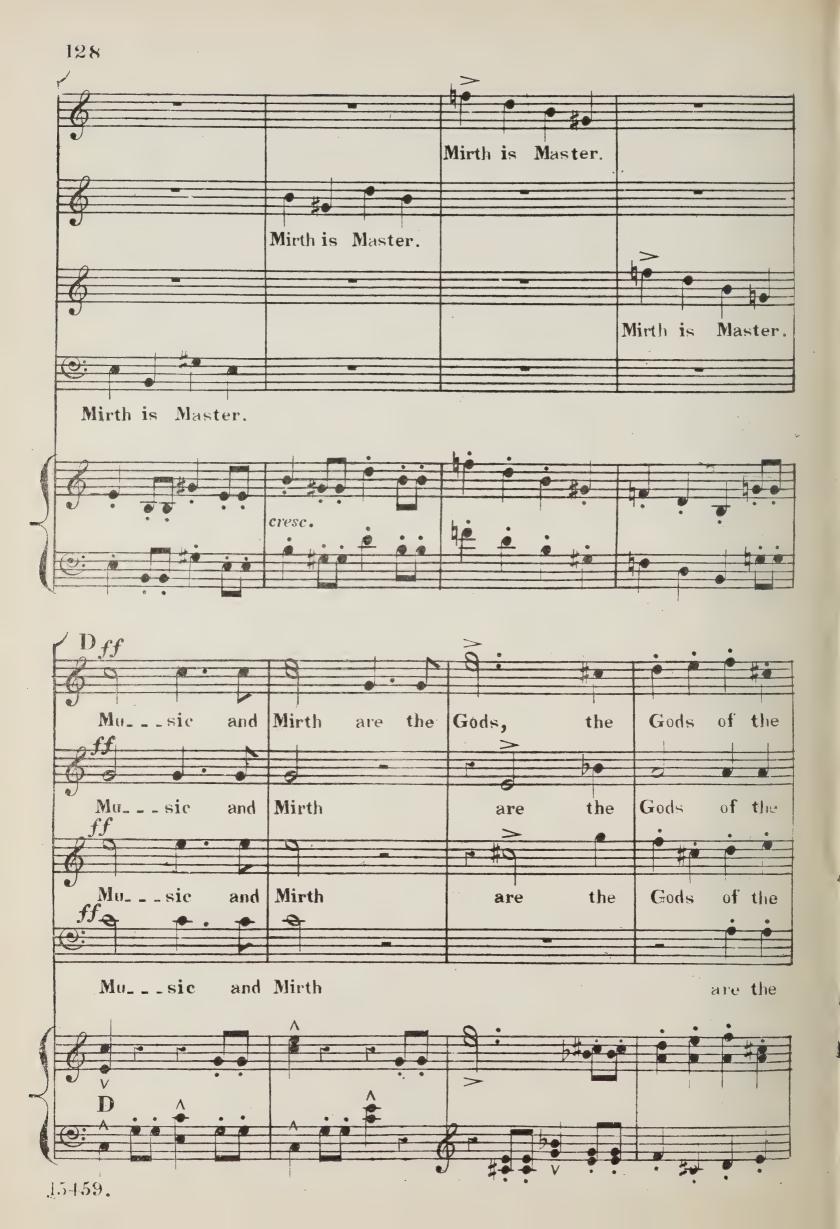






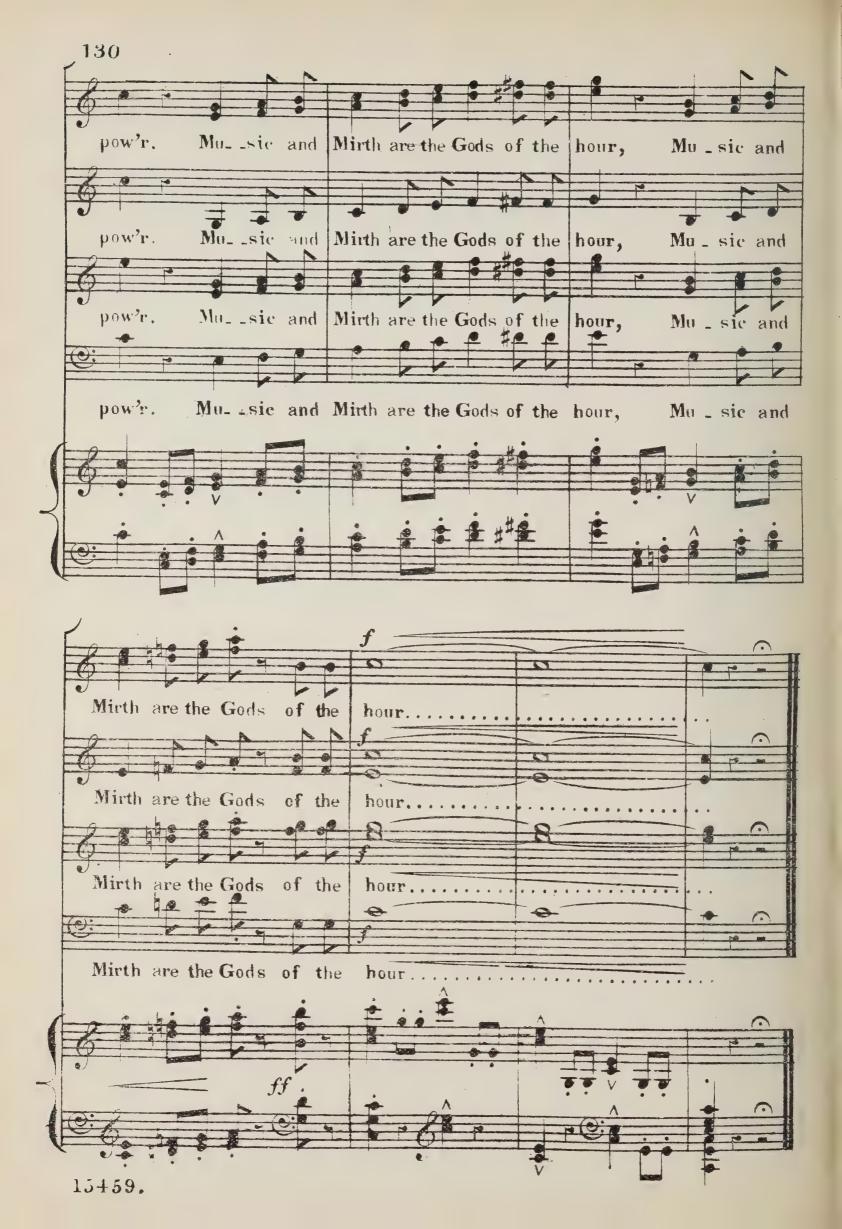


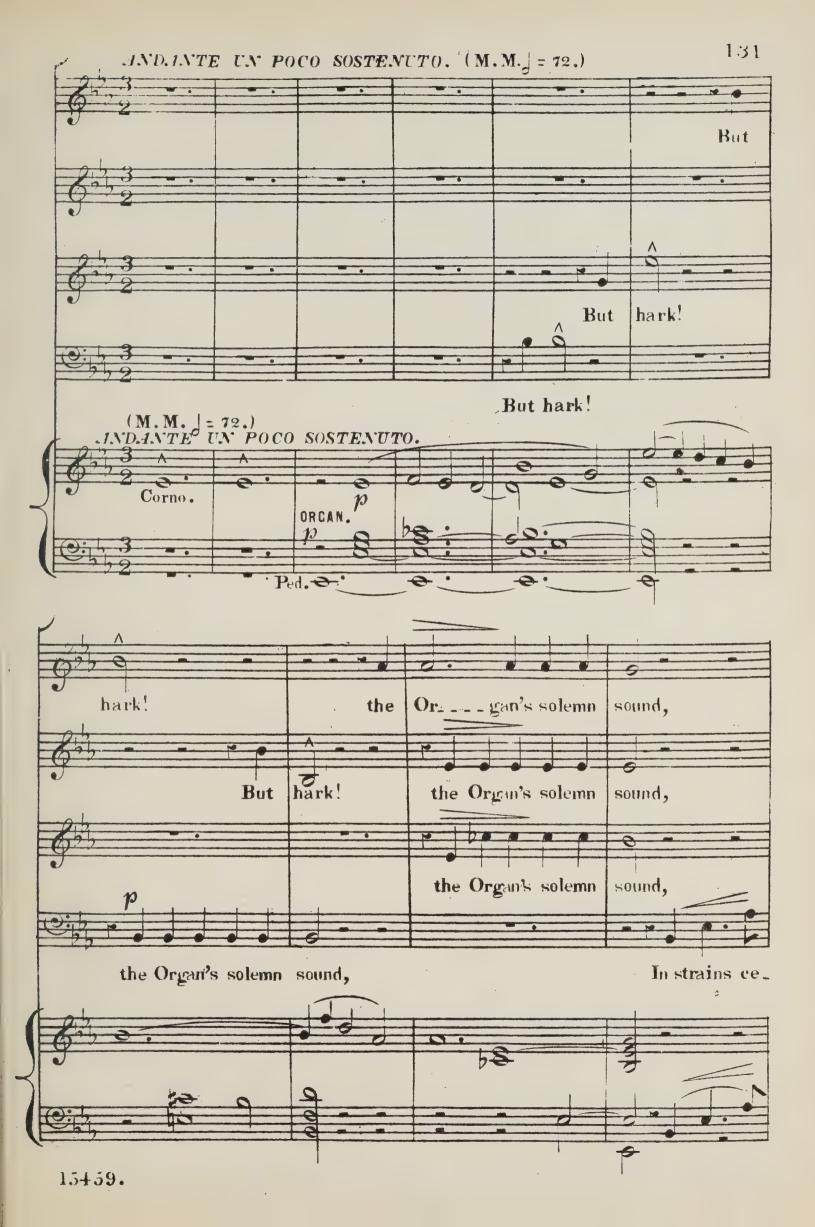


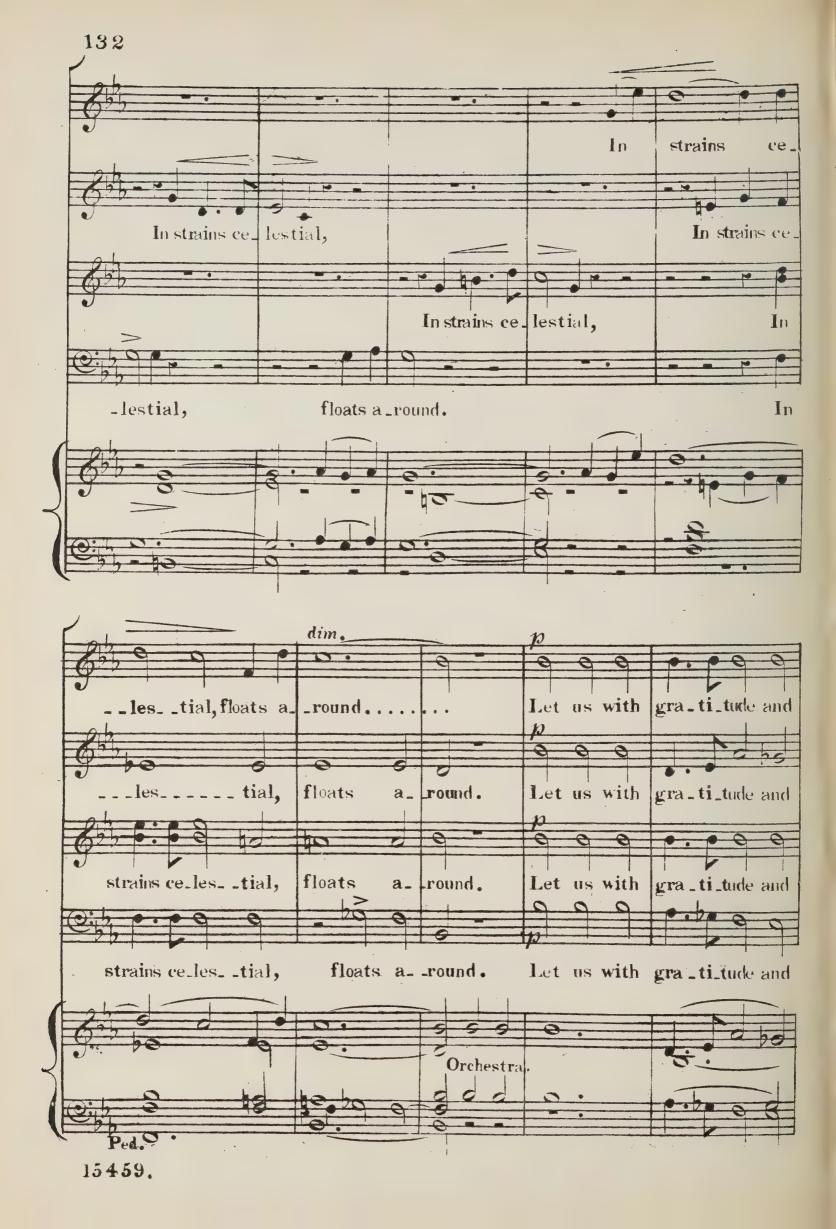






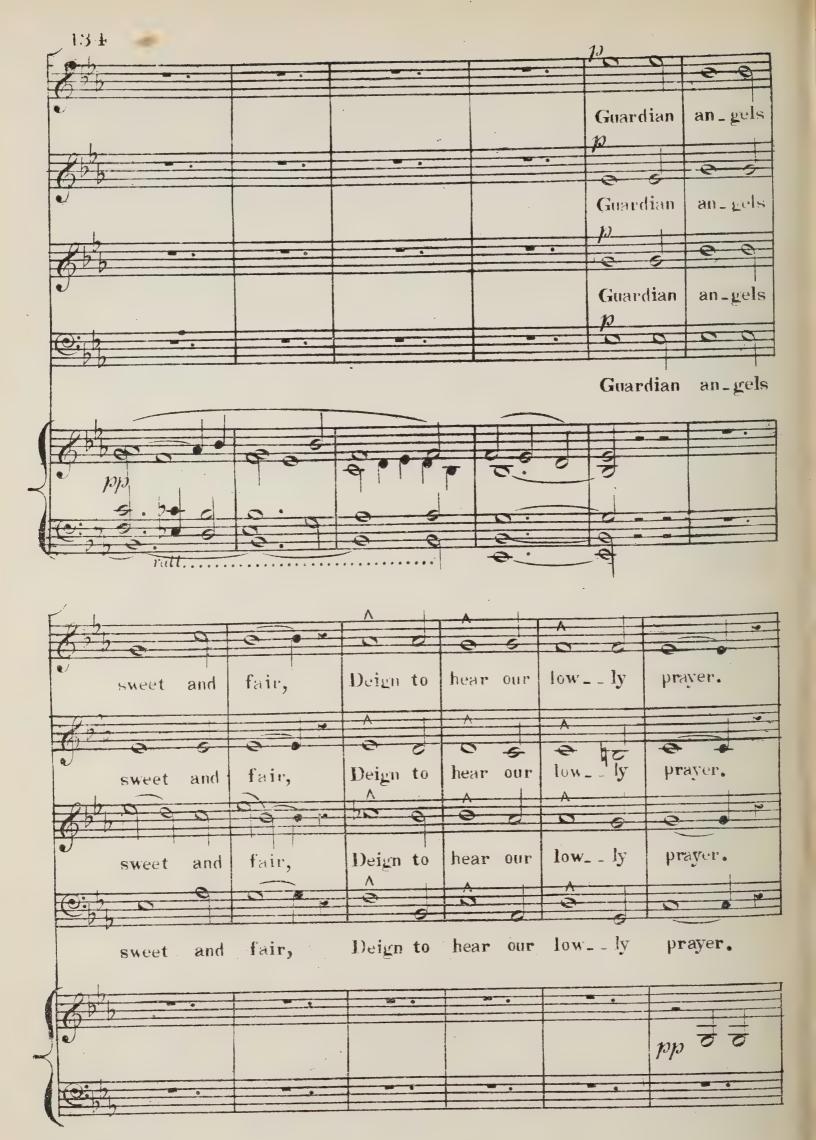




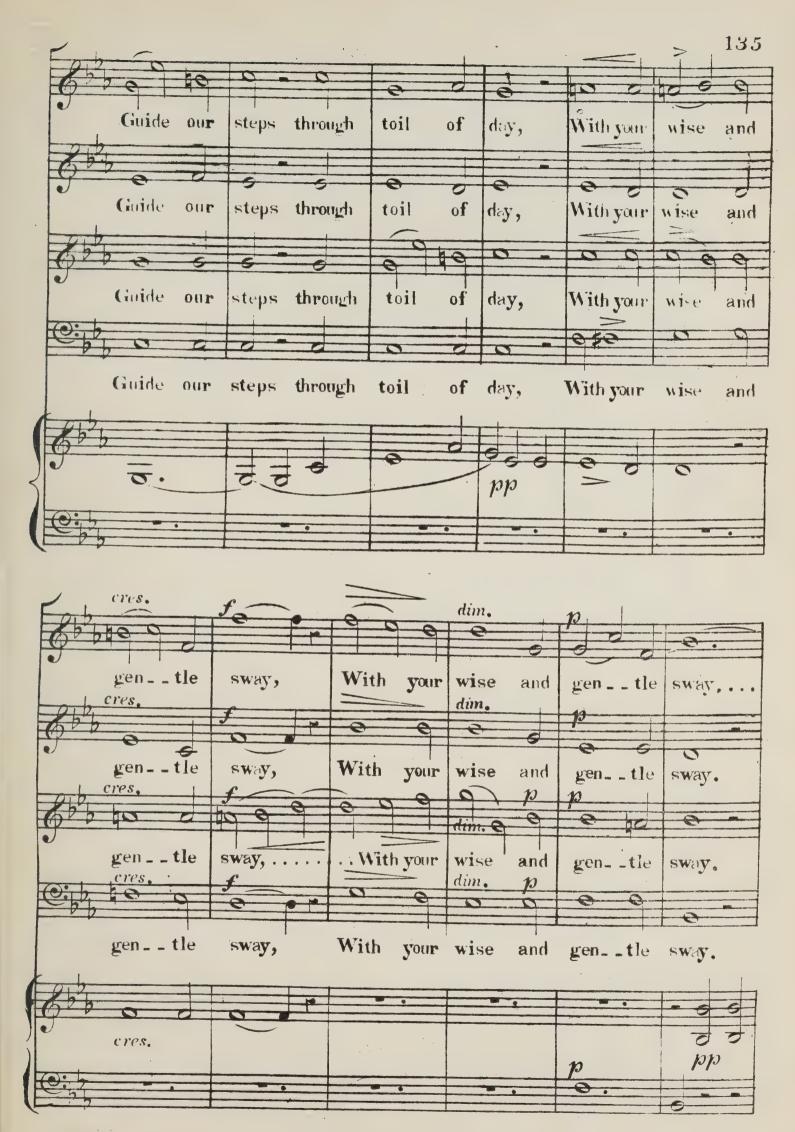




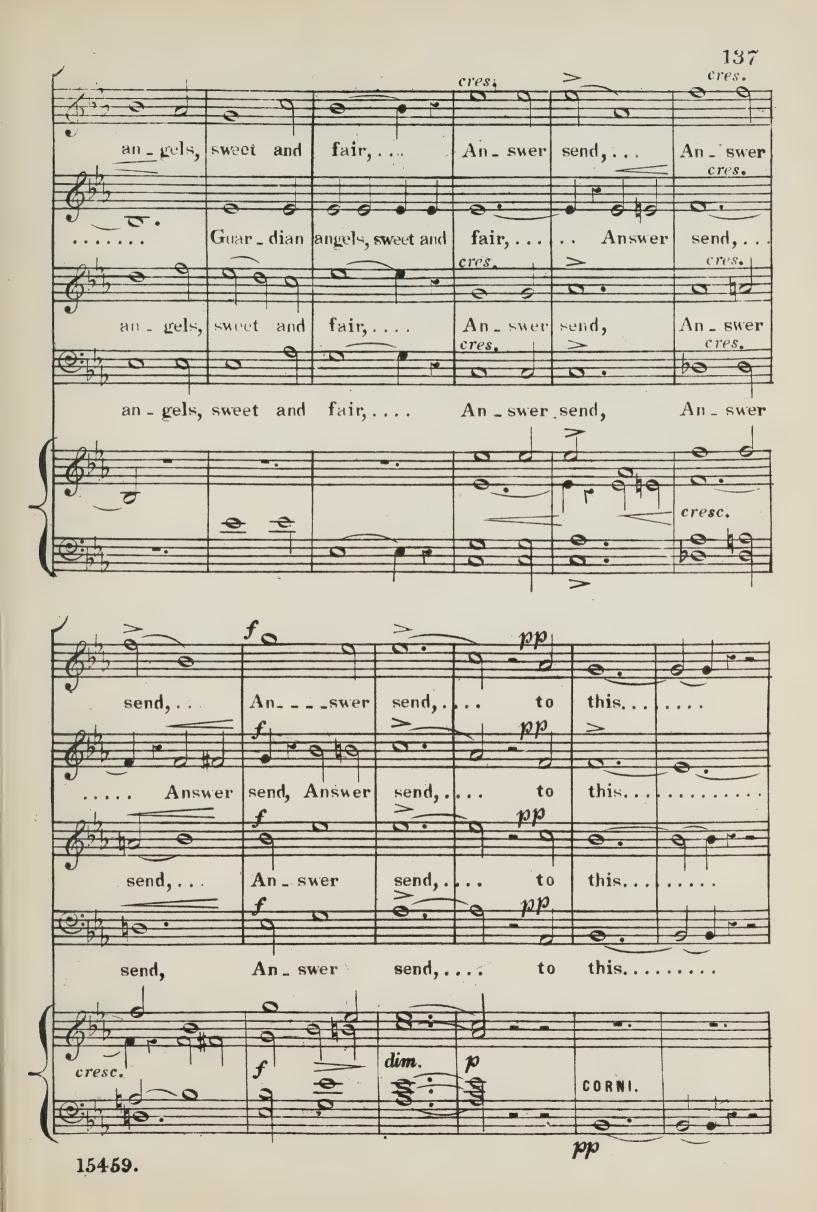
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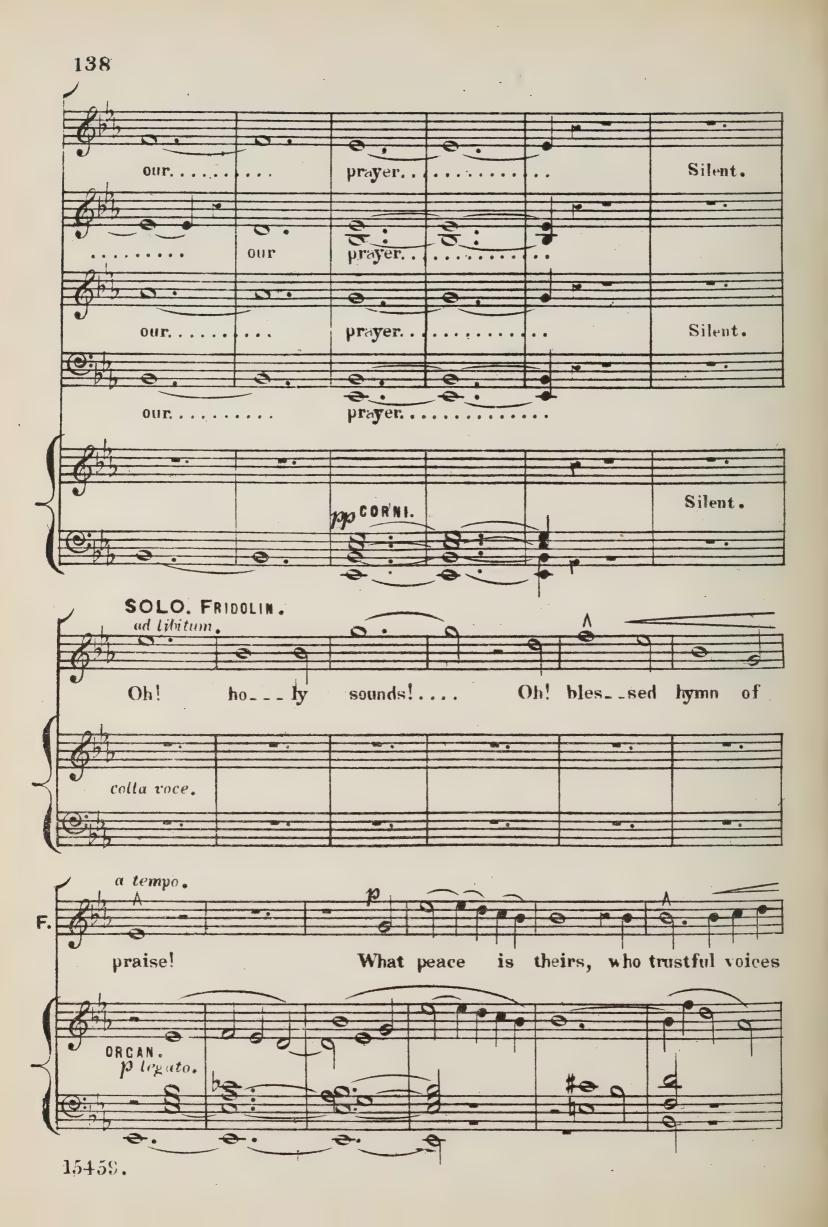


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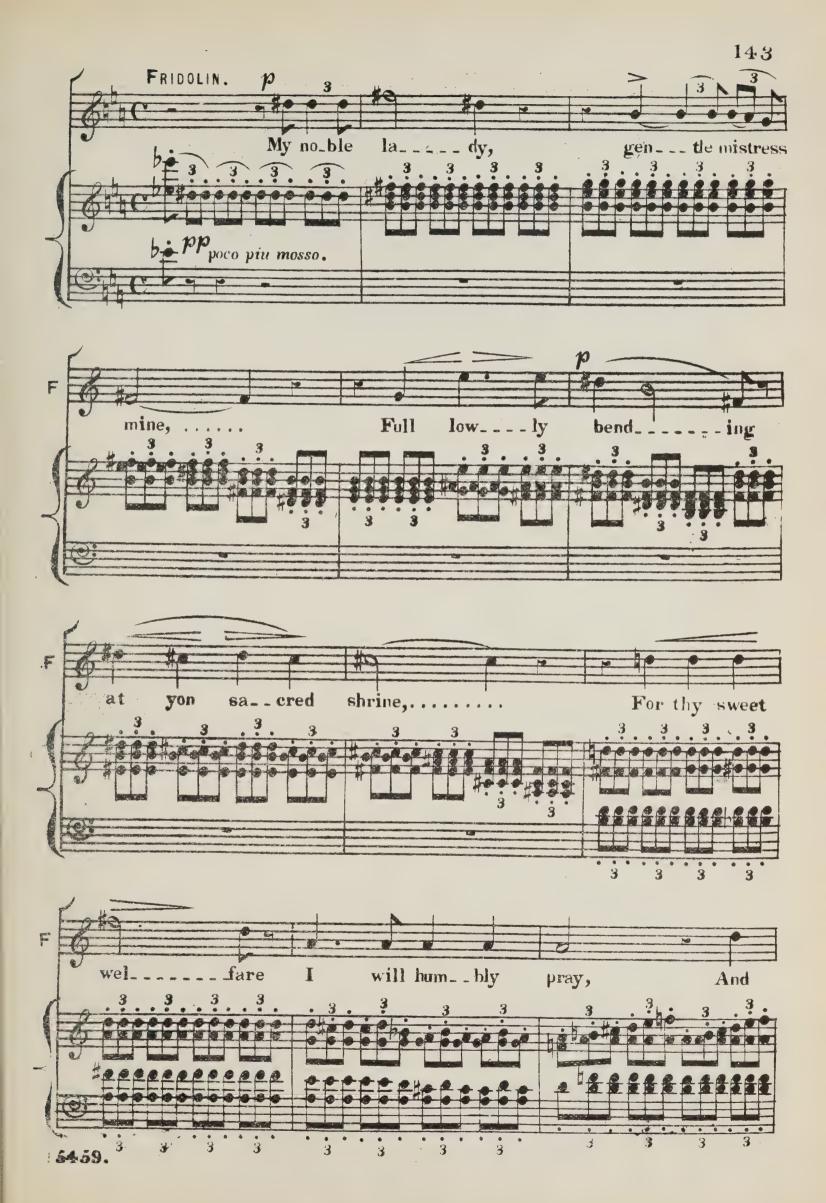
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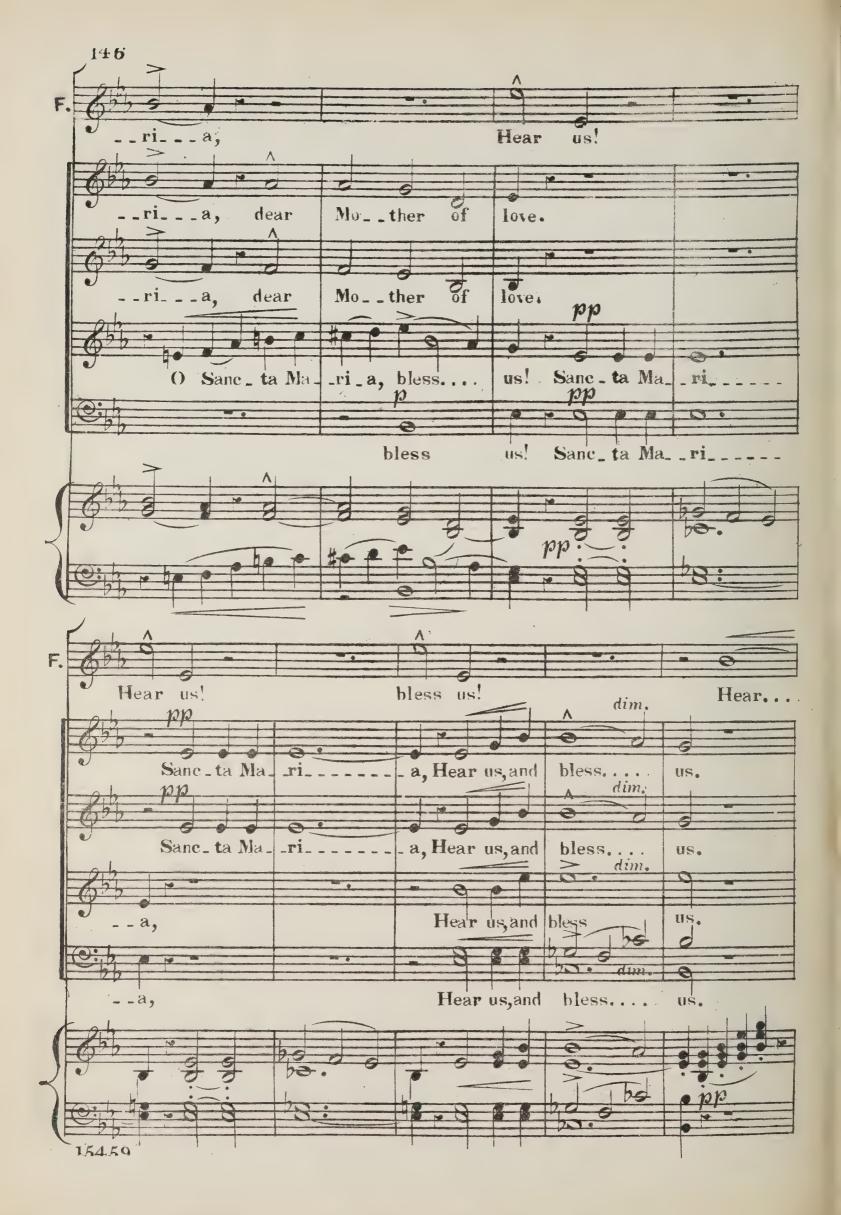








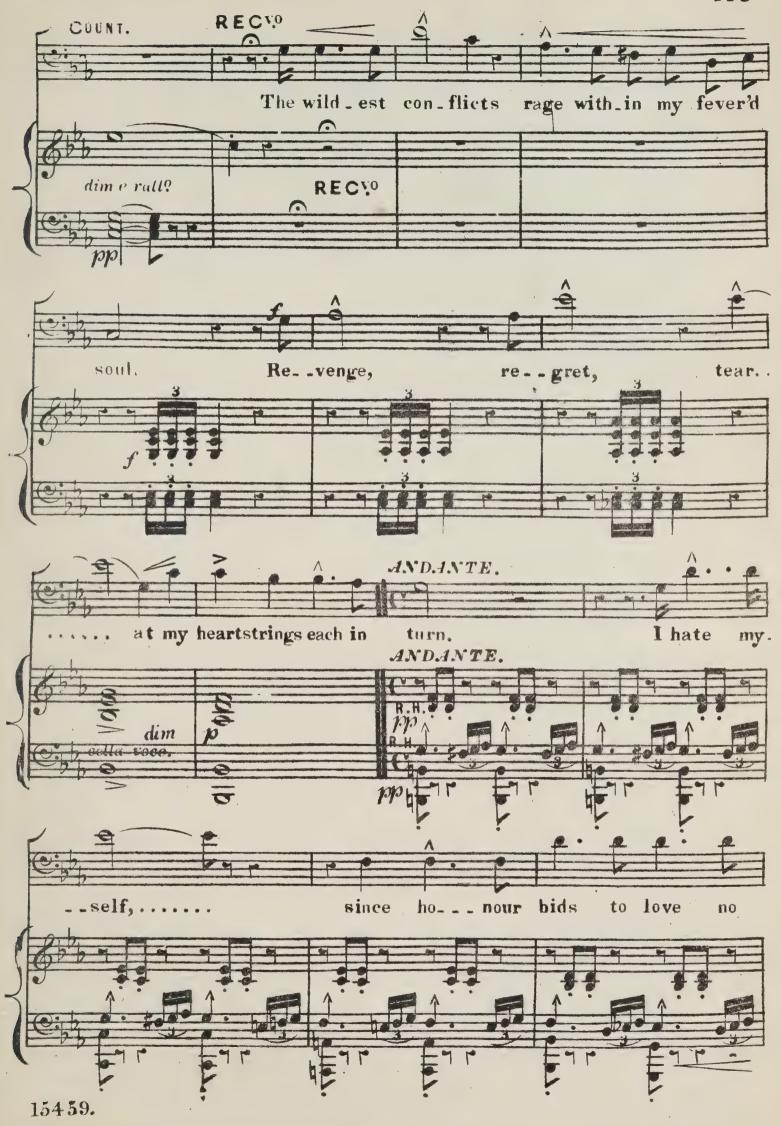






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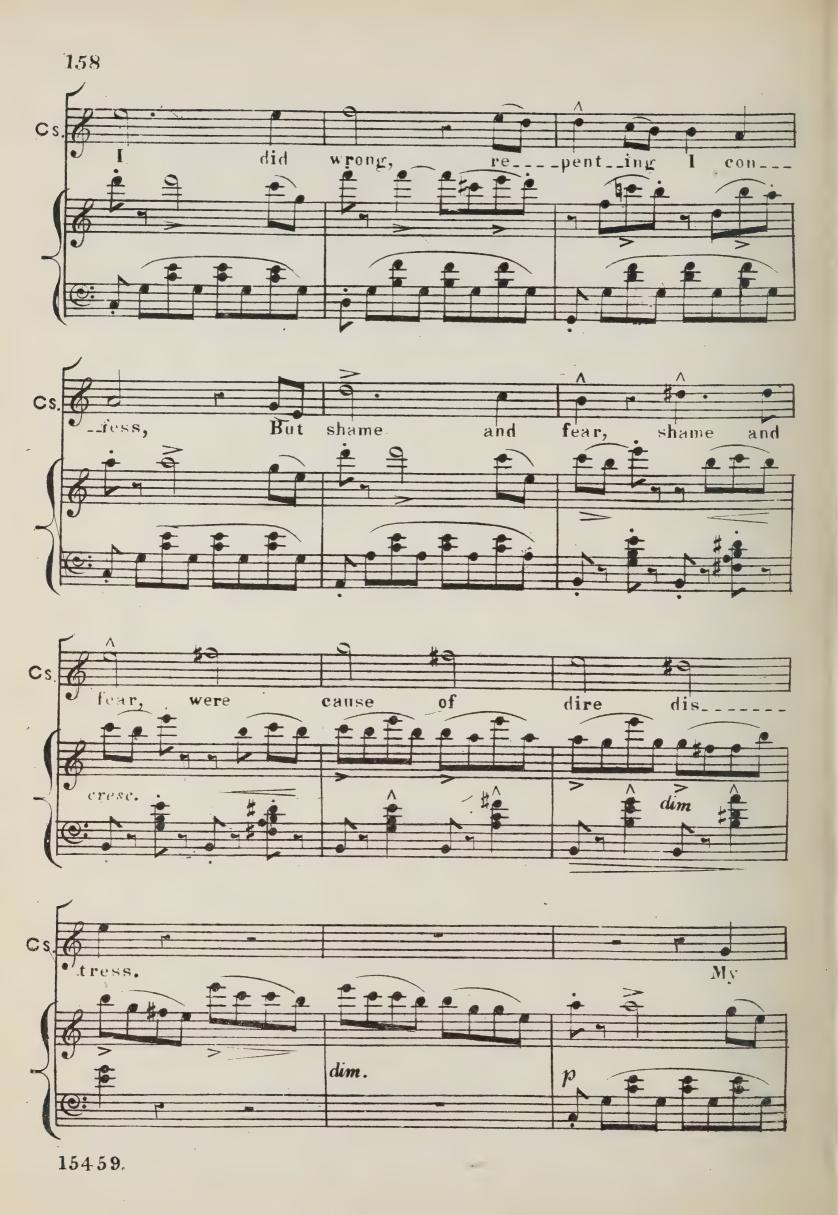


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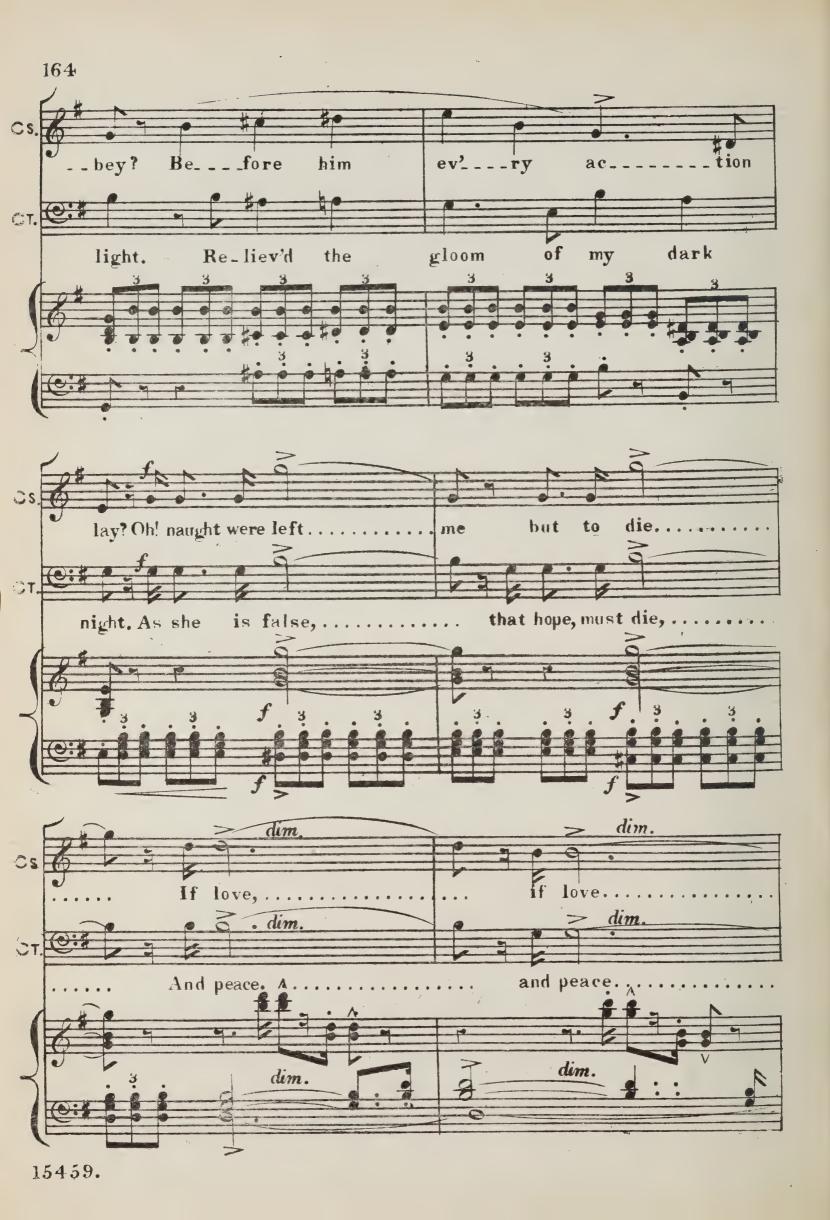


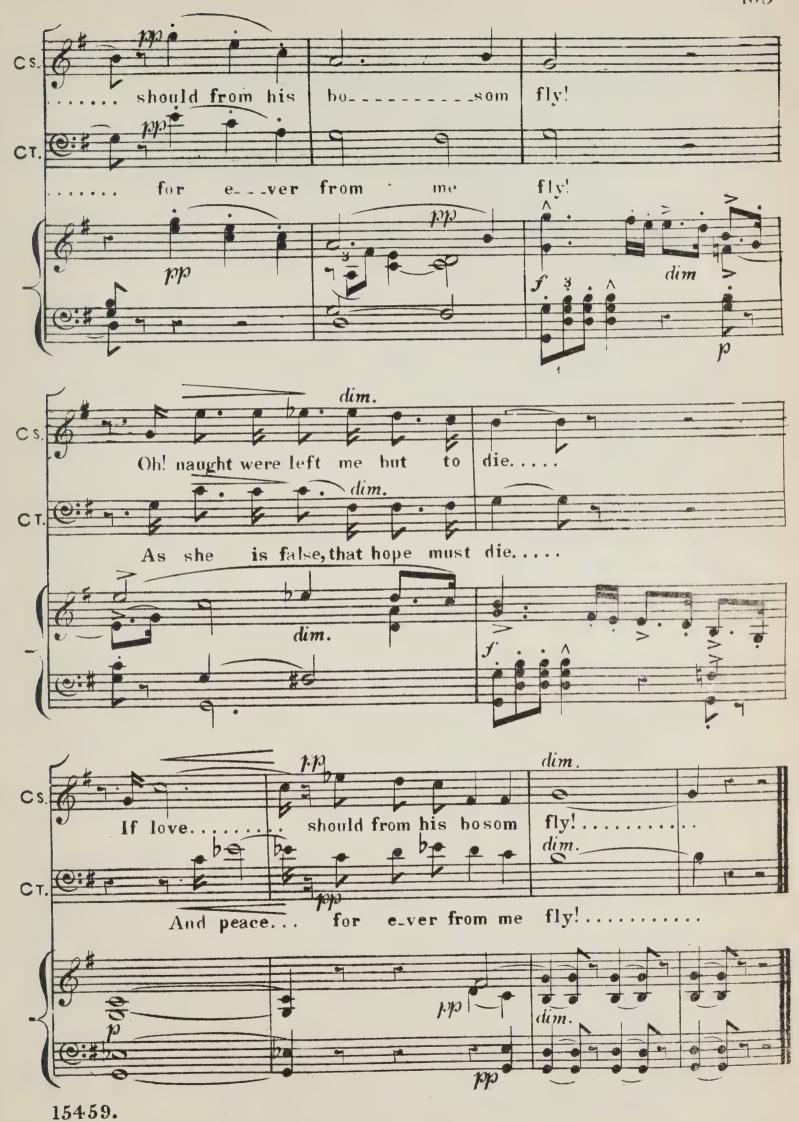


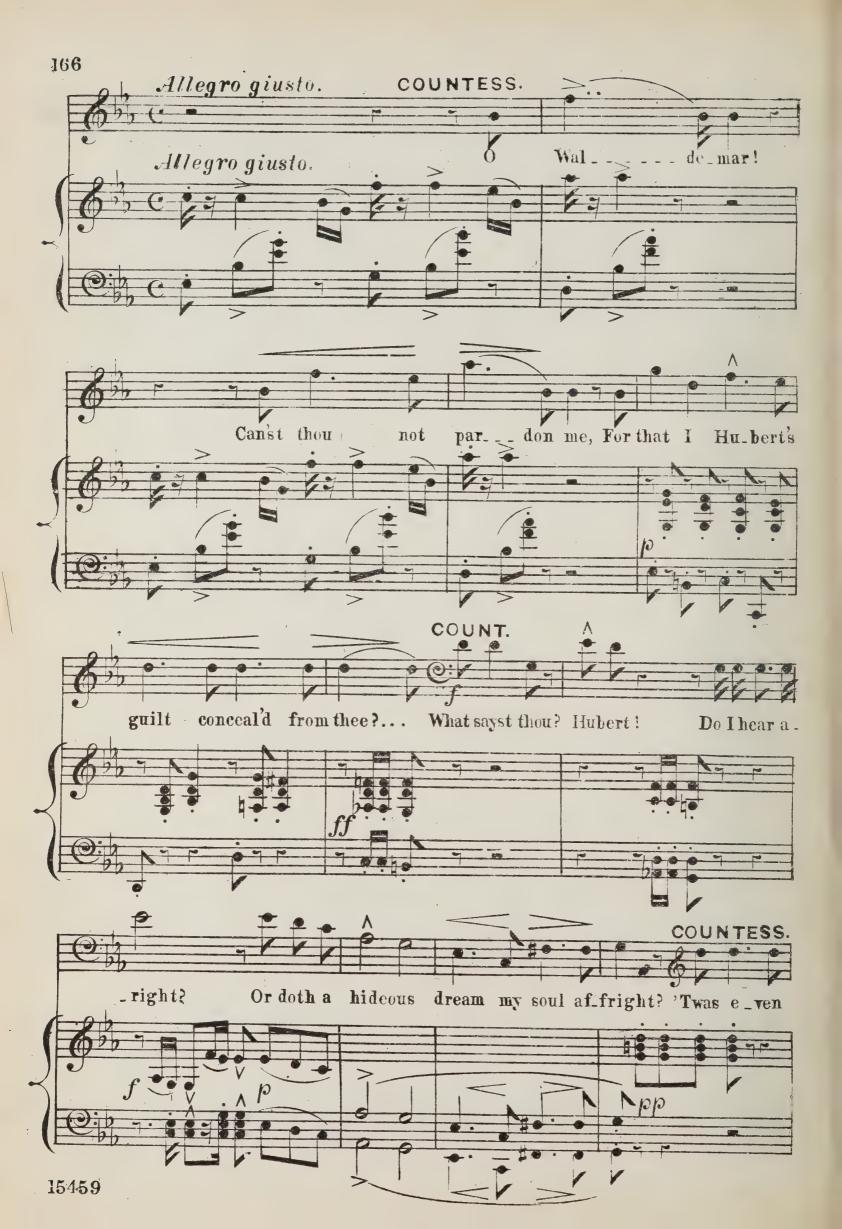




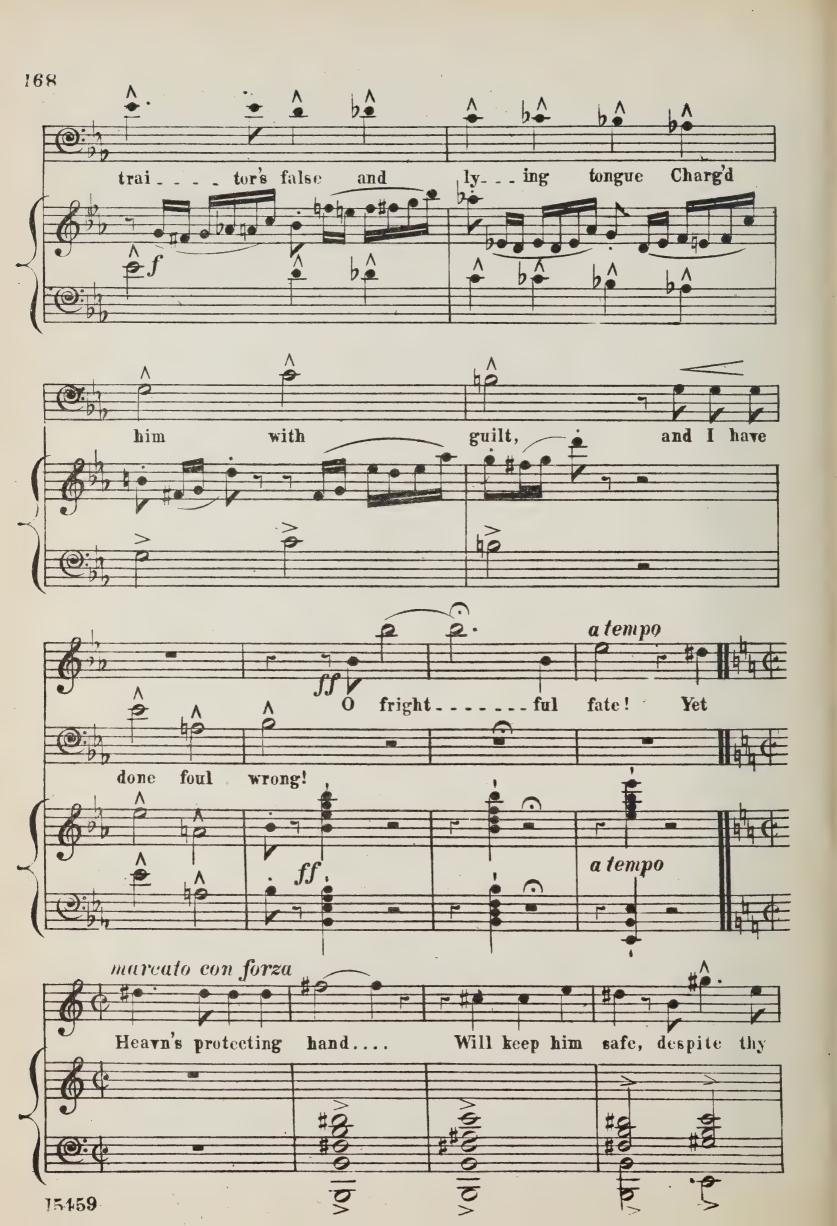


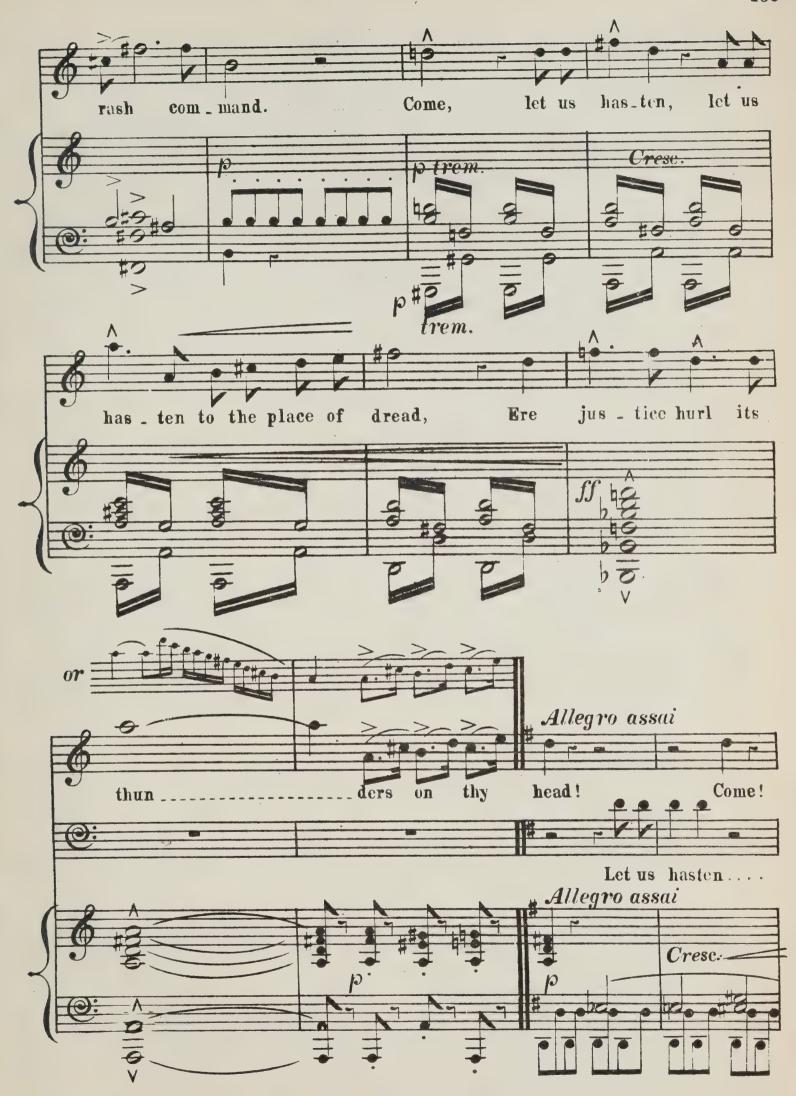




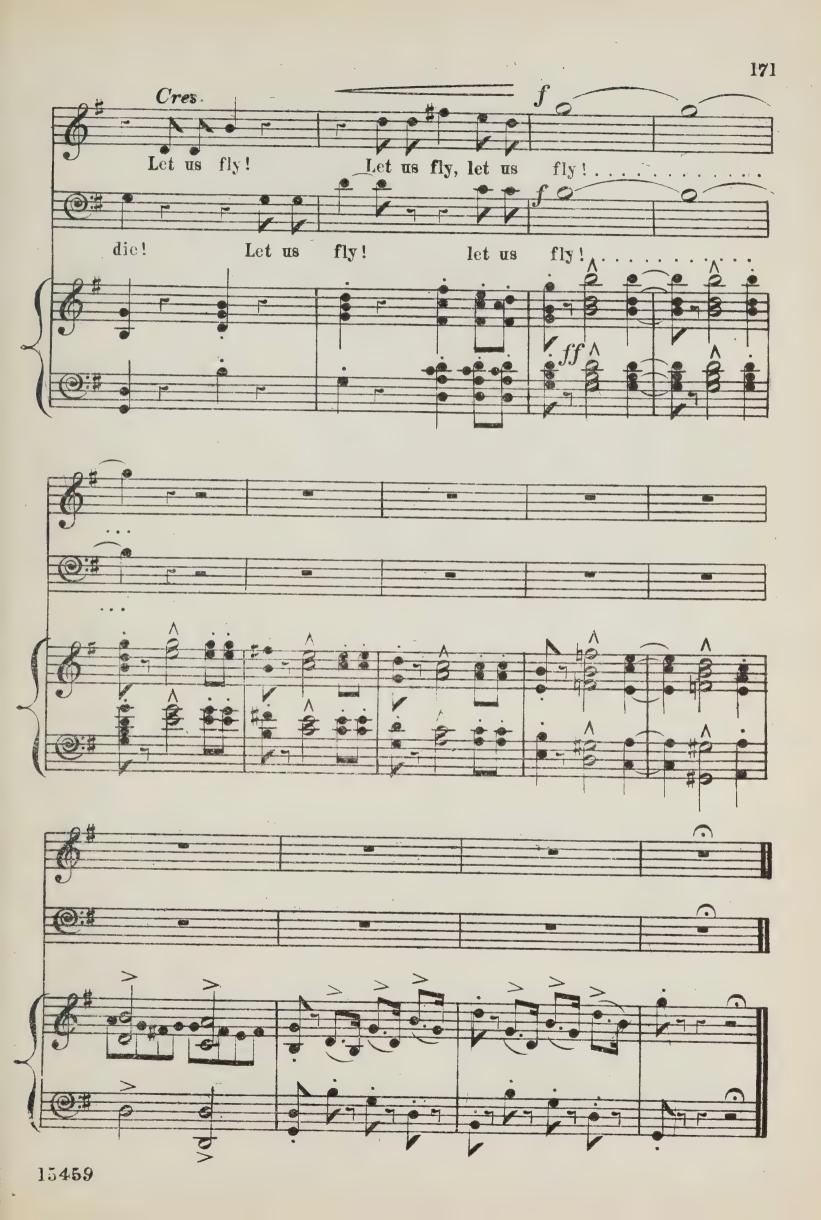






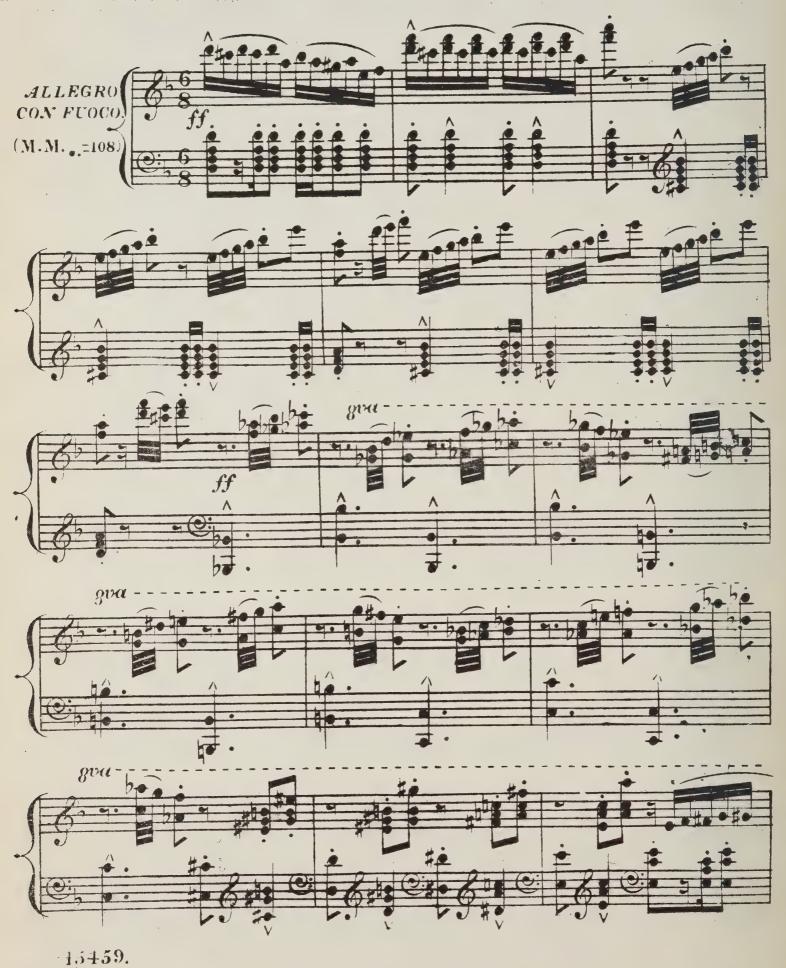


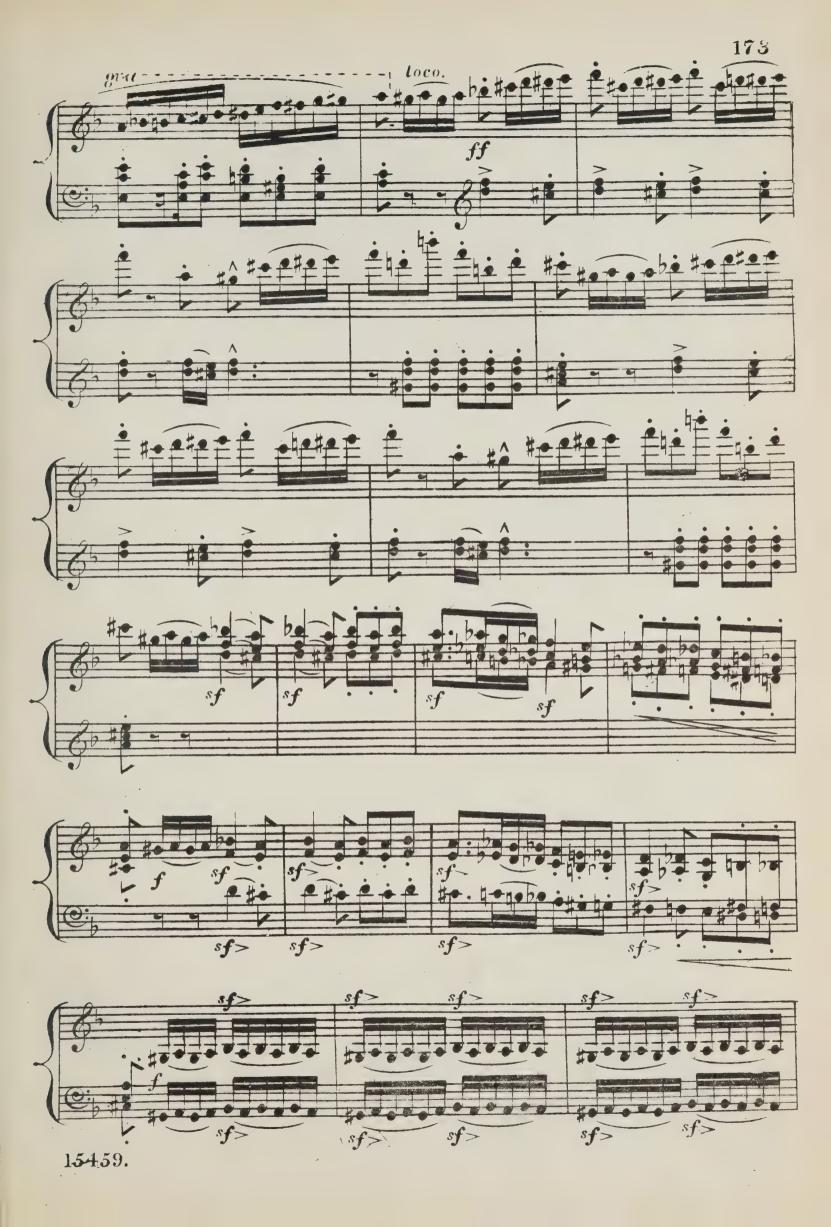


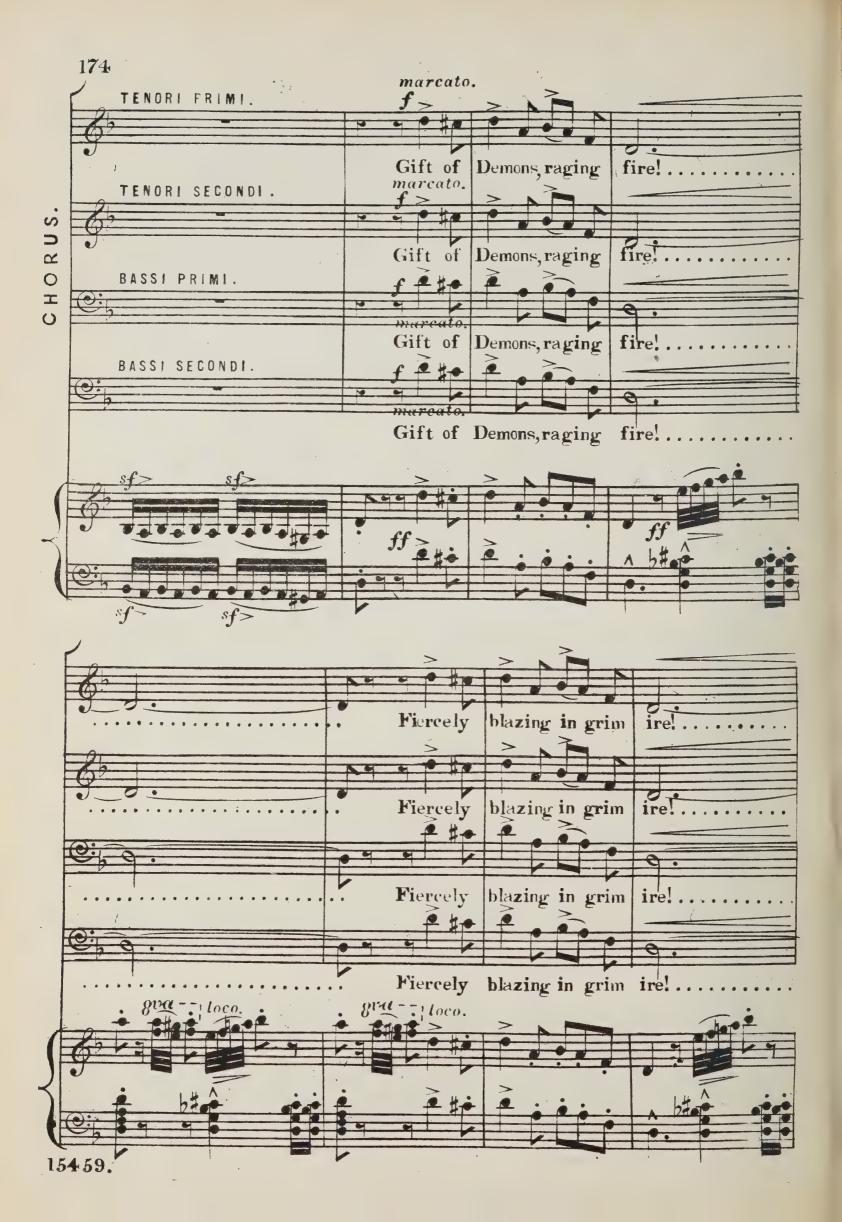


THE FORGE SCENE.

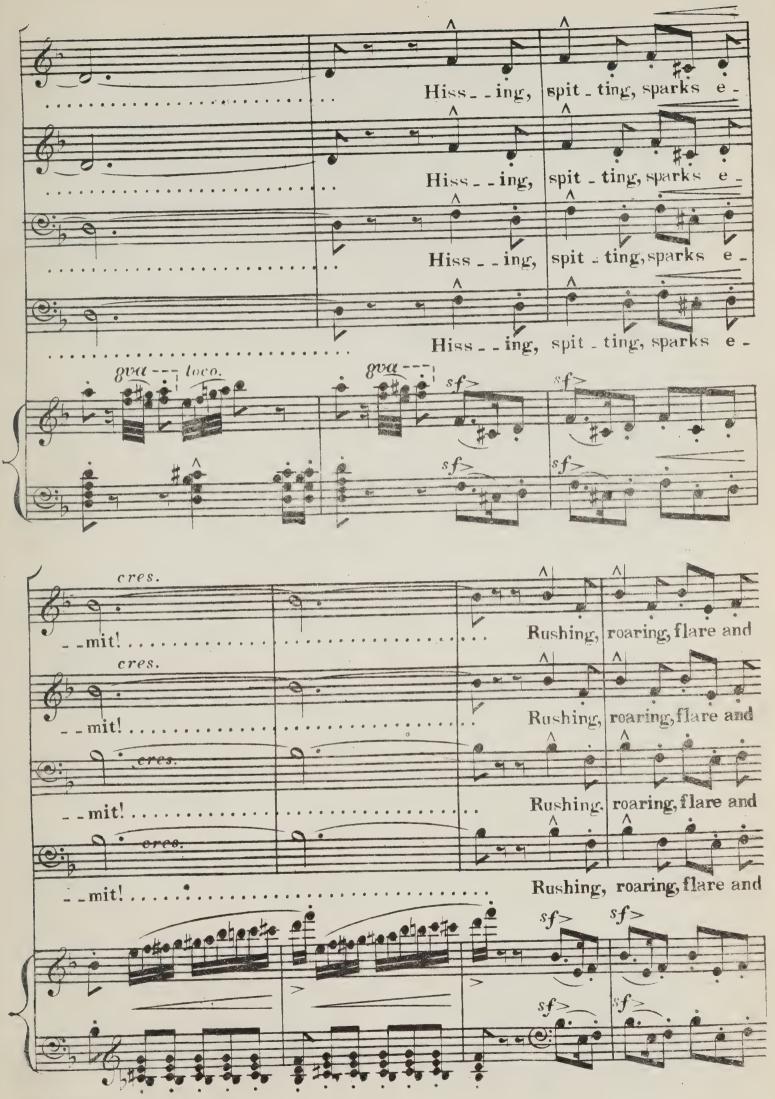
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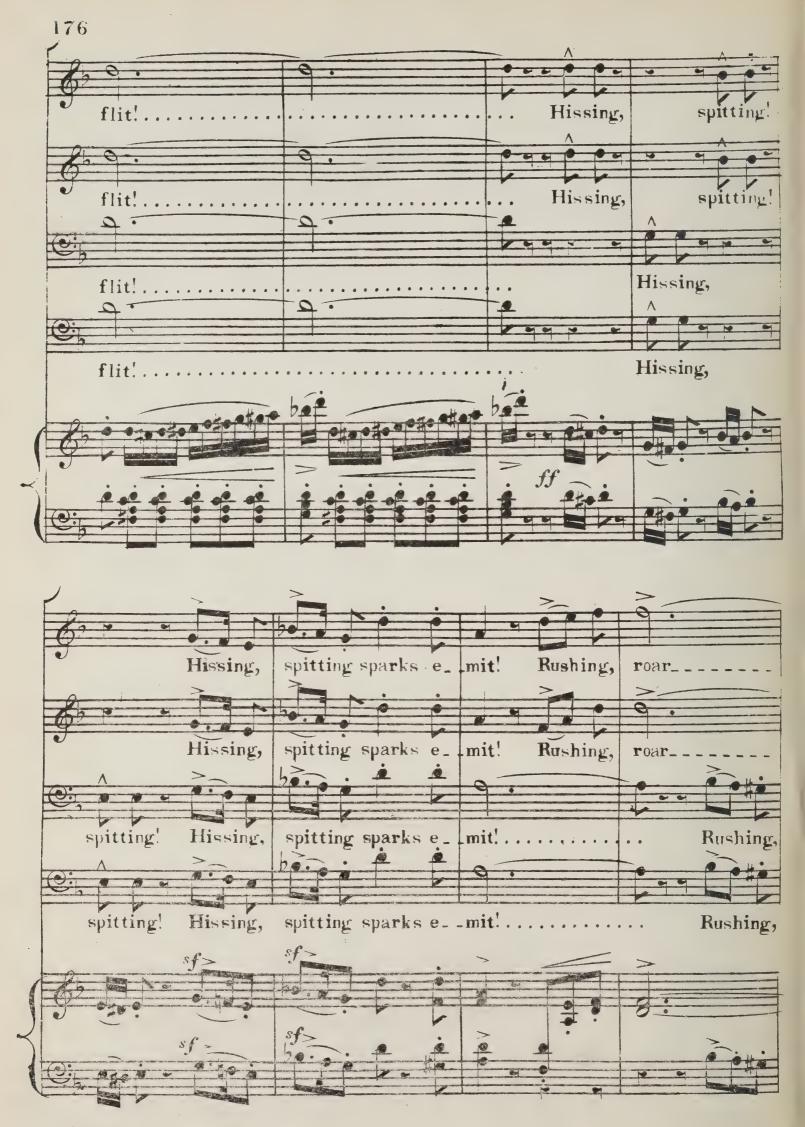








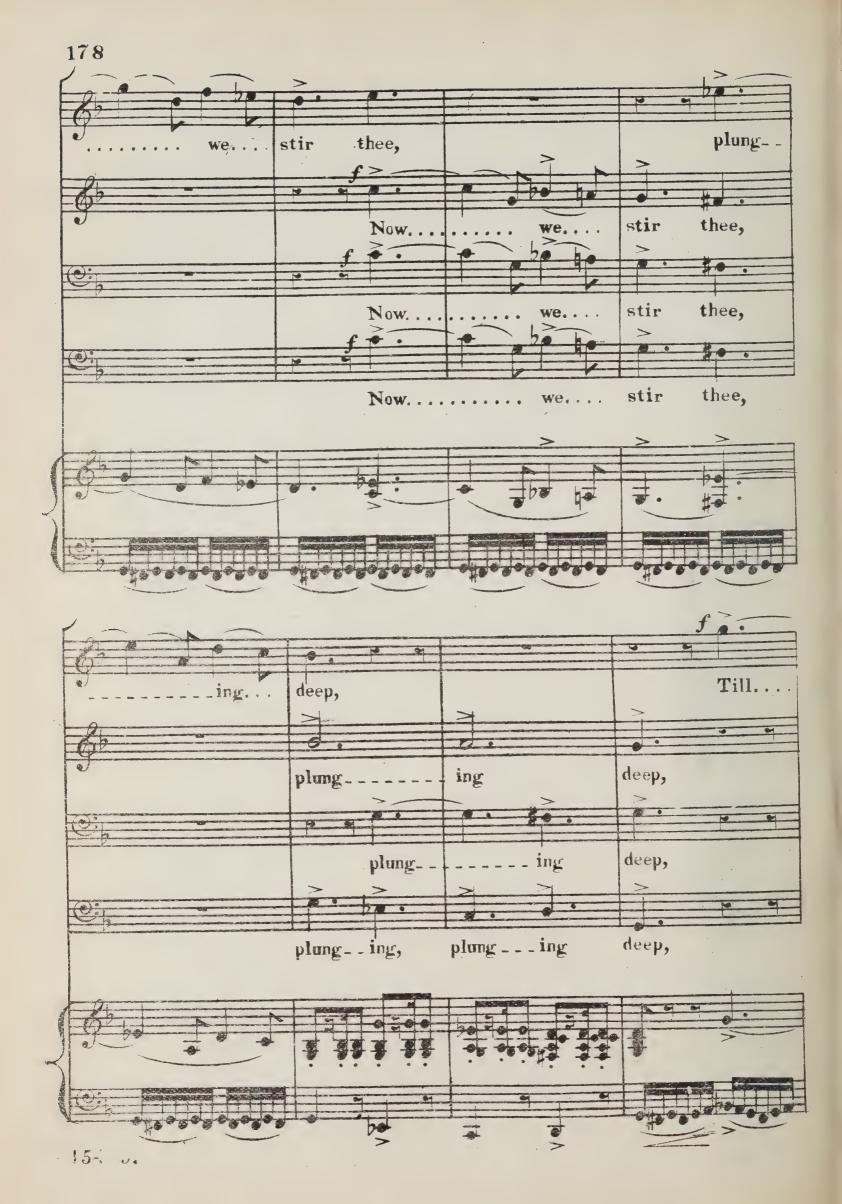




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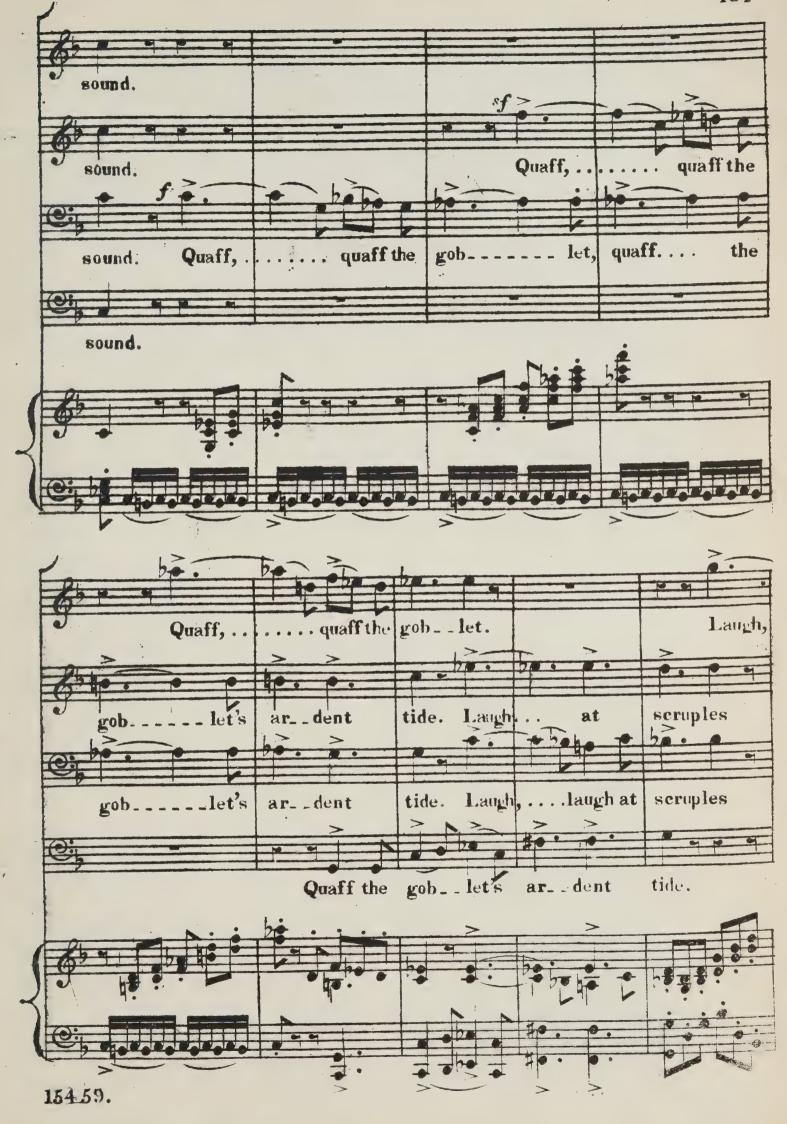


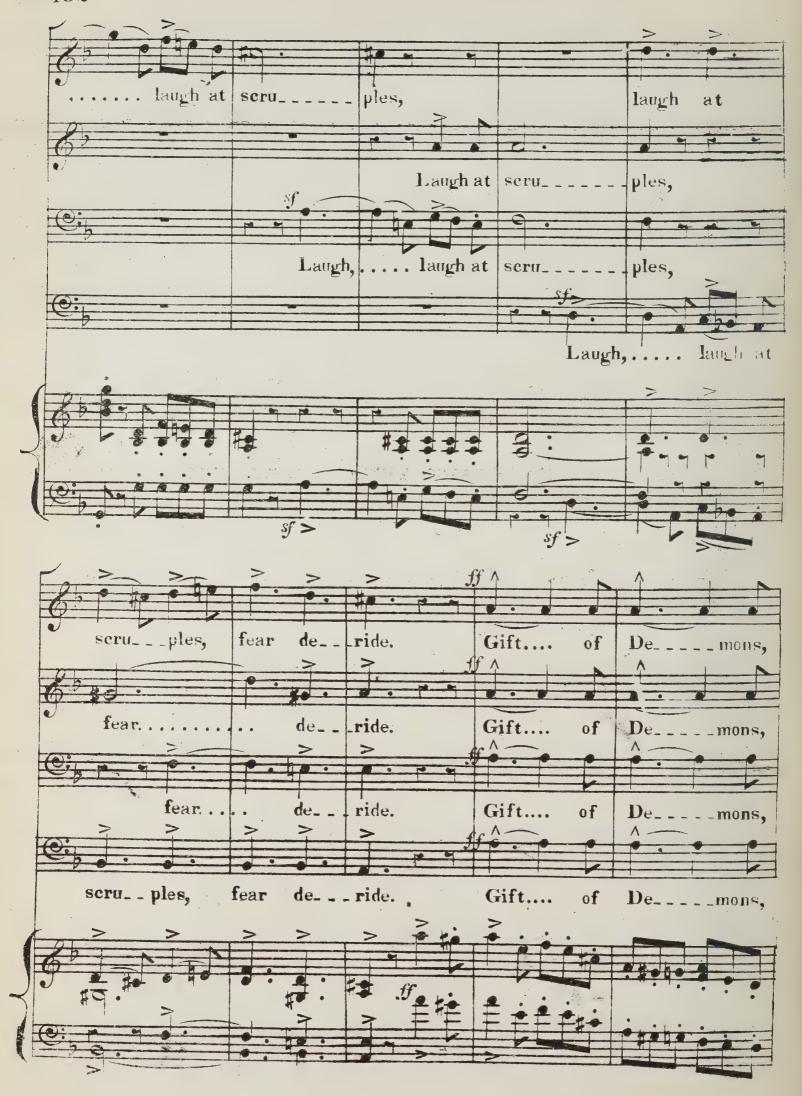


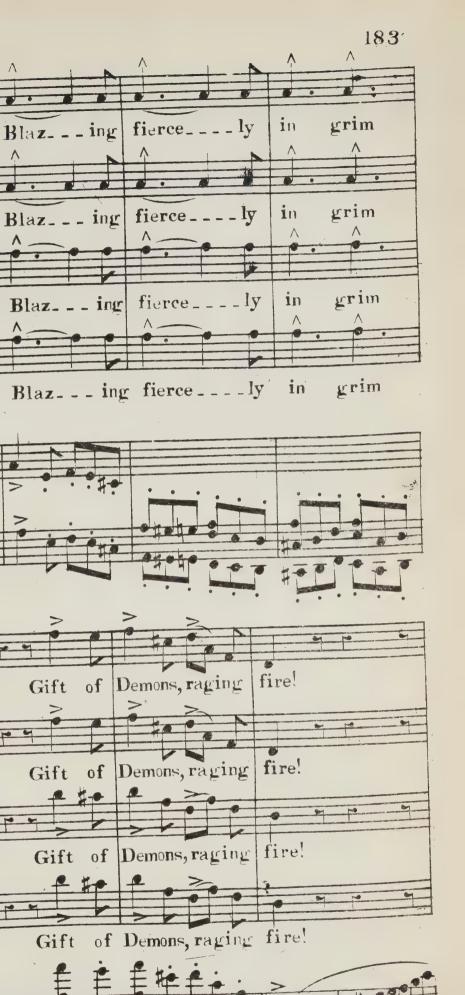


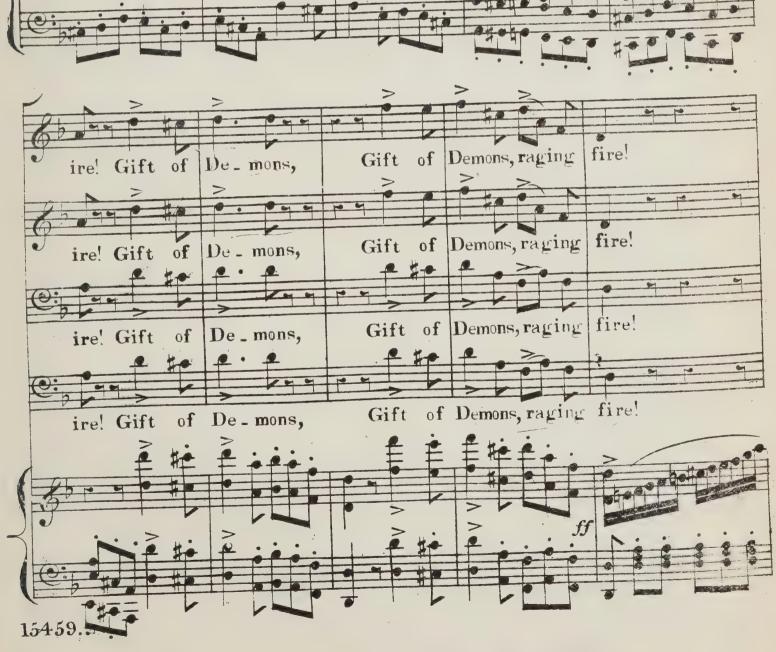












fire!

fire!

fire!

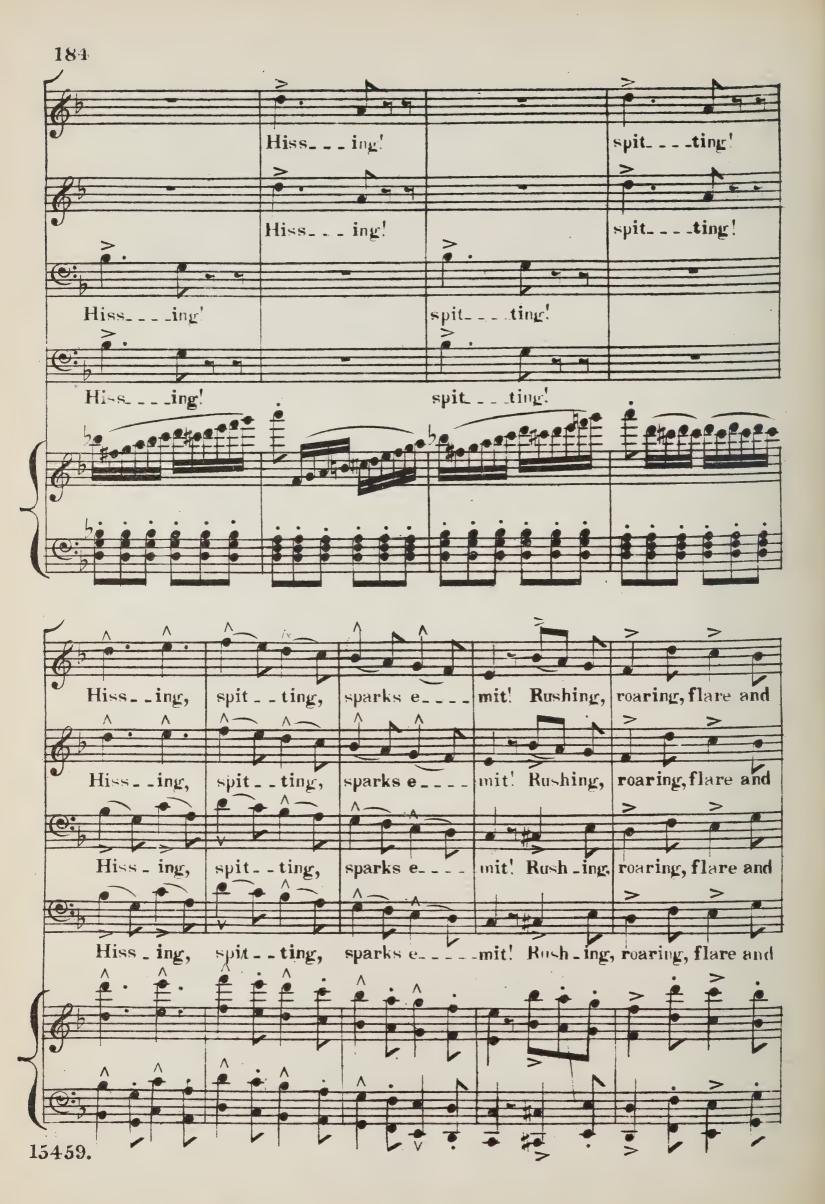
fire!

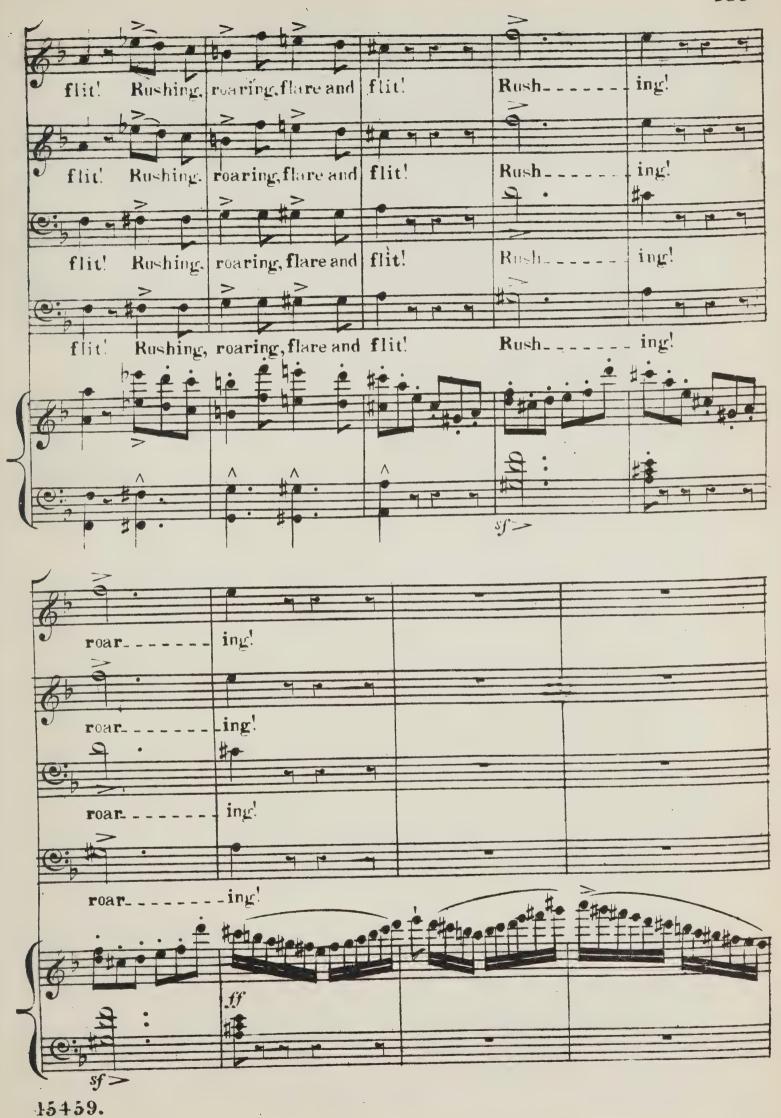
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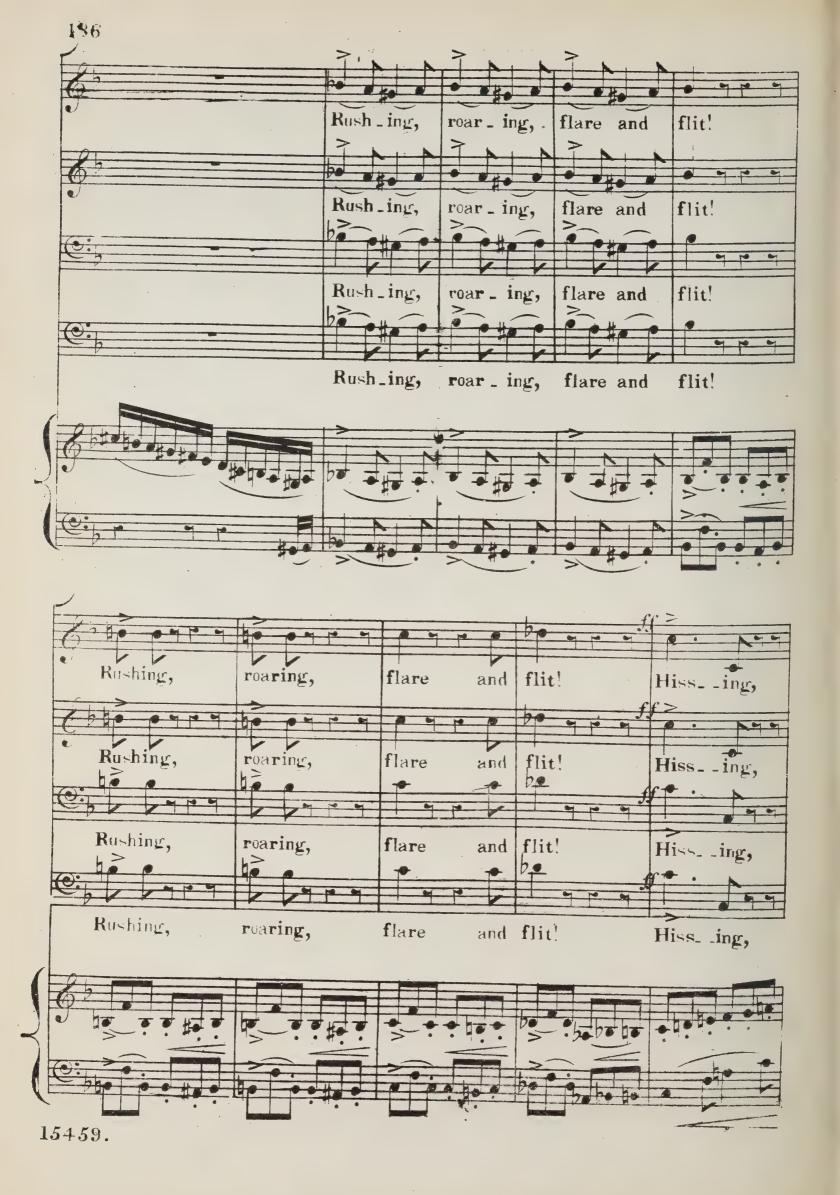
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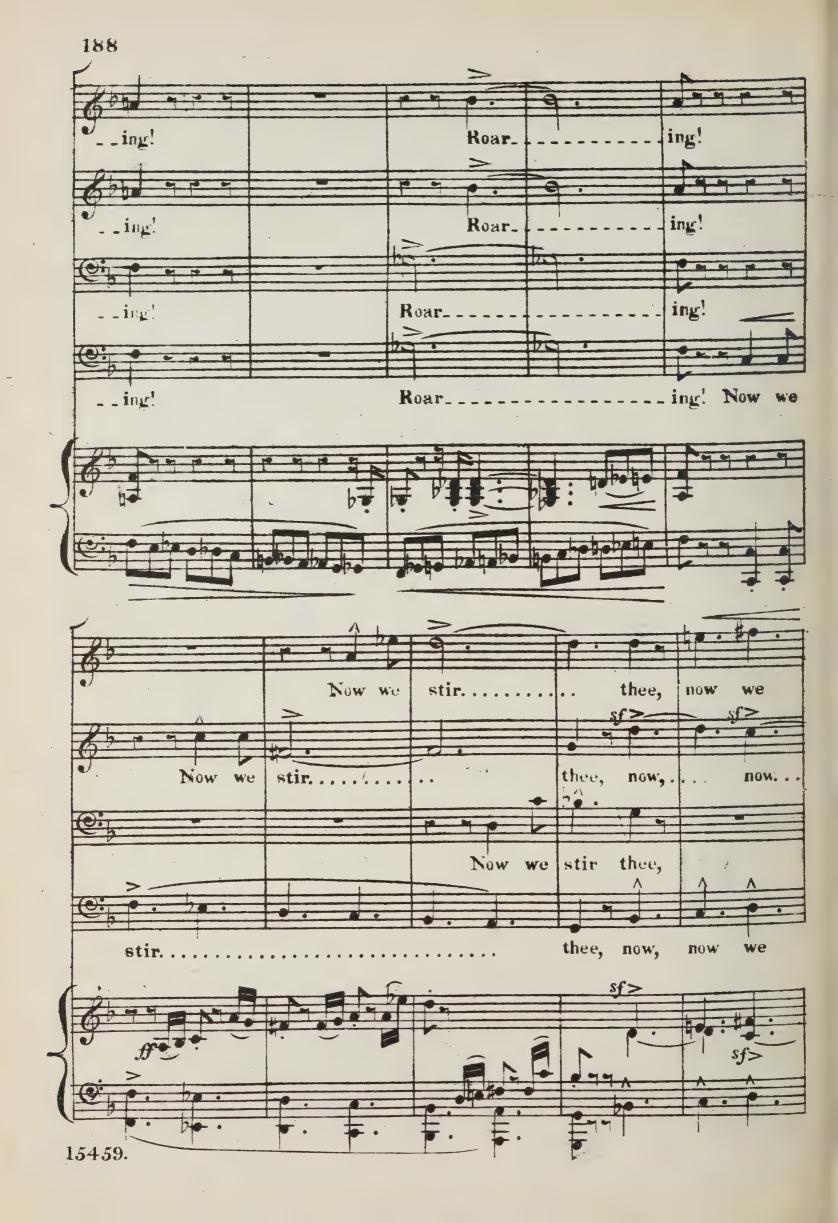
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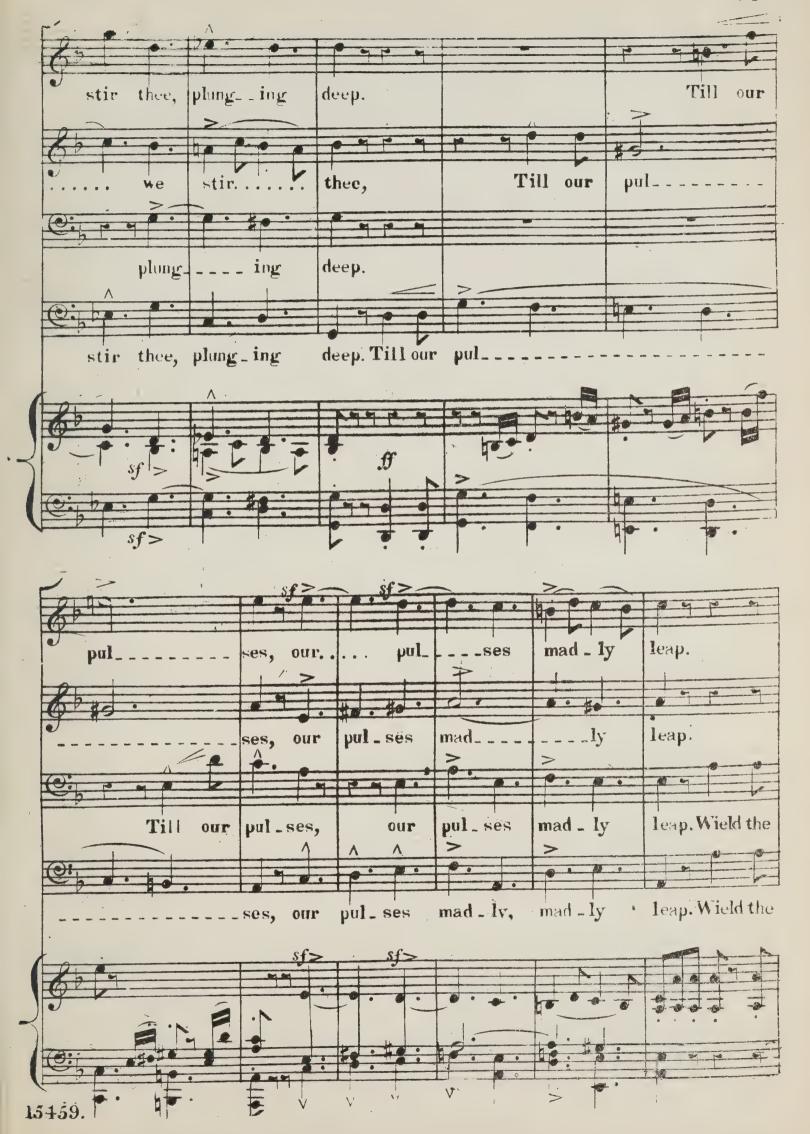


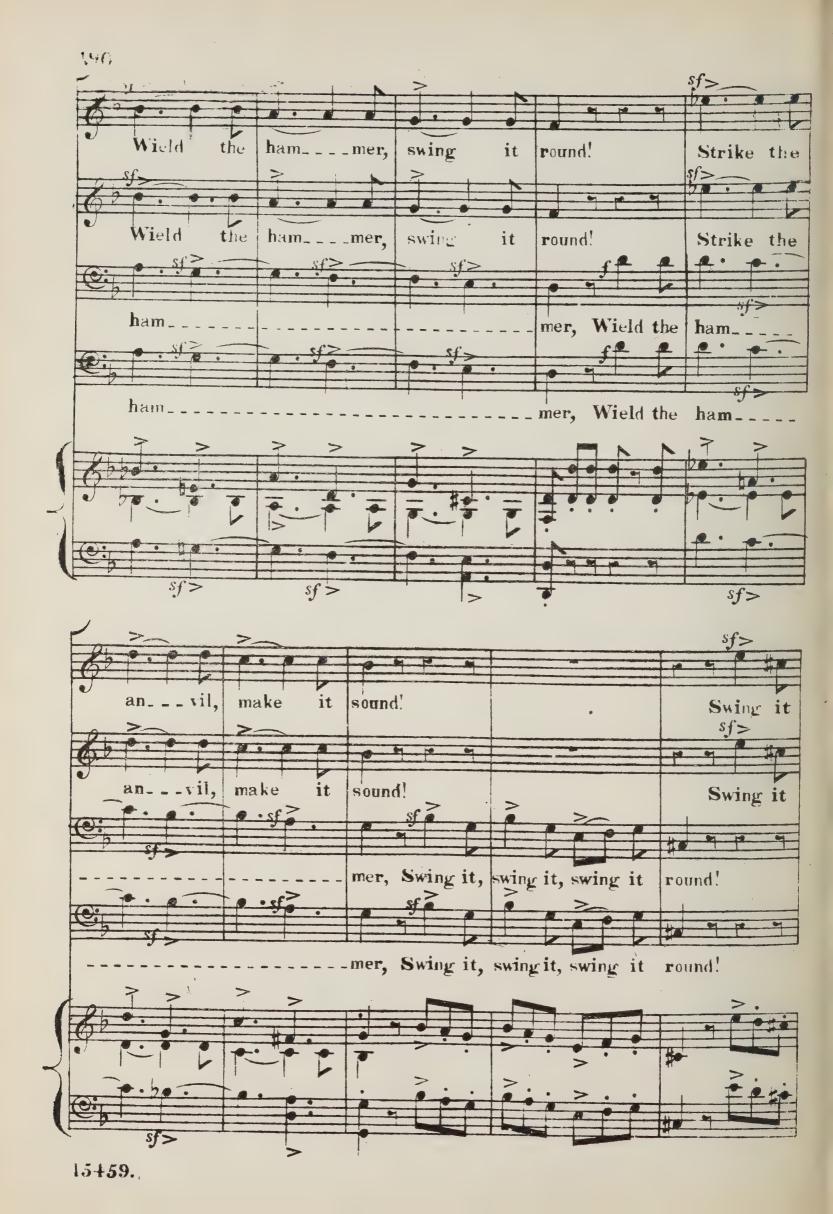


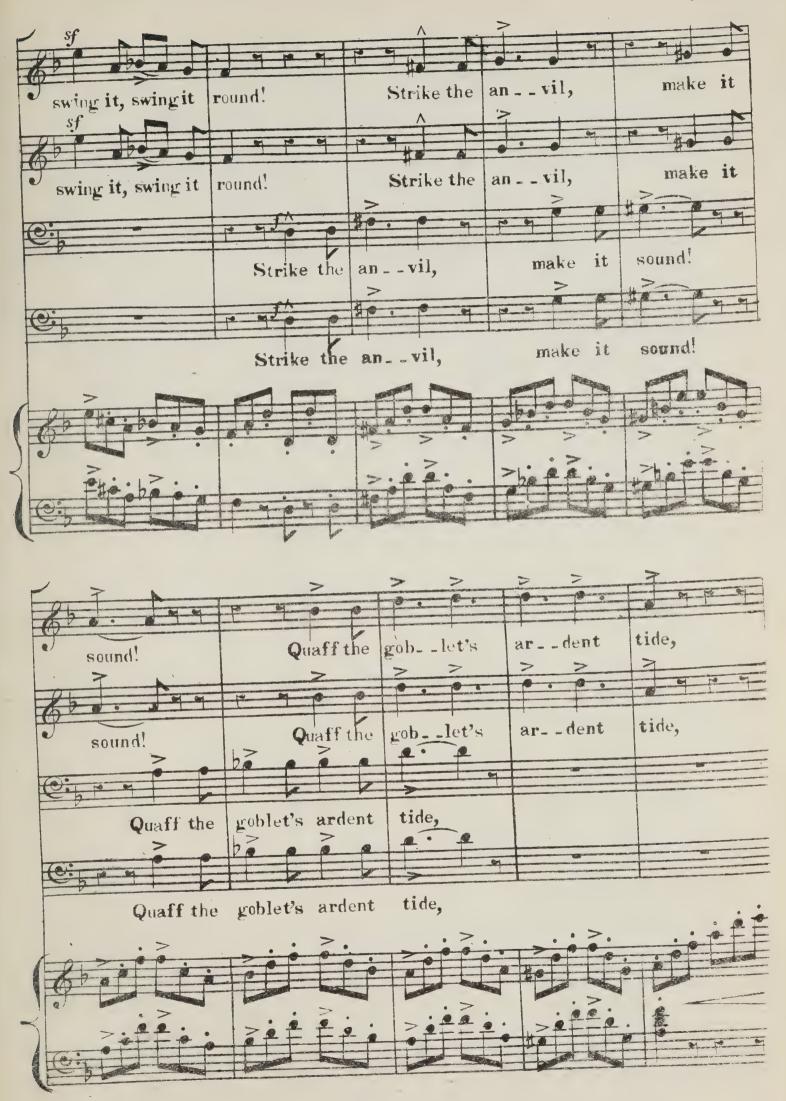


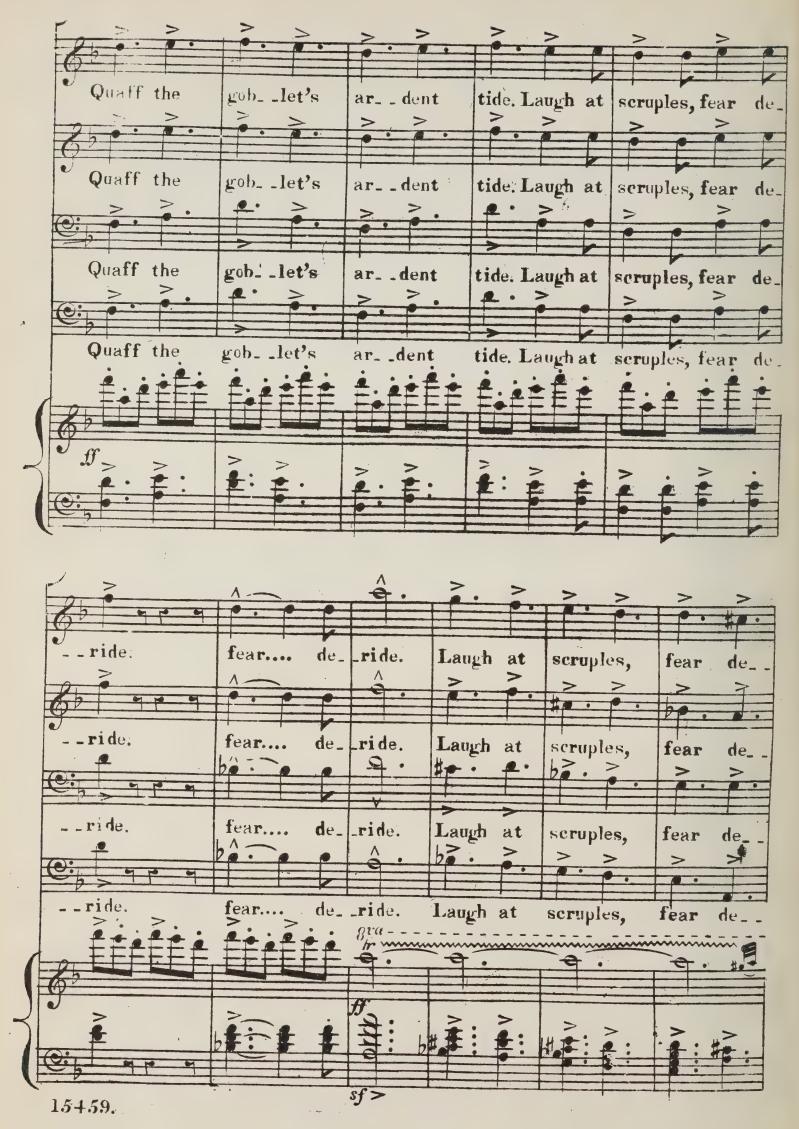




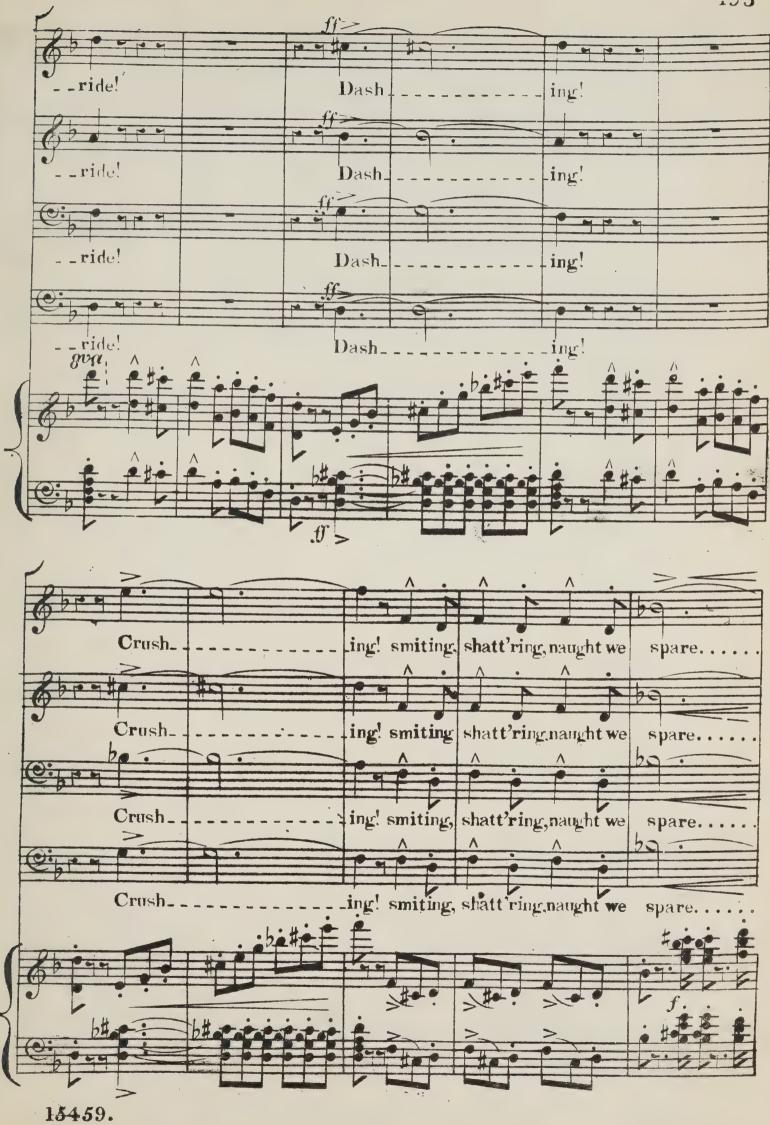






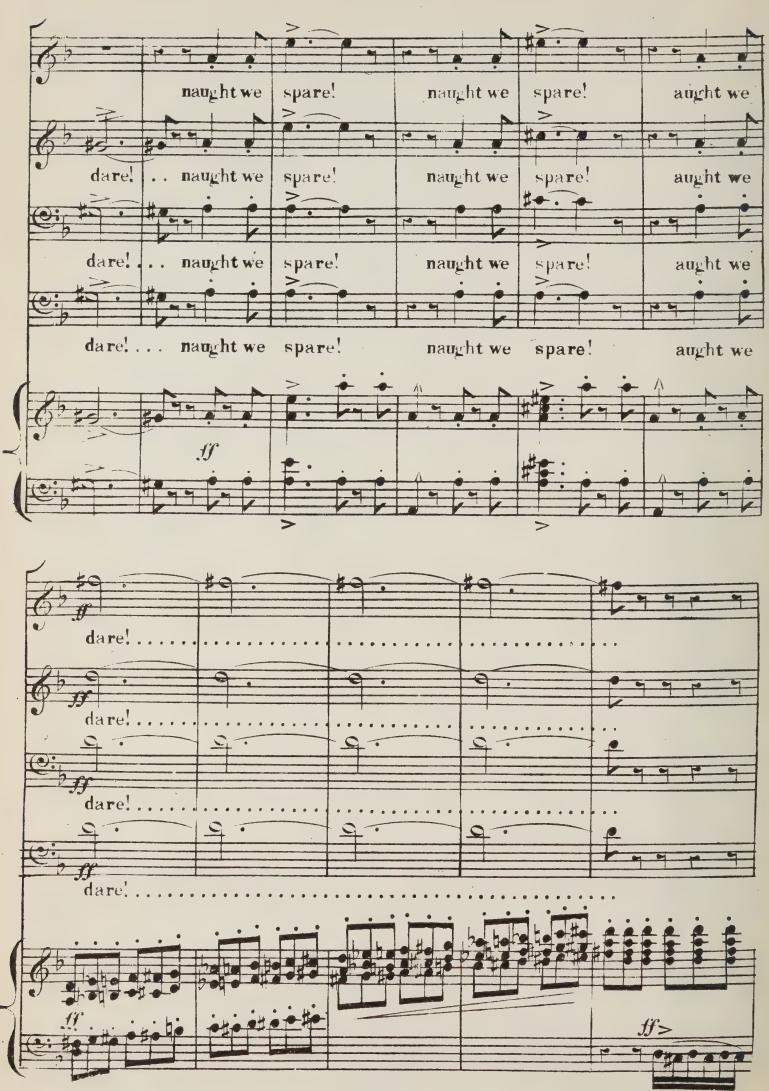


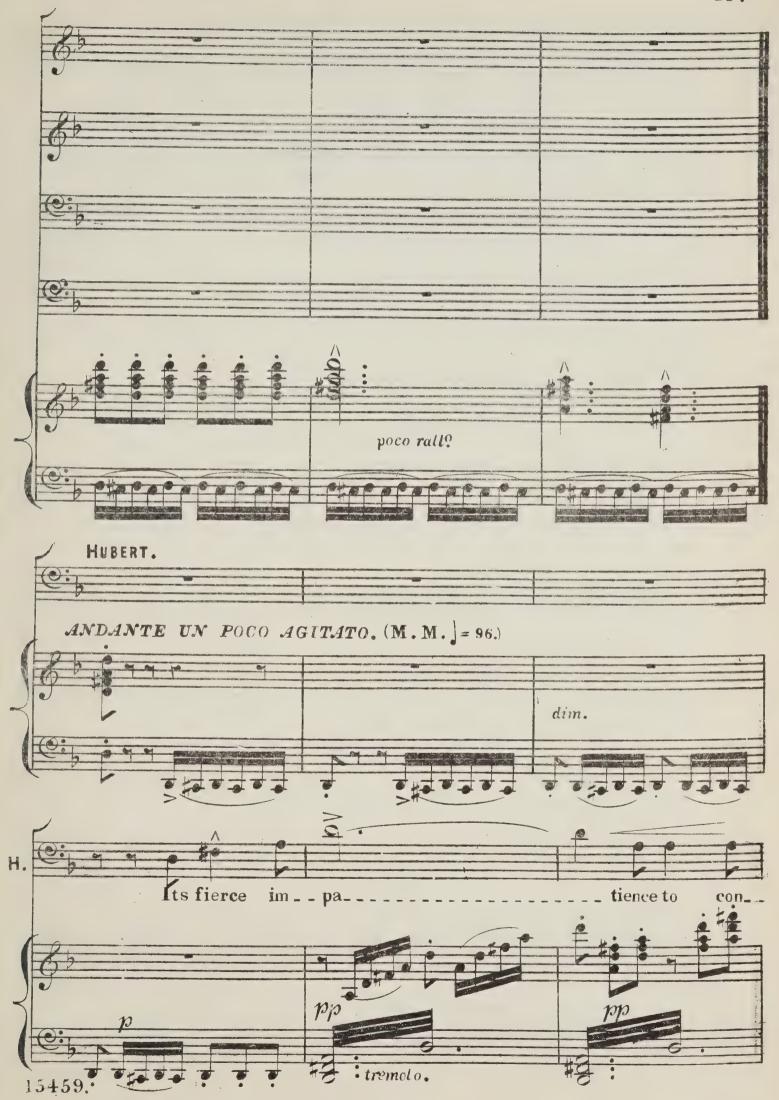


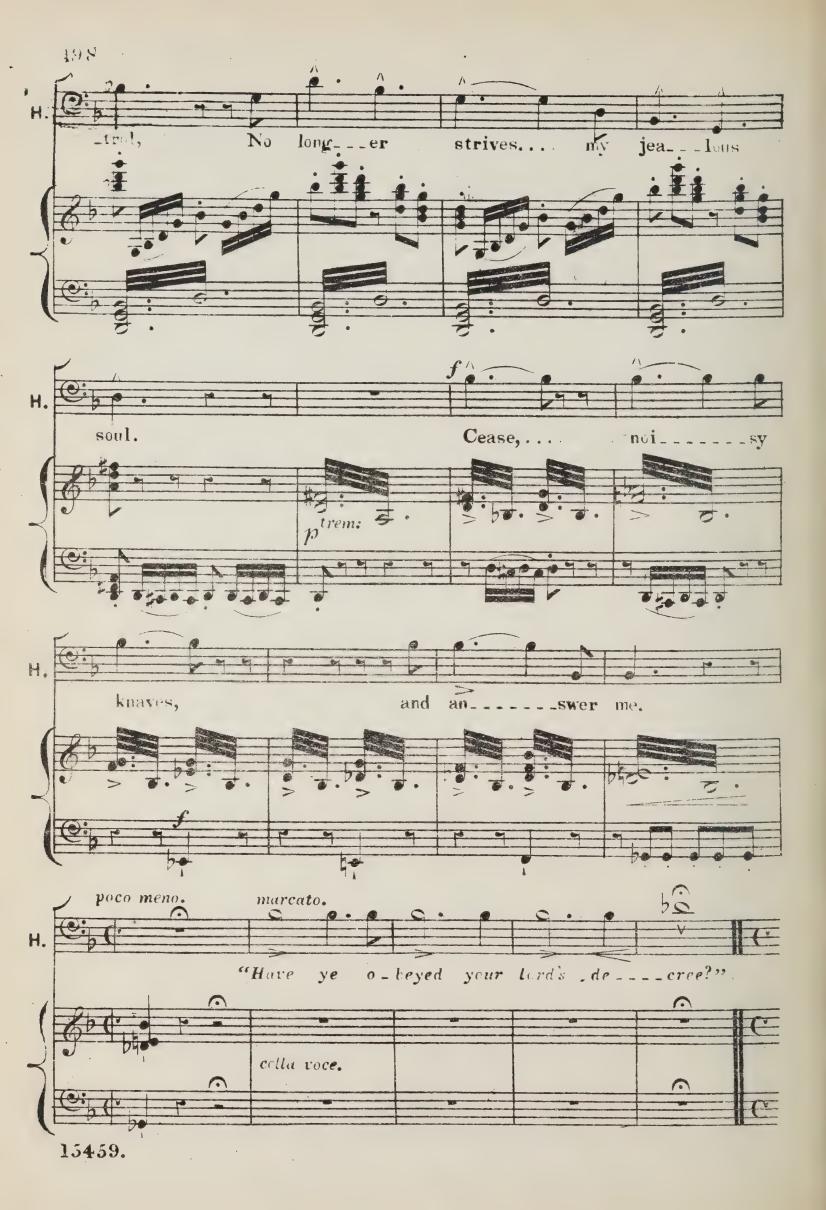


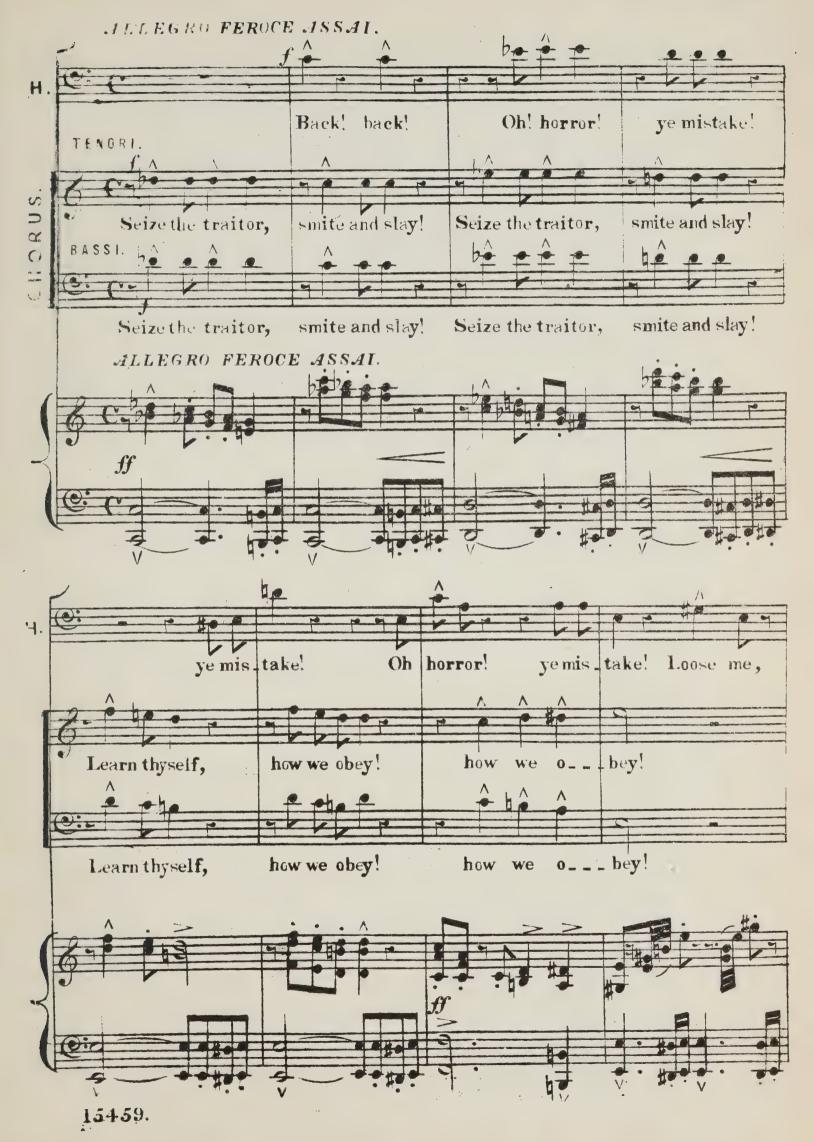








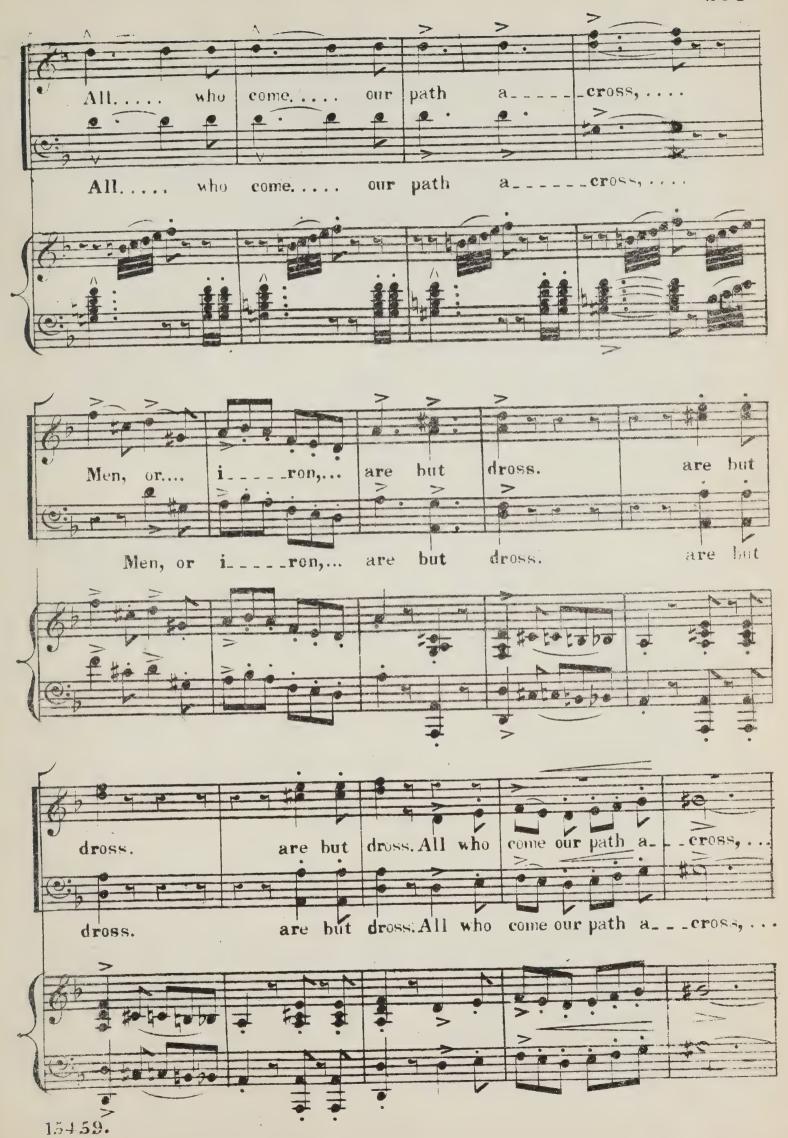






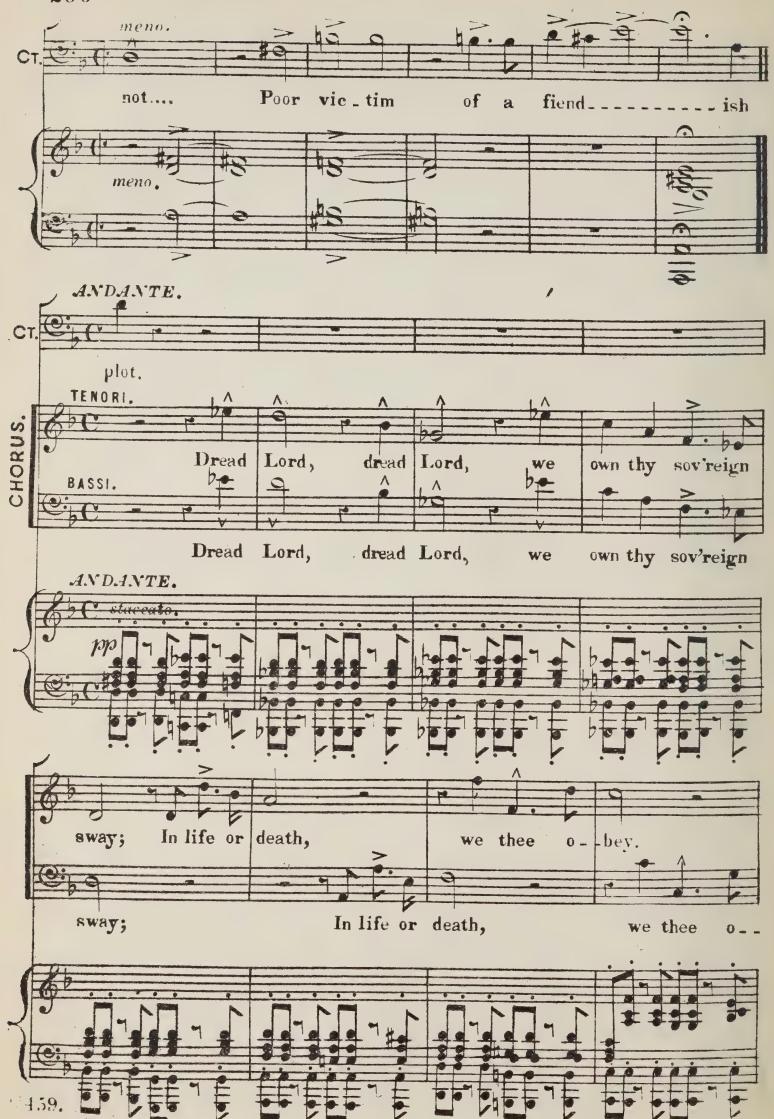


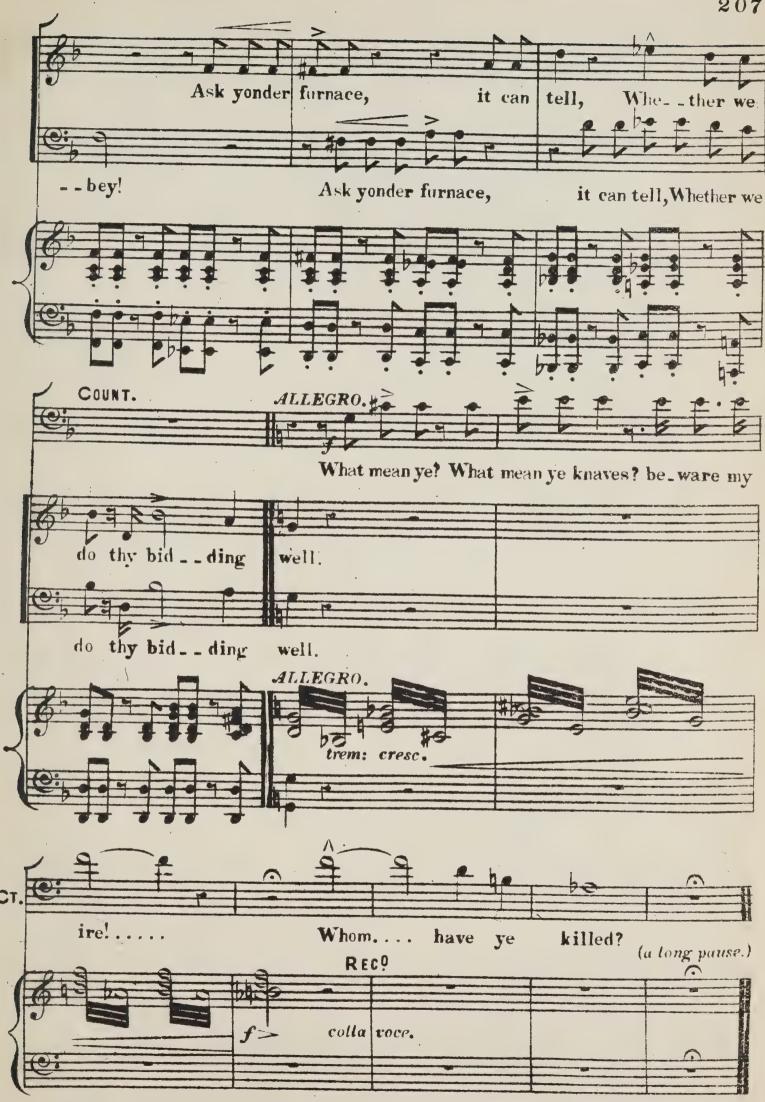
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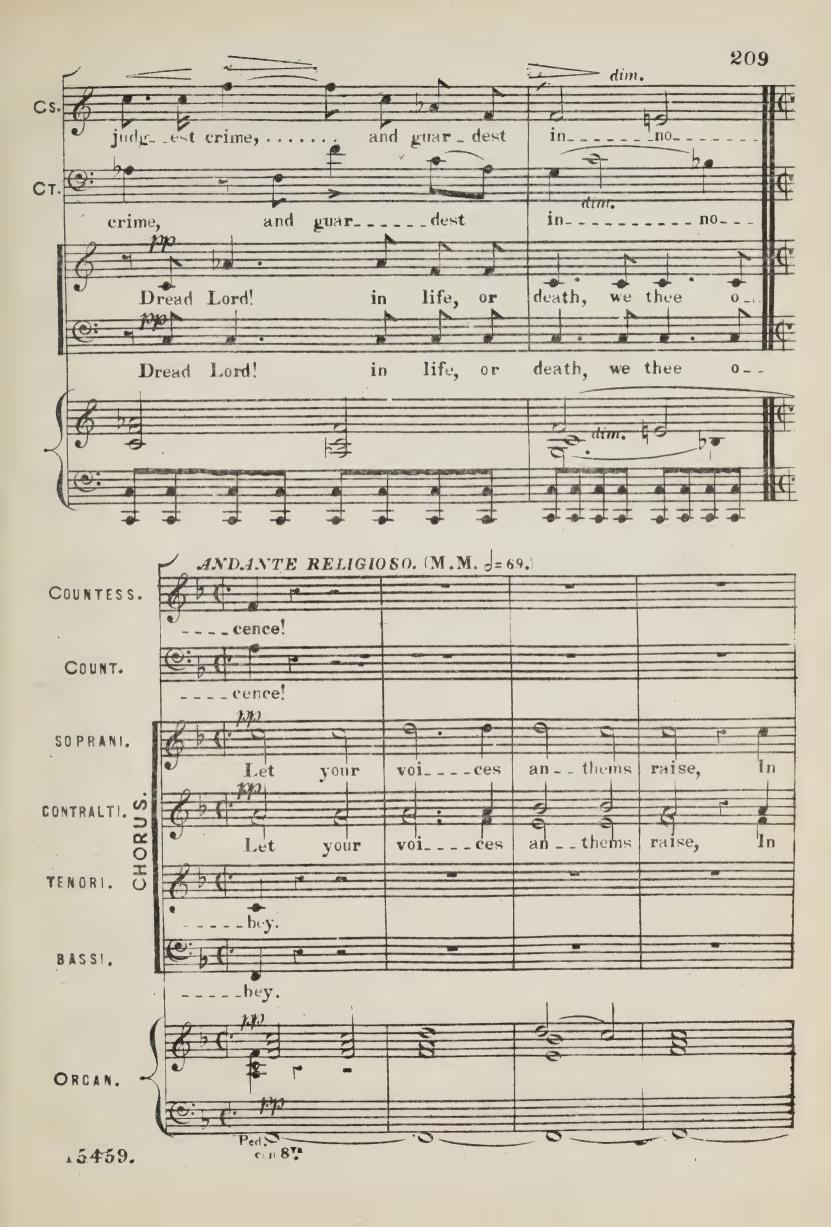




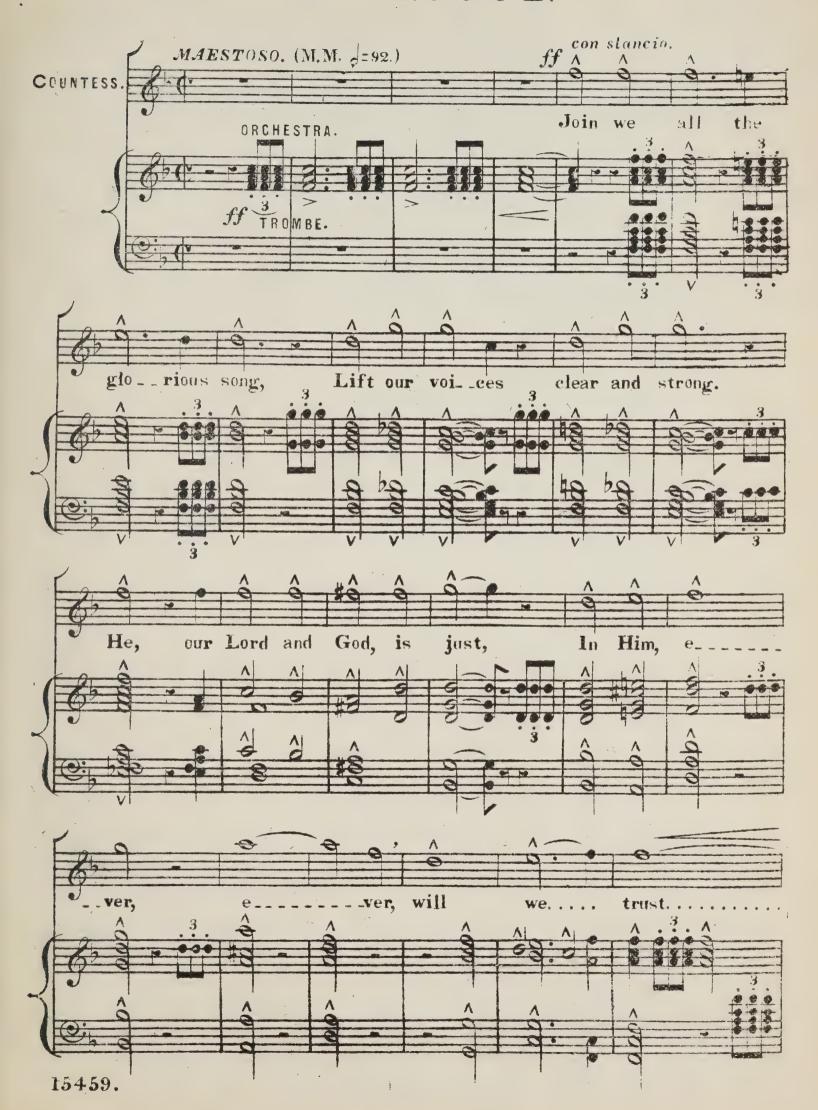


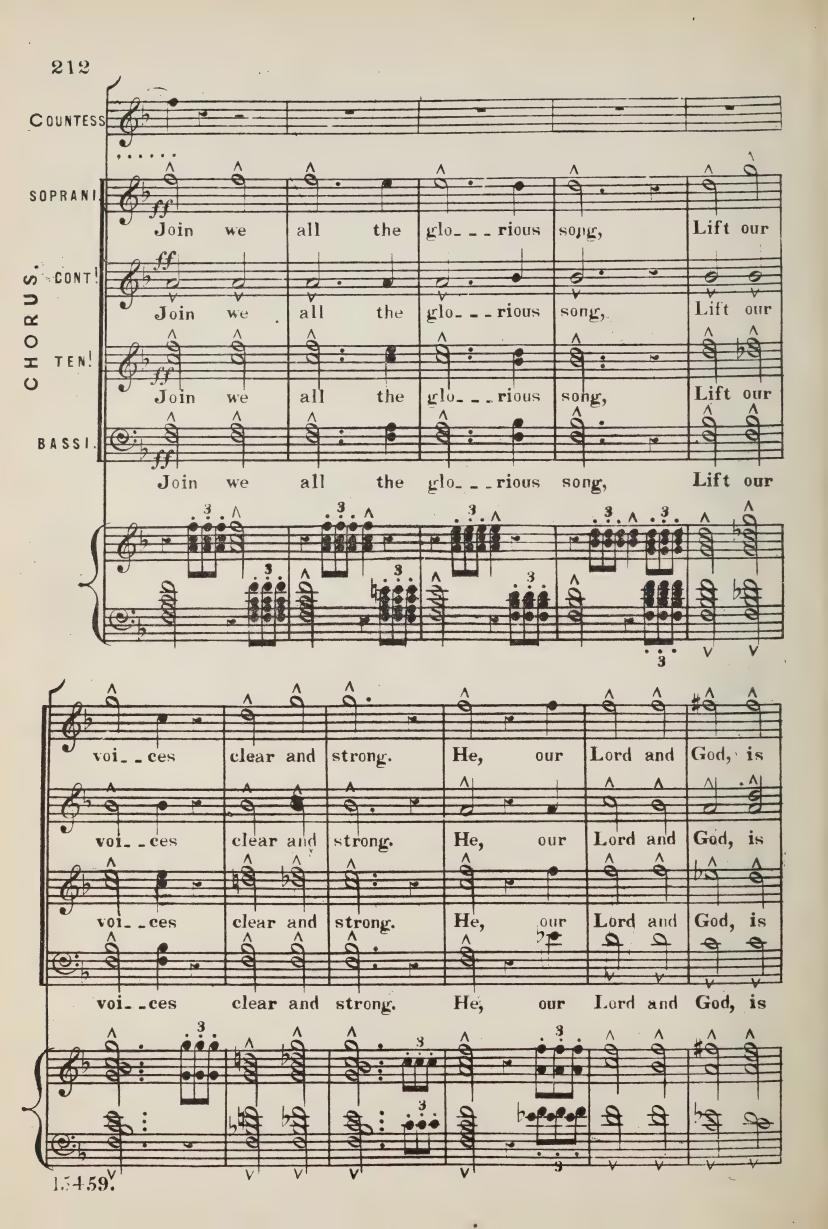






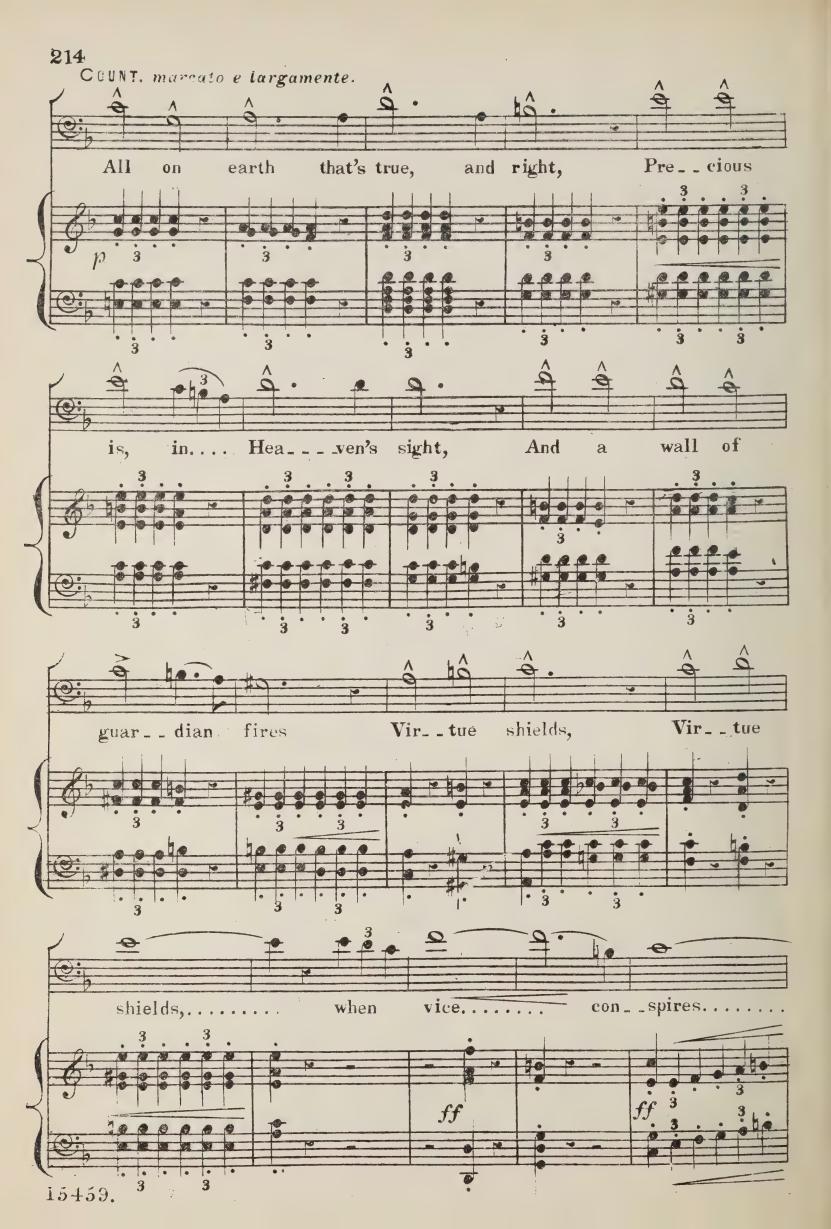






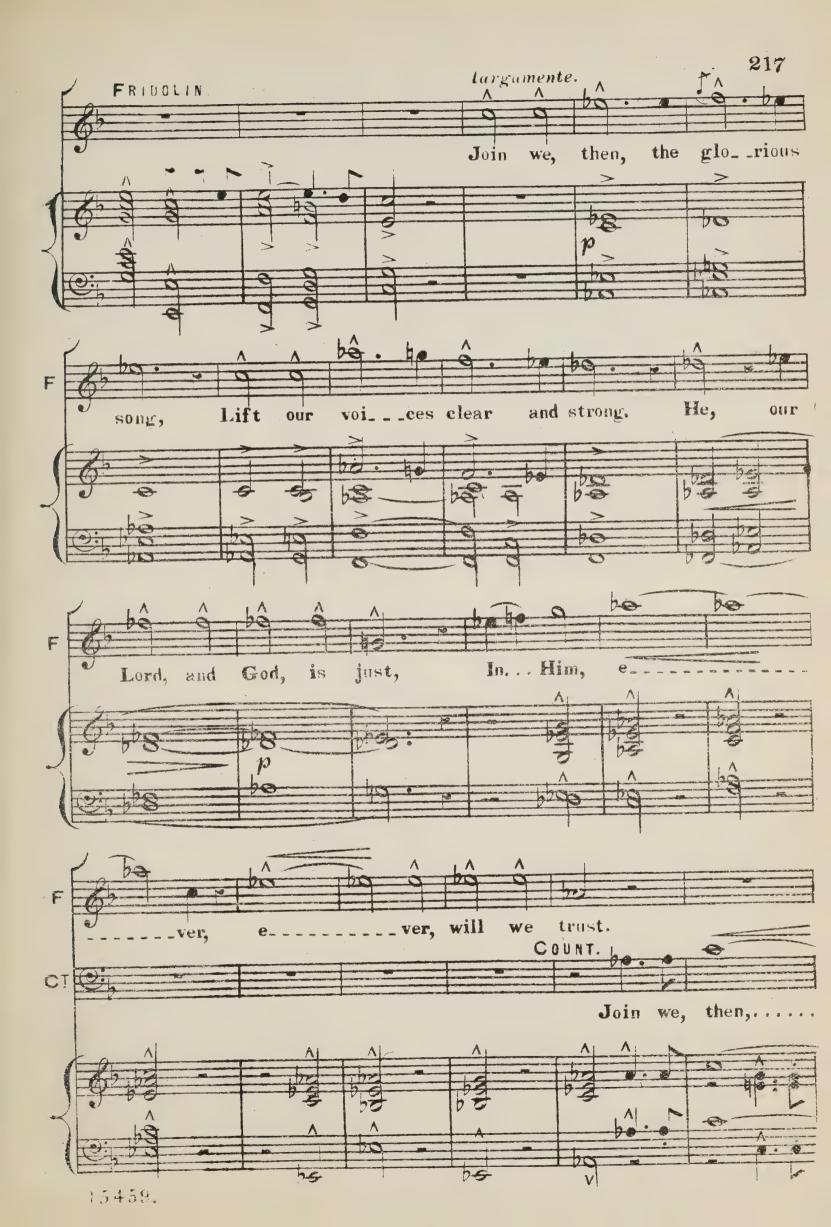






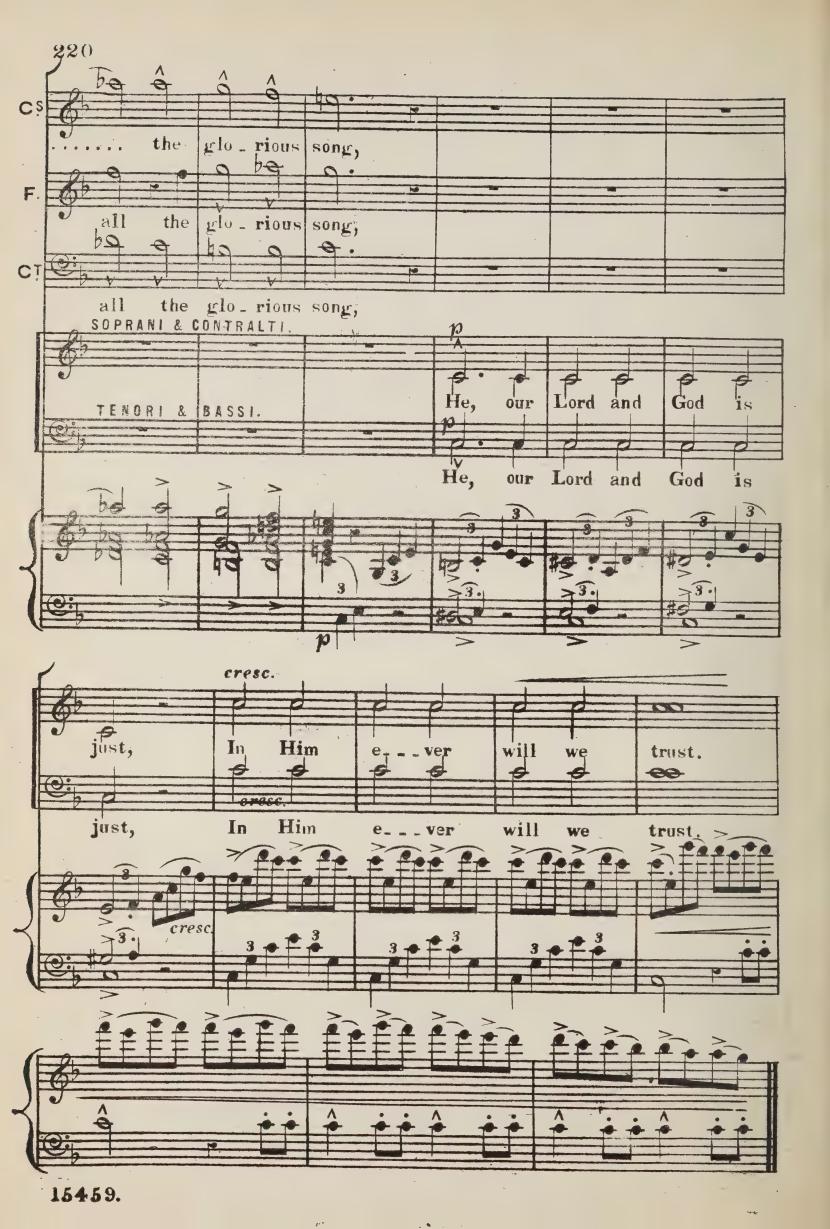








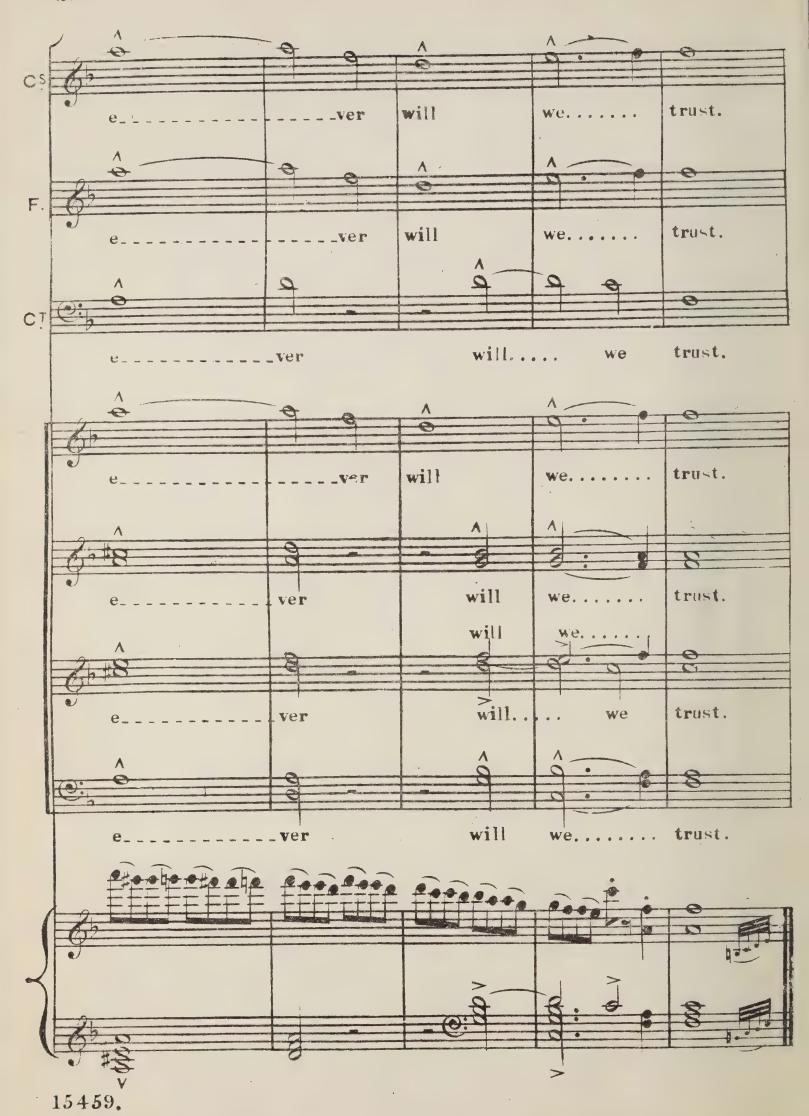




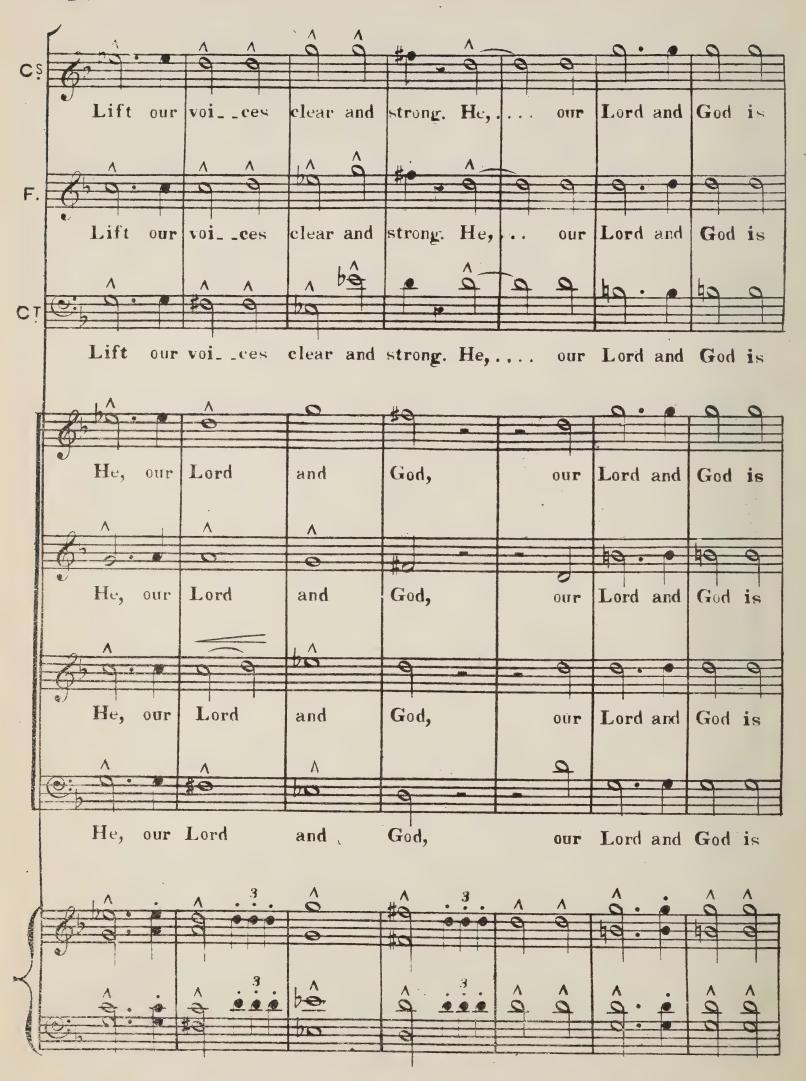












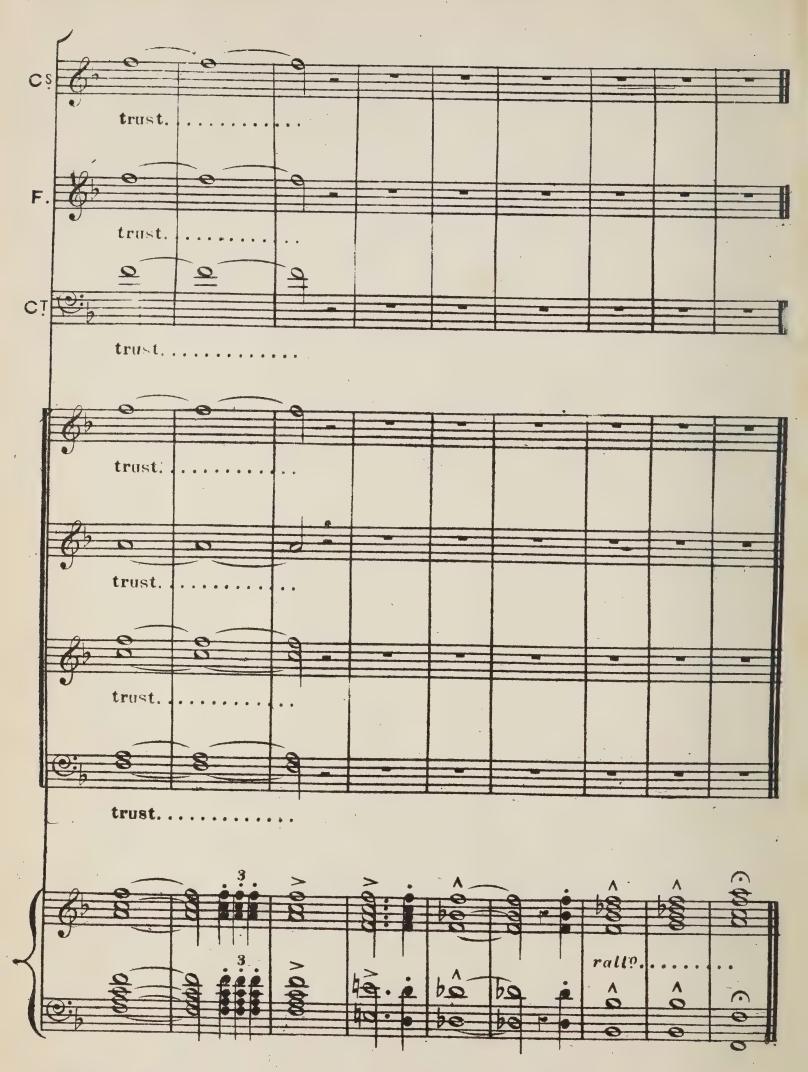


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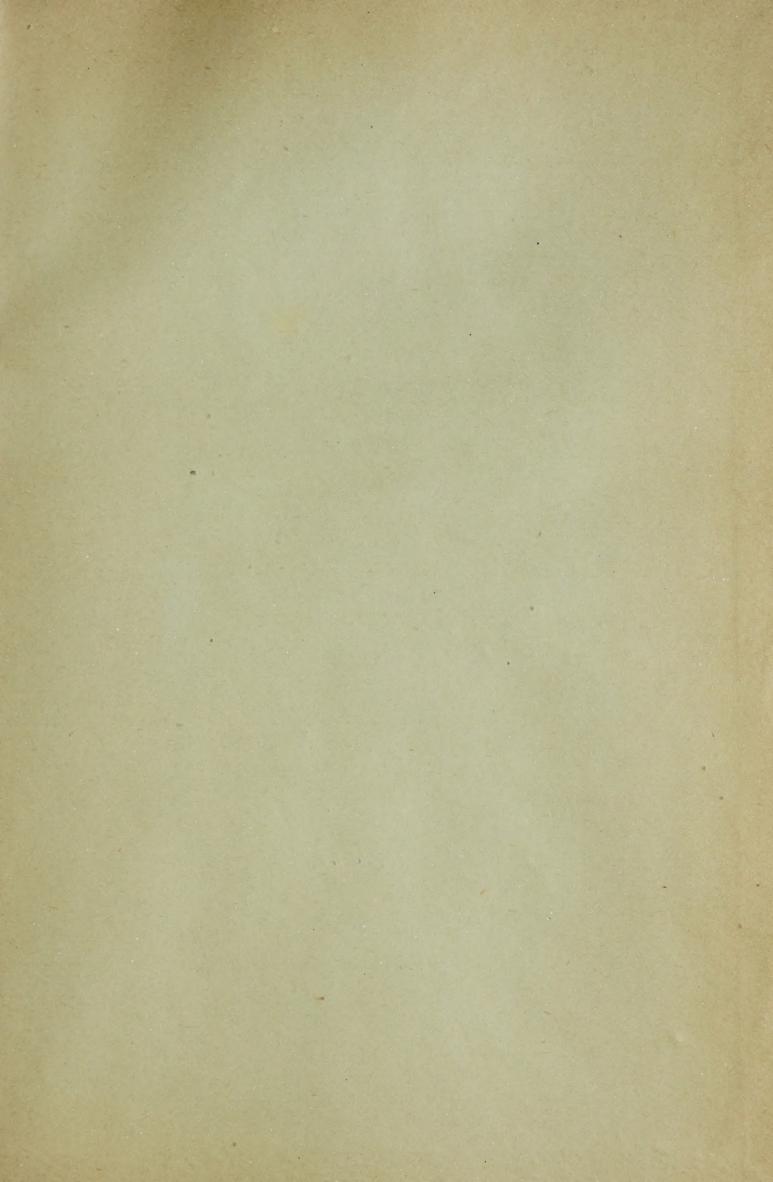


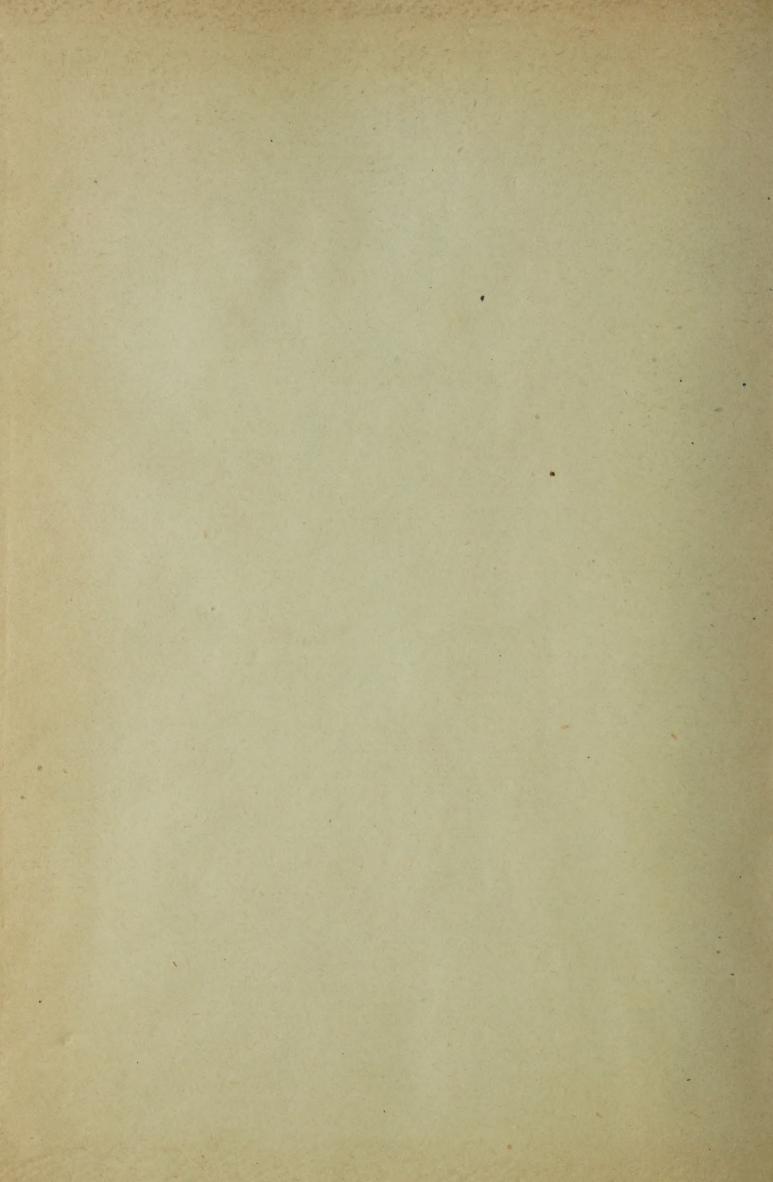












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